# THE RAMBLER.

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# THE RAMBLER

# IN NORTH AMERICA:

MDCCCXXXII.—MDCCCXXXIII.

BY CHARLES JOSEPH LATROBE,

AUTHOR OF THE 'ALPENSTOCK,' ETC.

CŒLUM, NON ANIMUM MUTANT QUI TRANS MARE CURRUNT.
HOR. EPIST.

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# LETTER I.

## To F. B. L.

We will now change the scene and the season. The remainder of the winter of 1832-33,—for the prolongation of the tour of which I have assuredly given you sufficient details, had cut a month off that season,—was spent most agreeably in New York and Baltimore, with an occasional visit to Washington and Philadelphia. I might here appropriately hazard a few observations with reference to the chief characteristics of that society to which we had been introduced at our first visit, and had now a better opportunity of becoming acquainted with; but I defer them till a brighter day.

You are aware, that notwithstanding their more southerly degree of latitude, these parts of the United States are often visited by winterly weather, of a severity to which we are almost strangers in our island; and such was the case in the commencement of the year in question, when, after an open and pleasant January and February, the month of March

was signalized by ten days of such Siberian cold, that the country far into Virginia was covered with deep snow; and the intercourse between the great cities for some days totally interrupted, by the quantity of ice in the Delaware and Chesapeake, and the obstruction of the long lines of rail-road over the peninsulas.

It had long been the intention of Count Pourtales and myself to make a tour in the Southern States early in the year, and as soon as the weather grew milder, we met together in Baltimore for this purpose.

The Spring, which seemed to have been ready to descend on the earth at the close of the foregoing month, but had been rudely arrested on the threshold, now gave renewed tokens of approach.

My early predilections for this season above all others have suffered no abatement; and few can imagine the degree of pleasure with which I now regarded its approaching steps. In the present instance it came, as might be expected, with accelerated speed the moment that the mild south wind had thawed the surface of the frozen land and water. While the ground was yet swimming with superabundant moisture, my old friends the frogs began piping away; but a few days of dry sunny weather effected a complete change in the scene; and, as we strolled over the woodland country in the vicinity of Baltimore, we saw that the spell was broken, and the imprisoned beauty of the year loosed from its chains.

It was delightful to feel the warm sun—ten thousand motes floating in its beam!—and the gentle air, fanning the meadows, and exciting little eddying whirlwinds in the forest: to hear birds chirping and walking about over the rustling carpet of dried leaves;—to see the lady-birds emerging from their winter hiding-places at the foot of the trees;—the groups of guinea-fowl straying over the fields of young wheat, or pecking the decayed acorns under the trees;—and to note the stirred surface of the ground ready to burst with the rich mass of embryo vegetation beneath. The grey squirrel awoke from his quiet sleep in the hollow tree, and began his life of careless gambol; and the mottled ground-squirrel might be seen with his mate, venturing from his nest among the twisted roots. Here and there in sheltered situations the *Draba*, *Lamium*, and *Stellaria*, were detected, as in the Old World,—the first to greet the eye of the lover of nature: and now, full of expectation, we turned our faces southward to meet the Spring.

A Steamer, swift, spacious, and powerful—more like a frigate in dimensions than a boat, was our chosen mode of conveyance to Norfolk in Virginia. We answered the farewell of our friends on the wharf,—whirled round with our head to the bright morning sun,—dashed swiftly over the lively surface of the inner basin,—shot like an arrow in concert with two other noble steam-boats, through the narrow outlet, where the bay appears shut in by two advancing points of and,

and leaving Fort M'Henry to the right, bore away through the estuary of the Patapsco, towards the broad Chesapeake. After the lapse of half an hour the city began to fade away in the distance, though the majestic column of white marble which records the grateful remembrance of the people to the best general and best man America ever produced, continued long visible from its distinguished colour and commanding position. While our rivals bore away towards North Point, at the upper extremity of the bay of the Patapsco, we held a more southerly course towards the southern point of land; and in an hour's time were steering directly down the Chesapeake. Anon, we shot past the opening of Severn river, and descried the domes of Annapolis, the seat of the State Legislature, at the extremity. One long low headland or line of coast after the other, appeared in sight on the right or left and vanished, as hour after hour the splendid boat kept her even course through that expanded and expanding bay, which surely ranks as the noblest in the world.

The early morning of the second day found us at Norfolk, and the evening at Richmond, the beautiful capital of the 'Old Dominion.' The ascent of James River was interesting, though the scenery is rarely of a bold character. The features of the country were novel to us in many respects. As might be expected in the vicinity of these early settlements of the English, there were many things to remind us of the tastes and manners of the 'old country' some hundred years

ago. On many of the plantations you see fine, old, aristocratical-looking mansions, built in the French or English styles, situated at a convenient distance from the banks of the river and from 'the quarter' occupied by the slaves—some of them tall and stately, with staring facades, and a pair of wings, looking as if they were about to fly down the river; others, like French chateaux, with terraces in front, backed by stiff clumps of trees.

Above City Point, where the Appomatox enters, the river narrows, and winds in very short serpentine curves, among low rocky hills.

One feature of the landscape observable throughout lower Virginia, consists in the incredible number of brick chimneys with the fire-place attached, which stand on the wasted and impoverished lands, the wooden houses to which they belonged having totally disappeared. A stranger is disposed to ask, is this a sign of prosperity or adversity—have the inhabitants lost or bettered their fortunes?

The position of Richmond is celebrated, and worthily so, as both striking and delightful; but it is not my design to detain you here. We pursued our journey southward by the public stages, and found both the roads, the vehicles, and every arrangement in connection with them, very inferior to those of the North and East. A bad omen accompanied our first resumption of stage-travelling this year, for as we had wound up our autumnal tour by an overthrow, such was again our fate at the very outset of this!

Compelled by necessity we had taken our seats in a ricketty vehicle, broad at top and narrow in the wheels; overloaded to excess with nine adult inside passengers, besides children, abundance of baggage, and the mail bags for the south and south-western States of the Union, which were truly in themselves more than a load. There were many prognostics and signs of overturn from the very first moment of our departure from Richmond. However, twenty miles had been passed over in safety, when we arrived at the brink of a steep acclivity, going down to the Appomatox, and in sight of Petersburg, the termination of this perilous division of our journey: when a fore wheel broke and an instant overturn followed, at the edge of a fearful chasm. Both Pourtales and myself came off scathless, much to our surprise and thankfulness; but others had toes, ribs, and noses damaged, and one poor fellow a fearful wound in the forehead.

Misfortunes never come single; for in the course of the ensuing night, while pursuing our route towards the borders of North Carolina, we were overtaken by a violent snow storm, and, sticking fast in the middle of the forest for two or three hours, had to confess, while we laughed at our ridiculous position, that we were never more disappointed in our lives. But morning dawns on the darkest night, and the most unpleasant journey comes to an end. After twenty-four hours' further advance amidst forests whose evergreen foliage was loaded with snow, we began to emerge from them into a more open country, and more

genial climate, and the sweet spring, which seemed to have been again fairly strangled in birth, broke on us anew. In fine, having reached the country to the south of Fayetteville, in North Carolina, you will find I shall have no more mention to make of winter for some letters to come.

I have alluded, a few lines back, to the signs and tokens of coming spring in the vicinity of Baltimore; they were indeed cheering, but few in comparison to the number and singular beauty of those which now teemed on all sides of us;—and fatigued as we were with incessant travel for four days and nights from Richmond to Charleston, our attention was ever on the alert, as hour after hour our southerly course brought some new and striking appearance in the animal or vegetable world, peculiar to the season and climate, within our notice. In the vicinity of the river Pedee, within the boundaries of South Carolina, many of the forests and jungles presented a scene of peculiar beauty from the richness of the colouring thrown over the grey labyrinth of branches by the bursting buds and flowers, which in numerous instances preceded the appearance of the leaves in the deciduous trees and shrubs. The dark and sombre verdure of the sweet-bay, magnolia, tie-bush and other evergreens of the southern forest, which a few days before were unrelieved by any lively hues, were now contrasted with the most brilliant colours.

There were the leafless boughs of the Sassafras, covered with bright clusters of yellow flowers; the dog-

wood and marsh dog-wood spangled over with innumerable drip white blossoms; the yellow jessamine garlanding the thicket, and throwing its cluster of bright cups from the end of the twigs. The buck's eye, a shrub with bright green leaves and red flower-buds, and the red-berry, covered with peach-coloured blossoms, were seen every where in the swampy borders of the forest, with a multitude of others of all hues. Many varieties of the huckle-berry, with pendant white and red flowers, bordered the road. And, while the humbler underwood was thus putting on its beauty, the forest-trees above gave manifest tokens of their being under the same influence. Like the former, few had assumed their verdure, but many had arrayed themselves to the end of every twig in such brilliant colours, as completely to eclipse all competition. The red-oak appeared covered with yellow, and the water oak with red caskins—but all other trees of the forest were outvied by the graceful maple, every bough and twig of which was thickly clustered with keys of the most splendid blood-red hue.

In the vicinity of the farms, innumerable peach trees; the green leaves of the Pride of China—the most ornamental tree of the South—spread gaiety over the landscape; and as we moved yet further south, the azaleas, iris, innumerable violets, and many splendid aquatic plants formed a border to the roads, while the Chickasaw-rose, a beautiful briar with snow-white expanded flowers and yellow stamina, was abundant near the plantations.

The low swamps to which I have alluded, are a feature of the Southern States, and at that time were extended on every side by the swollen state of the great rivers which descend from the Alleghany to the eastward, and worm their way through the low alluvial regions of this part of the continent. They had also their own peculiar scenery; and those in the vicinity of the Pedee and Santee, have also their historical interest, as being the scenes of the guerilla warfare carried on in the revolutionary war by Tarlton and Marion, both excellent officers and brave men. The great extent of land covered by the last-mentioned rivers and their adjoining swamps, and the great floods to which they are liable, interpose constant checks to the regular and easy progress of travellers; and we found that the passage of both was attended with a certain degree of detention and difficulty. In both cases the carriage had to be left behind; and in the first, our persons, and the mail-bags and baggage were transferred to a canoe on the edge of what seemed a boundless forest situated in an over-flooded swamp. As we paddled silently into its recesses, on a fine and sunny spring morning, we seemed to be removed further and further from the day,—such was the effect of the dim twilight shed upon the black pool from the crowded state and vast size of the cypress and water-oak which rose around us, cloaked in that long, grey parasitical moss, which weaves its funereal strings into a dusky mantle upon the branches. Sometimes we shot noiselessly into a little opening where high

above us we caught a glimpse of the blue sky, and the sun gleaming brightly upon the caskins and keys of the oak and maple on the topmost branches; or descried the soaring flight of the broad-winged turkey-buzzard—the vulture of the south, and the most detestable of the feathered race in its habits, but the most exquisitely graceful in its aerial movements. He builds his nest in hollow trees in the deepest recesses of these and similar morasses, and with such jealous care that it is very seldom discovered.

The cypress is the prince of the swamp, often growing to an immense size. It is ordinarily seen rising from an expanded and conical buttress or root, six or eight feet from the ground, into a clear shaft of eighty feet and upwards, from which it spreads into long sweeping branches, covered in summer with very light and graceful strings of foliage, and almost invariably cloaked by the Spanish moss. Alligators abound in all the waters in this latitude, but we were too early for them. The genial warmth which I have described as arousing the whole vegetable world, has not yet been able to thaw his torpid heart and stomach, in which, if the vulgar belief may be credited, a stout log of wood lies entombed all winter long; and I met with a farmer who assured me he had shot one in the early spring which attacked his hog-pen, which had 'a pine chunk and two rocks in his maw.'

As we proceeded, the current of the river began to be perceptible among the trees, and after a while we

issued into the broad and rapid bed of the Pedee, and were hurried across it.

The same night, after a short halt at Georgetown, we crossed the two branches of the Santee and the intermediate canal, partly by ferry and partly by a boat, and in the course of the following morning reached Charleston, having listened for some hours during the night to the roar of the Atlantic, parallel to whose shores our road continued to run for many miles, resounding through the intermediate forests.

I do not know if you are sufficiently alive to the political affairs of the United States to recollect that in the course of the previous year misunderstandings had arisen between the Northern and the Southern States of the Union, and especially South Carolina, which seemed for a while to threaten something very like a civil war. The idea of an appeal to force being advisable, to compel the State in question to submit herself to the will of the General Government, which had been seriously entertained, had been met by the refractory part of the Carolinians with a determination to resist force by force, with more high spirit than prudence; the more so as there existed among their own citizens, a very strong and influential party arrayed on the opposite side; and we had been entertained in various places on our route to see the preparations to resist invasion which had been adopted by the inhabitants. It is true that before we quitted Baltimore the question had been set at rest for the time, by a politic measure introduced by one of the leading

orators of the day, and that no further idea of violence was contemplated. Yet the blood of the Carolinians was up, and we found Charleston in a ferment. Reviews of troops, party balls, and public congratulations, were the order of the day; for, as the matter stood, both sides, the Unionists and Nullifiers, alike claimed the victory. The Unionists had had their parade, and now the Nullifiers were in the midst of their rejoicings. Neither the time nor the season seemed to be propitious, and we resolved, after a brief period of repose, to continue our route southward, which we ultimately did, reaching Savannah after two days further travel.

The road was monotonous, lying on the causeways raised above the level of the swamps, or over an undulating country, called 'the barrens,' covered with deep sand, and a growth of tall pitch-pine. The features are soon sketched. Here and there you meet with wide plantations, consisting of an open cultivated district, and frequently marked by a substantial well built manor-house, surrounded by plantations, and connected with the high road by an avenue of live-oaks, a beautiful species of which we shall see more anon. Then came a desert tract of land for many miles, situated too high for the growth of rice, and too low for that of wheat or cotton. Then a pretty village with fine trees; or a little chapel embosomed in the deep pine forest, long seen at the termination of the straight narrow sandy road, through which you move at a snail's pace, listening to the chirping and whistling

of frogs and grasshoppers, and whizzing of wood-bugs, or lulled to a doze by the musical and harmonious sound produced by the friction of the coach wheels in deep sand. Such a church I remember, standing beneath the dark shade, miles from every human habitation. It was not devoid of symmetry, and looked picturesque in the twilight of the failing day, with its little quadrangular belfry, and broad piazza in front. There was a soothing charm in the very solitude of its position, and in the appearance of the assemblage of little tombs on the hallowed ground under the surrounding trees.

Streams were frequent, but the ferries enabled you to pass them without much delay. Both the mode and style of entertainment for the traveller was vastly inferior to that of the more northern states; and the same remark applies to the whole south, as far as we could judge. The meals were scanty and invariably the same. Fresh meat was rarely seen, and the whole population seemed to exist on salt provisions alone, with now and then the addition of a little poultry and pastry. There was something ungracious in the manner of welcome and subsequent treatment, which made you at once feel that the parties conceived that there was no reciprocity of gentle offices between you, and that, notwithstanding the price of every common necessary was exorbitant, you were the party obliged, and that the obligation could never be repaid. As elsewhere in the less travelled parts of the Union, you often sat down at the same table with

the family, and were served in common with them,—no hardship in itself,—but you cannot imagine the difficulty of winning over the matron or the other female members of the family to the most common and ordinary interchange of civility or conversation. It appeared that they were so little accustomed to be treated with civility that they considered it all as impertinence. Monosyllables were the utmost that could be extracted; and when my vivacious friend would banter me with my constant failure to strike up a conversation, were it only to gain a little more time, I was continually reminded of my unsuccessful attempts to lure the turkeys of the Arkansas by polite speeches, as elsewhere recorded. Ordinarily the only personage about the household, who seemed kindly disposed and ready to return an answer to any well-intentioned remark, was the little black urchin, who, being the mistress's pet, was allowed to linger in the house and to wear the cast-off clothes of the family, in which I have seen one of his tribe attired in the most singularly grotesque fashion, the ample under garment being held up and in contact with the jacket by one single broad brass button just under the throat. He might further be empowered to run about the table and act as fly-flapper, with an old newspaper fastened to the end of a stick, whisking the same about your nose and plate with the most ludicrous air of importance, while with rolling eyes and bright teeth he evidently swallowed every word that was thrown away upon his superiors.

The impressions obtained, from what we saw of slavery, both in the Southern States and the West, was that, in most of the Slave States, the holders were to be pitied rather than the negroes, whose condition, on many of the Virginia and Western plantations, is that rather of pet and spoilt children, than anything else. Their condition is far from a pitiable one, all slaves though they be. The general feeling of the country is against cruelty. In Louisiana, the depôt of all the incorrigible slaves from the other States, matters may indeed be otherwise, and I believe it is a just observation that none make such relentless and severe task-masters as the inhabitants of the Eastern States, when they happen to become slave proprietors. But the circumstances which have entailed the possession of slaves at the present day on the Americans of the South, are to be deplored and felt as an evil, and what the consequence will be of the steady increase of the coloured population, both free and slave, no one can foresee. The philanthropic or politic attempts made to induce and facilitate emigration and the colonization of portions of the African coast, are well meaning and well directed, but the good effected hitherto, has been so trifling when compared with the growth of the evil, that the subject must remain a most alarming and embarrassing one; and judging from appearances only one of two alternatives would appear probable, either, that the coloured population would in course of time eat the white out of house and home, and come into pos-

session of that portion of the country which appears as congenial to the habits and physical construction of the black, as it is inimical to those of the white; or, that a mixed race should spring up claiming an equality of rights and consideration; and the latter is far from being improbable, in spite of the loathing with which the white now appears to regard the man of mingled blood, both morally and politically.

Savannah is one of the most striking cities in the Union, regularly built on a high, sandy bluff, with a very regular ground-plan, and numerous picturesque houses standing at intervals with rich gardens between them. Its whole plan and arrangement fit it for the climate. The broad rectangular streets are lined with luxuriant Melia and Locust-trees, and there are frequent open squares with grass plots.

The few days we spent here, and in visiting the rice-plantations in the vicinity, were extremely agreeable; and we have ample cause to bear our testimony to the warmth of southern hospitality, and the fine manly tone and cultivation of Georgian society.

If we had met with difficulties in southern travelling hitherto, we had others in advance. With the means at hand in the form of dollars, you may achieve any thing practicable in the Northern States; but in the South, money will hardly enable you to travel. Our object was to penetrate as far as we could into Florida, before the increased heat of the season should render sojourn so far south, inadvisable. With the greatest

difficulty we made arrangements to proceed, as we thought, to the town of St. Mary on the frontier, by hiring a carriage and pair of horses;—but on the second day after our departure from Savannah, we were brought to a sudden stand-still at the village of Darien, on the river Alatamaha; a rise of the waters having rendered the passage of the main river and the swamps beyond, impossible for a carriage. A short consultation took place, the upshot of which was, that we resolved to dismiss our vehicle, and remain here till we could procure the means of pursuing our route by water through the Sounds and salt-water canals, by which the whole coasts of Georgia and Florida are cut up, and which afford facilities to interior navigation. The owner of a small sloop was expected to return to Darien in the course of a day or two. And with that pliability of mind and purpose which men attain to by being knocked about in the world, we yielded with good grace to the necessity, took possession of the quarters ceded to us in a much more comfortable inn than usually met with, struck up an acquaintance with Monsieur le Comte de C. an old gentleman of French descent, next door, and applauding our good fortune in having been brought to a halt in one of the most lovely villages of the south, sat down contentedly to await our next adventure.

## LETTER II.

It was now the close of the first week in April. If our passage from Richmond to Charleston had introduced us to the full charms of Spring, that to Darien seemed to have brought us to the matured vegetation and heats of summer, and we were now fairly in the 'sweet south.'

About Savannah, the nose of the alligator had been detected peeping out of the pools in the rice fields; and now his ungainly and detestable form, cased in mud, might be seen ,sprawling among the tall reeds and grass of the swamps. The Cardinal-bird was observed constantly flying about the bright green foliage of the live oaks; flights of white curlews rose at your approach from the borders of the woods; the swamps swarmed with frogs, terrapins, and turtle; the air with splendid butterflies; the soil of the forest was covered with a thick under-growth of saw-palmetto, and in the vicinity of the village, while the eye was regaled by the beautiful lilac flowers and exquisite foliage of the Pride of China; the sense of smelling was cloyed by the delicious perfume of its flowers, and the yet richer odour of the orange and citron.

Many of the cottages in Darien were truly picturesque, and the streets rural and shady.

That sweetest of American songsters, the rival of the nightingale of the Old World—the mocking-bird, was in full song, and wooing its mate; and sweeter melody than that which filled the ear during the short southern twilight, and beguiled the hours of darkness, was surely never heard under the stars. I have often listened to that song elsewhere, in the deep woods of the North and West; but, whether it was the season, or the union of circumstances and thought which attuned my own temper and mind to the harmony,—I think I never heard that inexplicably varied song poured forth with such effect, as amid the sweet-scented dews of Darien. The air was filled with its vibrations, hour after hour, and every quality —power, clearness, and melody seemed united and perfected in the quiet efforts of that sweet-throated bird. Their numbers were greater than I had ever witnessed elsewhere. If you stole in the starlight up the river bank, from your seat under the piazzas of the village, there was no danger of your leaving the melody behind.

There was a secluded dip on the shore full of palmetto and other low bushes, into which you descended by a winding footpath between rocky sand-stone banks. A couple of canoes were moored within its shelter; and, at the foot of the sand-stone rock, where an aged tree slanted across it, a fresh spring welled out and ran its short bubbling course to the river.

Here it was delicious to linger in the darkness, and listen to the melody in the branches above you. And again, between this point and the village lay an ancient Indian Mound, on the verge of a lawn-like piece of level sward, extending from the steep high bank of the Alatamaha some distance towards the forest; with groups of live oak sprinkled over it and thickening towards the cottages and rude church on its confines. Here, on both evenings of our stay, I marked one of these syrens take its perch on a solitary bush which broke the uniformity of the swell of the mound, and sit hour after hour, alternately listening to and answering the notes of a mate concealed among the thick foliage and hanging moss of a distant tree. I listened to it till I thought I could almost interpret its full varied tale, with its innumerable periods. If the intensity of feeling be at all commensurate with the intensity and power of expression—who shall fathom the depth of that which God has implanted in the little fluttering heart of these his songsters? What can match the thrilling extasy of those clear and redundant notes, or express the depth of pathos, of which those slow plaintive modulations convey an impression to the breast. There is nothing in nature that speaks to me more plainly of the goodness of God, than the overflowing, heartful, and joyous song of a bird. Is this not the voice of praise, and is it not the song of unutterable gratitude?

Who can listen to a strain like this, or study the nature and attributes of any individuals within the scope

of animate nature, without being struck with the degree of perfection which seems to be stamped on each in its sphere, however confined that may be; and, making the reflection, what a distinct line is to be drawn between man and them. The one we believe created with nobler powers and impulses, and for nobler ends; but, having fallen, now irregular and vacillating, subject to a thousand imperfections; the others, as far as we know, the creatures of a day; but how perfect, and how uniform in their generations!

I never at any time approached the Indian mounds, those relics of a people and of a time of which no recollection or tradition has been preserved, without interest and feeling. That the hands that reared them should long ago have been mingled with the clay of which they formed these simple, but enduring monuments, excites no wonder: generation departs after generation—one dynasty follows another—one nation perishes, and its place is filled by another; but it is seldom that all memory, all tradition is lost of a people. A name alone may remain, without any other distinctive feature,—but that is yet a name, and under it, the existence of a distinct division of the human race may yet stand recorded in the book of the world's history. But here, on this vast continent, dispersed over a great extent of territory, you find the relics of an utterly forgotten race. They must have been a numerous one, for the magnitude of the works they have left behind them attest it. You see mounds raised upon the rich level plains of the West,

which will ever remain a marvel. They must have attained to a certain degree of civilization and sedentary habits, superior to the races whom the present age has seen in turn displaced by those of our own hue and blood:—they were more civilized, more powerful, more enlightened than the Indian races of our day. We read this truth in the vestiges of their towns and fortifications, and the lands once cultivated by them,—yet it is in vain you pry into the secret of their deeds, time of existence, or history. You dig into their places of sepulture—you handle their bones; but they are silent, and tell you nothing;—and the utensils you unearth, only show you that they were numerous, and however powerful, simple in their habits.

Thus we see among mankind, change follows change,—language language,—one people treads in the steps and on the graves of their predecessors; and among men nothing like perfection is seen;—even the advance in cultivation and the attainment of light and knowledge being by no means progressive. It is often retarded for centuries, and every thing in connection with humanity shows the imperfection of its fallen nature, the weakness of its purposes, and the futility of its projects, though distinguished above the rest of God's earthly creations, by the gift of a living soul in addition to the common boon of the breath of life, granted to animate nature. Man is less perfect for the time being, and subject to greater vicissitudes than even the birds of the air and the beasts of the field, whom he affects to govern and despise. And

this is impressed on my mind as I listen to the song of these sweet birds.

There are voices yet abroad in the land of those forgotten tribes, at this very moment, singing the same sweet strain as rung through the oak-groves two thousand years ago! They have not forgotten the lessons taught the parents of their race in Paradise. God has stamped them with the species of perfection for which he designed them, and they have not departed from it. Their kind has suffered no vicissitudes — they have probably neither deteriorated nor attained greater perfection in any respect since the day of their creation, but have carolled, and nestled, and paired from generation to generation; fulfilling the end for which they were apparently created; while race after race of human beings has arisen and passed away, and the earth has been alternately filled and deserted by nations and individuals perfect in nothing. Without the certainty of immortality, and the sweet hope of being restored, through God's mercy, to that estate from which we have fallen, might we not well be tempted to despair!

On the morning of the third day, the pilot, for whose arrival we had been on the watch, returned with his tiny sloop from St. Mary's; and we instantly struck a bargain, by which, under certainly very favourable conditions, he placed himself and his craft at our disposal for the projected voyage, or any other that we should desire.

So now you may imagine us conveying our travelling gear on board the 'Anne Rosette of Darien.'—Clement, a mulatto from St. Domingo, master—and the 'pious Mister Evance,' a little old battered man-of-war's sailor, looking more like a huge swab than a white man, and as deaf as a post,—at the same time mate and crew. He got the unusual epithet attached to his name from a habit he had of moralizing upon his own character: as he said to us one day—'I never murdered no one, nor stealed, nor did adultery—but only now and then I gets drunk—and that's what the quality do!' There was just room under the little deck for us to stow away our portmanteaus and provisions, and spread a few sails and cloaks for our nightly accommodation. After running home to shave, and talk to his wife for an hour, Clement made his appearance about noon, with the sweeps on his shoulder; and wind and tide being fair, he unmoored, jumped in, and took his place at the helm.

'Up main-sail!—up peak now!—belay that—lay it chock forward there!—now the jib!' and we swung round before the wind, shot across the broad Alatamaha, and entered General Oglethorpe's canal.

The whole coast appears cut up into low islands and patches of salt marsh by innumerable lagoons and canals, whose waters of course rise and fall with the tide. Here and there, as in the instance just mentioned, the hand of man has rendered the interior

navigation yet more direct and complete by an artificial cut across an isthmus.

The winding course of the channel for which we had forsaken the river, soon brought the wind a-head; but we tacked merrily forward among the verdant grassy or wooded banks, and in the course of some time emerged into Buttermilk Sound, which we crossed, and entered St. Simon's river. Many an alligator was roused from his nap on the shore as we glided by among the mud-banks, and came floundering down through the sedge and slime into the water, while our buck-shot rattled innoxiously about his hardened case to quicken his motion. As might be expected from the character of the country, the solitude of these lonely canals and basins is rarely broken by the presence of permanent habitations. Entire hours passed, during which we heard no sound but the plunge of the abominable beast just mentioned, or the jabber and chuckle of the blackbird of the country, as it balanced itself on the lithe willow, or hung among the tall stalks of grass.

Towards evening we passed Hamilton's Plantation, situated on the higher shores of St. Simon's Island which separated us from the ocean. We were greeted by the delicious perfume of the orange-groves ashore, and pushed forward, as well as we might, towards the entrance of St. Simon's Sound; but the wind lulled at sun-down, and the tide failing us after dark, we were obliged to anchor mid-way between the shores.

We sat long on our little deck and watched the stars, ere we dived into the low and narrow quarters below. St. Simon's lighthouse could be seen over a long low promontory to the south. There were many indications of an approaching gale. Our tiny sloop rocked with an uneasy and irregular motion, on a short broken swell which stirred the smooth surface from beneath. A deep, dark, bank of clouds rose in the West, a few degrees above the horizon, where it remained stationary, except that now and then small ragged portions would detach themselves from the upper edge, and flying up, obscure the evening star.

Twice the most singularly disagreeable and boding sound that you can conceive, came across the water to us from the lonely shore,—such as at the time completely baffled our speculation with regard to its cause. Clement said that he had often heard it under like circumstances; and that it boded bad weather. It is a hateful sound, though it in fact comes out of the throat of a silly bird; and I can well imagine that it may often have thrilled the bosom of the blood-stained buccaneer or pirate, as he held his midnight watch among the solitary Indian keys. There was another sound which was perfectly novel to us, but of yet more ready explanation. It was frequent and smothered, proceeding as it were from immediately under the keel of the boat, but yet deep and sonorous, just as though a gong had been struck at the depth of five fathoms. This was caused by the Drum-fish. How he produces it I do not know; but we had repeated

opportunities subsequently of listening to it, and of seeing the musician himself. He is both large and heavy, moreover, good eating; and is furnished with an extraordinary apparatus, which our men called an 'oyster-crusher,' the palate and throat being armed with powerful sets of bony teeth, arranged in two flat square planes close together, like the teeth of a file. With these he operates upon the shell-fish, but whether the sound has anything to do with this terrible kind of mastication or not, I cannot say.

After an uneasy night, we ran down as far as the lighthouse with the morning tide—and during the course of the second day, as wind or tide permitted, scudded across the Sound, glanced through the narrow straits among the islands to the east, at the open sea—passed Turtle river, leaving the town of Brunswick far to the right; and in spite of the stormy wind which blew right a-head,—true to the prognostics of the preceding evening—finally made good our passage of the agitated surface of broad St. Andrew's Sound. It was not achieved without long and rough beating about, and some risk—but the Anne Rosette behaved well, and approved herself a good sea-boat—Clement, a steady pilot—Mister Evance, a most efficient crew, aided as he was in the multifarious duties consequent upon frequent tacking, by all the extra hands on board; and though pretty well drenched to the skin, we weathered the danger, and reaching a lee-shore, cast anchor till the

turn of the tide, with a long line of snow-white breakers thundering upon the bar to the sea-ward, at the entrance of the Sound. We ran up, after dark, to the north end of Cumberland Island, where we lay all night on a bleak shore; listening, now to the sounds of the tempest from the main, and then to the chorus of the Drum-fish under the boat.

At early dawn, we breakfasted upon the oysters on the banks close under our lee, and with the flood-tide beat our way into, and through Cumberland River, as far as Dungeness-House; where, in the course of the afternoon, the increase of the gale brought us to, in spite of our wish to get into St. Mary's that night. There are many fine plantations on the outer range of islands bordering the Atlantic, of which Cumberland Island is one of the longest on this part of the coast. Contrary to the character of the lands further removed from the sea, they lie high and dry, and have their own peculiar beauties. To make the most of our detention, my comrade and myself went ashore, and crossing the open beach and the meadow beyond, we entered the natural screen, formed by a thickly-tangled grove of live-oak, palmetto, myrtle, sweet-bay, magnolia, and spanish moss, and reached the 'Quarter,' or a part of the estate occupied by the negro-dwellings.

The scene was as novel as it was delightful. The simple and airy habitations of the slaves rose among a wilderness of saw-palmetto and other shrubs, and were shaded by a grove of Pride of China and live oaks,

stretching in an unbroken avenue to the house, a large and roomy edifice, apparently built of a concrete of shells and lime, and surrounded with delicious orange and olive groves full of mocking-birds and nonpareils. The island here might be about a mile across, and the opposite shore, piled with high white sand-hills and broken by clay banks, breasted the rolling surf of the wide and unbounded Atlantic. Dungeness-House was long, I believe, the head-quarters of Admiral Cockburn in the last war.

Our stay here was cut short by our perceiving, during our stroll, that the wind had lulled, and, regaining the sloop, we passed St. Mary's Sound.

As we found that we could pursue the same course of interior navigation as far as St. John's River, we promptly decided to proceed without turning aside, and leaving the town of St. Mary at the bottom of the Bay to the left, we entered the mouth of Amelia River, and landed at the decayed town of Fernandina, situated on Amelia Island, within the Florida frontier.

Fernandina sprung up to a kind of importance during the embargo of 1808, and subsequent war; and for a while was a place of very great bustle. As the frontier town of Florida, then still a Spanish province, and at the head of a direct line of inland communication with the St. John's river, it became the resort of a numerous body of adventurers of all nations. It was the harbour for pirates and smugglers without number, and was the 'jumping-place' of the refuse of Georgia and the adjoining states. At that

time the difficulties between Spain and her Colonies, and the quarrel between England and the United States, both added to the reverses which it experienced during its short but feverish existence. In those times it was not unusual to see three hundred sail in its roads—now the arrival of our little boat was considered as an extraordinary event. The cession of the Floridas to the United States, and the termination of the war with all its attendant evils, put an end to its temporary importance; and it is now no easy matter to believe that the wrecks of buildings sprinkled over the site could ever have formed a town. Some prophesy, and it would appear with a degree of reason, that it will eventually rise from its ruins, as it has incontestibly the best harbour and the easiest of access, along the coast.

It is still inhabited by a few families, chiefly of Spanish descent, and among them we were welcomed and treated with great kindness, attention, and hospitality. We spent part of the following day in rambling over the Island, which rises to a far greater height than its neighbours. Every thing indicated decay;—we saw everywhere ruined houses and deserted cotton-fields, where the ancient vegetation had regained its sway. From the site of a former house and pleasure grounds, whose tangled avenues might yet be traced, situated on a high and commanding knoll, the view was of a far more varied character than we had seen since we descended into North Carolina. It ranged over the swelling uplands of Amelia Island,

now covered with verdure—the roadstead of Fernandina—St. Mary's bay and town, Cumberland Island beyond, Dungeness House, and the wide Atlantic. No pen can paint the luxuriance of the thickets of beautiful shrubs and low trees, which weave a labyrinth under the shelter of the sand-hills of the shore—or the multitude of splendid plants and insects which cover the undulating surface of the interior.

On many of these islands these natural shrubberies had a beauty quite beyond the reach of man's imitation, especially some of those to the southward, where the large cabbage Palmettoes, and the Indian fig, became more frequent, where innumerable vines interlaced the foliage of the trees into a leafy roof, and the light green of the deciduous shrubs was contrasted by the glossy foliage of the magnolia and cedar.

Proceeding, we sailed through the natural canals behind Amelia and Talbot Islands, and the following morning found ourselves deserted by both wind and tide at a plantation on St. George's Island.

Our stay there was very interesting, but I am fearful of tiring you by repetitions, and I shall bring our voyage to a close, by stating that in the evening of the fifth day from our departure from Darien, we reached the St. John's river, which ranks as the largest in Florida. We crossed it some miles from its mouth, and a little below the Bluff bearing the same name, entered a canal which led towards the plantation, known by the name Il Pablo; and in fine, the Anne-Rosette landed us in a wet marsh, through

which we had to wade for half a mile to the house. Evening set in as dark as a negro's face, and incessant thunder and pouring rain made us feel grateful for the termination of this part of our southern adventures, notwithstanding that we had found the voyage both amusing and sufficiently varied. The master of the plantation was absent, but his wife, a woman of prepossessing appearance and a cultivated mind, with an admixture of Spanish blood in her veins, made us welcome.

From this point our journey to St. Augustine was to be prosecuted over land. Throughout this southern tour, few things had afforded me a greater fund of amusement than the singularly hap-hazard and disorderly way of living observable on the farms and plantations; and I cannot convey to you a better idea of what I mean, than by referring to what I saw here; and accordingly beg you, while the carriage in which we are to pursue our journey is preparing, to take a quiet peep upon the arrangements both within and without. The main dwelling was a frame house, supported above the level of the ground on stones, or logs at the corners. It stood alone, without a single casement, but with a little covered gallery in front, from which you could cast your eye over an extended marshy flat, with an occasional oasis of tall cabbage, palmettos or brushwood. The interior was divided into two or three dwelling and sleeping apartments, and so furnished, as to admit of a degree of comfort in hot weather, but comfortless enough else.

The necessary adjuncts to a large dwelling-house and plantation, instead of being in orderly and convenient contiguity to the principal mansion, were dispersed within or about the fenced enclosure as follows. The safe and the pantry stood about five paces from the front door, overshadowed by a fine mulberry tree. The smoke house was three paces further to the right; the log-built kitchen as far, but rather more in front to the left; the flour-mill and cart-shed still further in the rear under a palmetto thatch; the sugar-mill and boiling house, and seven other sheds and outhouses, of all forms and dimensions, were to be seen scattered about, as though they had been shaken together in a blanket, and suffered to fall at random on the earth, at a moderate distance from each other. Then there was the dove-cote; and a quadrangular paled enclosure overshadowed by trees formed the place of family sepulture at some distance beyond the outer gate. The vice and the anvil were each lying in a different place; the step-ladder was lodged in a fork of the mulberry tree; the wheelbarrow and chopping-machine were half hidden in the rank grass in a corner of the yard, where a fine fig tree overhung the angle of the fence; the axe and chopping block reposed in one corner, and the carpenter's table in another. Bridles and a grease-pot hung in a tree, and the plough was thrust behind the house under the flooring. A broken-down gig without wheels peered out from under the shed. As to the rest, cocks and hens, and Muscovy-ducks crowded the enclosure, and walked

and waddled in and out of the house. Five or six dogs are still to be added to my inventory. They all seemed bitten beyond bearing by the musquitos and sand-flies, and now and then came together to whine and to scratch each other. Lastly, before the open gate to the south, stood our vehicle, the simplicity of whose springs would certainly have excluded it from paying the tax in England,—with the two beasts of draught, the one a stallion called Pound-cake, and the other a mule, who wagged his long ears at the call of John! In this we took our seats, and after a long and wearisome day's journey of forty miles, over horrible roads; through a wilderness of saw-palmetto, swamps, and groves of cabbage-palm, jolted almost to dislocation of our bones, and bitten by musquitoes to the utter loss of patience, we found ourselves rumbling after dark through the ruined gateways and narrow streets of St. Augustine.

## LETTER III.

THE remark has been frequently made by my various companions and myself with regard to travelling in America, that no kind of dependance is to be placed upon the information you may gather with regard to the natural features and relative degree of beauty of any given part of the country, out of the general line of every day travel. The custom of using inflated terms, and the biggest words the dictionary furnishes, to describe every object which may interest the narrator, is calculated to mislead an European, and this we have often found to our cost; and have sometimes had to own, after a tour of a few hundred miles, that the object was ill-deserving of the time, labour, and expense which the attainment of it had entailed.

This observation truly applies to the tour, of which I am giving you the outlines. The very name of Florida has carried a charm with it, and in addition having fallen into the common mistake, which has been perpetuated by lying romancers and mendacious travellers, with regard to its surpassing beauty, every one from whom we had obtained more direct intelligence, had contrived, with no wish on their

part to deceive, to add to the false impression. However, it had spurred us forward; and when fatigued with the fir-forests and the half-exhausted fields of the Carolinas, and the swamps and rice-plantations of Georgia,—we still looked forward to Florida with little less ardour than Ponce de Leon. But it was to us, as to him, 'the Land of Disappointment.' The peculiar beauty of some of the islands, with their thick bowers and carpet of flowers, and those irresistible charms which the season threw over natural objects as we approached the confines of this enchanted region of birds, flowers, crabs, serpents, and butterflies, rather added to, than allayed our impatience; but, from the moment we had fairly got into the country, by the passage of the St. John's river, our eyes began to be opened, and whoever will take the trouble to follow our footsteps over the Peninsula to the Gulf, will have his opened likewise. I am far from asserting that he will not find many a lovely flower, and see many a beautiful bird, but the land is no paradise. On the contrary, he will pass hundreds of miles over the most sterile tracts he can conceive. What can be more so than the barrens, with the gigantic growth of pitch-pine—what more fatiguing than the boundless swamp, whether salt-water or fresh? That there are to be found districts in Florida where the speculator may meet with soil, fully adequate from its position and the climate it enjoys, to the production of rich crops, and that many of the fruits and products of the tropics will come to

maturity, is not to be doubted; but surely those spots are small in comparison to the vast extent of surface which seems to be devoted to sterility. However, though disappointed, there were parts of our tour which were far from being without interest, and the sketch of such is at your service. A hundred miles of fatiguing and monotonous travel are forgotten when you reach a spot where all strikes you as novel and rare.

At the close of my last, we had arrived at St. Augustine, whose delicious climate has gained for it the title of the Montpelier of the continent on which, with exception of the early European settlements in Mexico, it is the oldest town.

The first colony in Florida was a Protestant one, and formed in 1562, a little to the southward of St. John's river, by a number of refugee Huguenots, flying from persecution in Europe. They sought in a far land, that liberty of conscience which was denied them in France; but within two years of their landing, they were utterly extirpated by the Spaniards under circumstances of cruelty almost without parallel. St. Augustine was built about the same time. Its history has been a chequered one. It was repeatedly pillaged by Sir Francis Drake and others—fell into the hands of the British for twenty years subsequently to the peace of 1763, when by the testimony of many, it became a delightful town, filled with neat houses and gardens, despite the disadvantages of its situation. It subsequently reverted to its original possessors;

bore its share in the reverses of the Spanish crown in the Colonies, and was finally, twenty years ago, added to the United States, with the whole of the territory of which it was the seat of government.

It is situated on a neck of land, formed by the river Matanzas to the East, and the St. Sebastian, bordered by low swamps, to the south and west.

The Mantazas, which forms the harbour in front, is separated from the Atlantic by Anastasia island, a congeries of low sand-hills and grassy salt marshes.

The town lies on the main shore, and is separated from the back of the peninsula by a creek running parallel to it, on the western side of which the inhabitants have their principal fields and gardens. Upon the whole, there is nothing striking in the situation. The town is built, as you may imagine in the Spanish style, with narrow streets, and low houses of irregular form and fashion, chiefly of stone or a concrete of sea-shells dug from the outward shore of the opposite island. They consist mainly of a ground-floor paved with a rude stucco, and a single story above, containing the dwelling apartments. There are frequent balconies towards the street, and galleries over-looking the courts to the back. You see many dilapidated buildings, ruinous and roofless, of which the materials are carried off by degrees for the erection of other edifices or walls, and gardens full of orange trees fill up the spaces. All the marks of English care were swept away during the subsequent indolent reign of the original builders: and the ruin into which the

habitations and their purlieus then fell, under neglect and desertion, the ravages of the damp climate, and the devastating storms of the South, have not yet given place to general good order. Like all Spanish towns, it has its Plaza or public square, surrounded by the great church and principal municipal buildings; all of which are more remarkable for both exterior and interior neglect, than for symmetry. The fort of St. John, commanding the harbour and town, is strong, well built, and is by far the most regular fortification in the Union; and though at present neglected, and only used as a prison, is capable of being put into complete repair at a moderate expense. The government maintained a small garrison in barracks at the opposite extremity of the town.

St. Augustine was ruined by the exchange of flags. Almost every inhabitant being dependant, directly or indirectly, upon the Spanish government for support, the majority of those of Spanish blood moved to Cuba, and the town now draws its revenues solely from its orange groves and fisheries.

By far the most interesting portion of the present population, and it may be added, the most respectable for their quiet demeanour and inoffensive habits, are those of Minorcan and Italian descent. Sixty years ago, or thereabouts, eight hundred of the so-called redemptioners were kidnapped from the islands and coasts of the Mediterranean, brought to the Musquito lagoon, and forced to labour as slaves in the drainage of a large tract of country; till the tyranny to which they

were exposed, incited them to rise upon their oppressors and free themselves from the yoke. They settled for the most part in this town, and here their children form a distinct community, retaining their national features, language, religion, and manners. They are honest, simple, and laborious in their occupations as fishermen and farmers. They forcibly brought before me the scenes and sounds of sunny Italy; and it was difficult at times, when we stood near a group of these graceful dark-eyed people, mending their nets on the shore, or plying their long broad-bladed Italian paddle, and heard the soft tones of their language, to believe that we were thousands of miles from that delicious country. About ten of the original stock were still alive in St. Augustine, at the time of our visit. Their cottages, which were in the narrow streets nearest the water, were to a certain degree picturesque; festooned with nets, and roses, shaded by orange trees; and hung round with cages of nonpareils and other singing birds.

Now that we had reached St. Augustine, it appeared for reasons soon to be mentioned, as if we should never get away; and during our prolonged stay, we had opportunity of seeing every thing that had the least interest within the narrow confines in which we were pent up, again and again. The adjoining country is hideous. As usual in such positions, I resort to the more intimate examination of objects of natural history. I had become acquainted with every quarter in the little town; the ruins of every monastery, the shape of every

fish brought on shore by the fisherman. I passed over to the island, examined the ocean-beach, and its quarries of shell-stone, and the cross-surmounted sand heap, where some forty years ago, a number of nuns transported from Spain, to inhabit a nunnery, the ruins of which rose before the windows of our little inn, found an unexpected grave.

Their voyage was over,—they had passed the great sea,—the green shore of the Floridas had blessed their longing eyes,—they might descry the cathedral tower of their future home,—and already within the bar, you might imagine them raising the Te Deum; when a sudden squall made their vessel a complete wreck; all on board perished, and as the bodies were cast ashore, there they were buried.

There was a great dearth of plants and insects here, as elsewhere along the southern coast; but there is one singular animal, which, from its peculiarities and immense numbers, may claim notice before we move inland. The Florida reefs and keys are celebrated for the great variety and beauty of crustacede which frequent them, and many a splendidly coloured crab and lobster they produce. They swarm along the whole coast, under one form or another, from the species common on the more northern shores,—where the crab-loving Baltimorian, taking advantage of their repairing into the shallows of the Chesapeake to cast their shells, hooks them up before they have had time to furnish themselves with a new coat of armour, and converts them into one of the greatest

epicurean delicacies of the table,—to the small Fiddler-crab, whose shoals and myriads cover every piece of marsh, and perforate every bank within reach of the tide, from Georgia southward. Such is their number, that they form a feature in the view to the traveller on these shores. As you walk or ride over the sand, you see the road before you covered by thousands, who recoil and vanish in their holes as you advance, with a celerity which is perfectly magical, when you consider their singularly grotesque form, and the unaccountable freak of nature in furnishing them with one enormous claw, from the position of which, as it reclines on the back, they have their popular name. You must not suppose that they are denied the proper compliment of nippers. They are complete as to number, but all regularity and symmetry in size and strength seems to have been sacrificed to the enlargement of the one in question, and the scramble of the crowd to get out of the way of the approaching danger, with these burdensome appendages, is irresistibly ludicrous.

The remark I have made elsewhere with regard to the difficulty of travelling in the South, was again exemplified at St. Augustine, where we had to labour for days and days before we could make any arrangement to cross the country to Tallahassie. Roads further to the southward there were none, and even a return upon the one by which we had arrived, seemed impracticable, without a great loss of time at almost

every stage of it. A thousand impediments appeared to stand in the way,—neither horses, nor men were to be procured for at any price some days; and, when in the end, we found ourselves packed up as close as practicable, in an awkward machine, called a 'carry-all,' drawn by two wretched horses, and conducted by a mulatto, setting out for our expedition of two hundred and forty miles across the country, we could hardly believe our good fortune. The proposed termination of our journey was the town of Tallahassie, near St. Mark's, and it was with the greatest difficulty that we were able to effect it in ten days time. With the exception of Jacksonville on the river St. John, which we reached by great exertion on the evening of the first day, we passed no settlement of any size during the whole route, which for the most part lay over the barren and uninteresting region, covered with scattered pine forest. To add to our difficulties, the waters were out, all the streams swollen;—the low lands flooded, and bridges carried away—at the same time that the heat was at times almost suffocating. The horses fell ill, and the carriage broke; and by the time we arrived at Tallahassie, having been reduced to make use, more or less, of our legs, for the last thirty miles, we fancied we had quite seen enough of Florida.

In recalling the scenes of the country we passed through for many days, I can recollect little worthy of note. As we moved inland, the cabbage-palmetto which nearer the coast had here and there risen over the scrub bushes, was less frequently met with; and the

surface was for the most part open and undulating, though sprinkled over with huge long-leaved pitch pine. Occasionally, the road led us through short, deep, and magnificently shaded woods swarming after dark with fire-flies. There was one interesting feature of the country, and it is that of the whole Peninsula, consisting in innumerable sink-holes, circular ponds, and gushing springs of unusual volume, which deserve a passing notice, as they mark the peculiar geological structure of the country, and its cavernous interior. The whole substratum appears to be a porous lime-stone, filled with subterraneous springs and deposits of water, producing the two former phenomena by the subsidence of the layers, and giving birth to the last. The volume of water sent up from the depths of some of these boiling and pellucid fountains, is astonishingly great, and they are far more remarkable than those springs of a similar character which I have remarked in former years in the Jura, and in mountains of Istria. These deep fountains are not only to be noticed on the land, but many of great size are known to exist in the marshes, lakes, and beds of the various rivers.

On account of the flooded state of the country, we were obliged to make halt for a day at one of the farms which lie scattered along the route at greater or less distances. Their existence was, of course, generally indicative of the presence of a more fertile body of land than usual, and some, in the vicinity of large wooded lakes, were not unpleasantly situated. The majority of the settlers were of the Georgian and

Carolinian stock, and friendly and hospitable: indeed, we had need of a little assistance, or we should never have extricated ourselves, our 'carry-all,' and its contents from the country.

Our host, in the farm where we were detained the longest, was a good specimen of his race. Naturally kind, generous, and careless,—he seemed to have learnt rather late in life, and after many reverses, to be careful and thrifty. By the affection with which he spoke of South Carolina, you could see that necessity and not choice had led him to forsake her exhausted lands for the hammocks and swamps of this land of flowers. By the dissatisfaction with which he spoke of the New England character, and the utter detestation he evinced towards the Yankee pedlar, it might be surmised that he had perchance been supplanted by the superior caution of the first, and been at one time or other taken in by the 'cuteness' of the other. He was ready to aid or entertain as far as lay in his power. He swopped a fresh horse with our mulatto for one which could not advance another step;—he sent on a negro to ascertain the state of the next river;—he took a long stroll with us in the morning—and sat under his little portico telling us all species of marvels in the heat of the day and long evening. He described to us the 'Alligator Sink,' one of the innumerable fathomless pools on the 'barrens,' where the quantity of those monsters was so great when they ascended in the spring from its unknown recesses, that the whole circle was as full as a

tub of eels. He would tell us of the fights not unfrequently occurring in the swamps between that powerful reptile and the bear;—of the powers of the black-runner in destroying the rattle-snake, by the inconceivable swiftness of its motions, in spite of inferior size;—of the doe, whom instinct taught its mode of crushing the same dangerous enemy, by leaping on it at full career with her four hoofs, as it lay coiled up in the sun;—of the whip-snake, which would take hold of a tuft of grass with its mouth as you approached, and scutch you with its tail, till you removed yourself out of the way! What do you say to that? He assured us that if the young of that pretty bird, the American robin-red-breast, were taken from the nest, and placed in a cage within reach of the parents, they would not fail to come and feed them tenderly till such time as they were perfectly fledged: that then, if the old birds deemed their escape from the cage impossible,—they would speedily bring them poison-berries and kill them, refusing them life in captivity, since they could not enjoy it in freedom. Also, that in the same jealous spirit, if, before their young were hatched, they perceived that their nest was discovered, they straightway broke them and built elsewhere. Lastly, he would tell of the terrible conflagrations which take place from time to time among the pine-barrens to the southward, where some hundred square miles were charred, and stripped of their tall forest;—or of the dreadful effects of the tornado of the south, bursting on the land and levelling

every obstacle with such resistless fury, that the very deer of the forest shared the fate of the Indian herds, and lay crushed under the wrecks with which the whole face of the country was strewed for leagues and leagues.

It may have been our peculiar position, between the forest and the swampy border of the lake, and the state of the weather, but at no time or period of our travels, before or after, were we regaled with a hubbub of nocturnal sounds in any way comparable to that which filled our ears on the second night of our stay here.

Sunset was announced by a general uproar in the yard among the [illegible] negroes, and the fowls of every description, as a sly opossum was detected in a covert approach he was making from the bushes towards the roost, and a general hunt, which terminated by his capture and death, was the consequence. Then came the reign of the musquitoes, and the whip-poor-will and the wish-ton-wish—the two latter repeating unceasingly their plaintive and complaining cries; while the former rose in the air like a cloud, filling the ears with their unwelcome piping hum,—the face and hands with blisters,—and the heart with spite and impatience. The Florida musquito is the redoubted 'gallinipper' of the south; and a dozen stings are sufficient to make you sore for a week. The dragon-flies, which are fortunately both large, numerous and voracious, are now seen flitting among them, and destroying thousands, but what are a few thousands, when the very motes of the atmosphere seem turned into myriads.

The brief southern twilight steals over the landscape, —the haze thickens over the swamp,—the night-hawk is seen winging his restless flight to and fro, just glancing by, with the two white spots under its wings glaring in the dusk. The fire-flies begin their beautiful illumination, and the mocking-bird is silent,—and though there are frequent bird-calls from the wood, there is no vocalist of power among them.

Now and then a sound like a long drawn sigh is heard in the direction of the swamp, notifying the presence of the alligator: but his proper time for singing is about dawn, when you may hear him and his brethren roaring like a distant herd of bulls.

And now night settles deeper and deeper on the earth. The whip-poor-will and his neighbour cease their complainings, the night-hawk is no longer visible, the musquitoes begin to settle to their hiding-places, and the dragon-fly has filled his stomach, folded his wings and hangs sleeping under the twig. The singular glare seen on the eastern horizon, called by the settlers 'weather light,' glows duskily through the woods, portending, as our oracular host said, either 'terrible weather, or a continued dry season;' and this is the hour of enjoyment to myriads, whose voices have been hushed as long as the glare of the sun was seen, or the heat of the day, felt on the land and water. And such uproarious singing, whistling, chirping, whizzing, croaking, purring, and vibrating arises on all sides as you can form no idea of. An innumerable throng of frogs of all habits, dimensions and voices, pitched in

every key, from the clear whistle of the beautiful pea-green, golden-eyed reptile that slumbers all day long in the cool scroll of the yet unfolded aquatic leaf, to the great yellow swimmer,—are heard to join harmony. How distance can mellow the harshest sound! Even the croak of the latter sounded musical; and there was one marshy spot not three hundred paces from the piazza, that sent forth a chorus of silver sounds like a chime of bells. But the frogs, great as their advantage might seem to be from the particularly favourable arrangement of their ample lungs, were outdone by insects of the gryllus and cicada tribes;—many of which sent forth sounds of such a shrill, harsh, and jarring character, as might rather be deemed to be the production of iron machinery, than that of small and insignificant insects, with their slender and delicate fibres. As far as I could judge, this confused noise continued throughout the hours of the night, and did not cease till the fading stars and brightening east began to mark the dawn of day.

The largest river we passed after crossing the St. John's, was the Suwanee, flowing into the Gulf of Mexico. We reached the ferry on its bank with great difficulty, after the passage of a tract of matchless sterility, forty miles having been traversed without seeing a human habitation, and the greater part of them without a pool of water even in this land of fountains. The heat, also, was extremely great. The Suwanee is a beautiful dark and rapid

stream flowing between deeply-wooded banks. We had hitherto overcome many difficulties, but now we had what was called an insuperable one before us. The 'bad bridge' over a powerful stream was said to have been carried from its position by the flood, and to be totally impassable. This, after getting within fifty miles of Tallahassee, seemed too provoking, but we had got over many 'impassable' places before, by a process amounting to carrying the 'carry-all,' and we hoped to do so again. In fact the danger diminished as we advanced, and the vehicle, lightened as far as was practicable, was conducted safely through the waters upon the disjointed and submerged bridge, while Pourtales and myself waded with all humility after, with the chance of a bite from an old alligator, who we were told had taken his post regularly in the way ever since the rise of the waters, to be on the look out for a windfall. The same day we crossed the Osilla by the ferry, and as the horses were unable to drag the vehicle any further we pushed on to the next farm on foot to procure a relay. We entered upon a fine hilly country; got wet to the skin during a terrible thunder-gust; found miserable quarters about twenty miles from Tallahassee, borrowed a second pair of horses, and finally reached the end of our journey—thoroughly disgusted with travelling in Florida. In this town we had to sit down again for six days, from the sheer impossibility of getting further; and of what we did and what we saw, you shall read in my next letter.

## LETTER IV.

TALLAHASSEE, or 'the Old Field of the Indian,' which from its salubrious position, and the fertility of the rich forested tracts around, has been fixed upon as the seat of government of the territory, is situated on the level summit of a hill rising steeply on all sides from the bosom of the forests. The site is a remarkable one. The little town with its regular streets, Capitol, and other public buildings, was gradually increasing in size and population. The latter, at the time of our visit, might have amounted to sixteen hundred souls. The style of building, as may be remarked of the better class of southern erections, is pleasing, and well suited to the climate; they have in general spacious galleries under the spreading roofs, and the boarding and pillars are commonly painted white. We found the place in a state of considerable excitement, from the coming tug of war on some political question being added to the ordinary bustle of this adventuring, speculating, and money-getting race,—and the respective virtues and eligibility of Colonel White, were hourly weighed against those of Colonel Cuff, under the piazza of our hotel.

Once in the week a kind of stage-coach was reported to run northward into Georgia, and as we arrived just after its departure, we had plenty of time on our hands. As to procuring the means of earlier advance either for love or money,—that was utterly out of the question. Indeed we thought ourselves fortunate, when after reading the letters we had received here again and again—preparing answers, of which we were ourselves to be the bearers for some hundred miles to the north; and seeing every thing that was worth looking at; we prevailed upon an emigrant Northumbrian, whose north country twang was a delight to my ears, to lend us his horse Tony, and another 'carry-all;'—one, which only broke down five times before our return, ejecting us on each occasion into the road—to make a day's visit to the ancient port of St. Mark's, some fifteen or sixteen miles off, in the direction of the Gulf. The country immediately about Tallahassee I have described as finely undulating, covered with a growth of exuberant forest. It is so, and so far is much more beautiful than any thing we had seen in East Florida: and this beauty is augmented by numberless fine sheets of water, some of large extent, spreading amongst the hills. A little further to the southward, however, the country sinks down to the ordinary and monotonous level of the barrens, covered with the long-leaved pine, of which we had seen enough to produce complete satiety. Through these we drove to Magnolia, over a road which our canny

borderer had described to us as 'a very fairish sort of a road,—one in which the stumps are cut pretty nigh level, that is, within two feet o' the ground!' Here, in a little village on the crystal river Waculla, gliding from its wonderful spring a little higher up the country on its short channel through a belt of splendid woods to the Gulf—we passed two nights, visiting the ulterior object of the excursion, St. Mark's, in the intervening day.

In the latter we were disappointed as elsewhere in Florida. In spite of its long occupancy by the Spaniards, it seems never to have been any thing but a miserable little village; indeed the country in which it lies is of too unhealthy and repulsive a character to admit any other supposition. It is situated among interminable salt marshes, broken by lines of pine and cypress, at the junction of the Waculla and the St. Mark's river; and is separated from the waters of the Gulf by vast beds of grass-covered mud and sand. Only vessels of small burden can approach it and come up to the wharf, while still fewer can advance up to Magnolia. Far from thriving, though now in the hands of the most speculative people on earth, it seems to be going to utter decay, and to be sinking into the slime of its marshes. Here we, two honest, well-meaning gentlemen, travelling for pleasure and instruction, arrived during the panting hours of mid-day, much to the surprise of half a dozen idlers of all shades and bloods lounging near the principal ware-house—the more so, as we appeared walking solemnly

after our disjointed 'carry-all,' which a quarter of an hour before, had given us our first leap into the road, by the breakage of the pin which keeps the fore and hind wheels in conjunction. After giving it up to the care of the yellow Vulcan of the place, we repaired to the Fort. The present Castellan of this deserted bulwark, which we found garrisoned by nothing but cocks, hens, pigs and rats,—acts as inn-keeper, and with his long scarified nose and gaunt Quixotic figure, was in perfect keeping with every thing around him. The position of the Fort was at the extreme angle of the peninsula formed by the converging streams, and within its narrow walls held a crowd of diminutive buildings in an old-fashioned style, with little piazzas and galleries. A kind of Donjon rose at one angle, and from its platform there was a fair look out on the unlovely landscape, and a breezy walk for the cramped-up inhabitants. Every thing was fast tumbling to ruins.

We here spent the sultry hours of noon,—when the summer-day vision which had descended in shape of the two strangers and the 'carry-all,' upon the solitary citizens of St. Mark's,—departed, and they saw us no more. Vulcan had finished his job, and made us pay bountifully for what he assured us was a bran new pin, though by its breaking very shortly after, and causing us to commence a series of jumps which did not terminate till we arrived at Tallahassee, we found he had taken us in, by patching the old one.

Magnolia was to us as an oasis in the desert, and

we account the two evenings we spent within its shade, as bright spots in our southern tour.

The Waculla arises in one of those extraordinary basins mentioned in a former letter, where the accumulated waters of many subterraneous springs fed by filtrations from the surface through a porous soil, would appear to terminate their dark and hidden wanderings, by gushing to the light. Doubtless this remarkable feature of the Floridas, and the superstitious feeling of the aborigines gave rise to that legend about the 'Fountain of Youth,' believed to exist in this land of wonders, which acted like a spell upon the heated imagination of the early discoverers, and the fruitless search after which forms the last romantic scene of the eventful life of the brave but credulous Ponce de Leon.

The source of the Waculla forms a large circular basin of great diameter, in which the water appears boiling up from a fathomless abyss as colourless as the air itself. No bottom has been found with a line of two hundred fathoms. The stream which runs off to the southward admits of being navigated by boats from the very fountain; and the myriads of fish which frequent these pools, and evidently swarm among their subterraneous channels, are not their least remarkable feature.

At Magnolia, the river glides swiftly through a forest remarkable for beauty of growth, thickness, and variety of timber. The profusion of the splendid *Magnolia grandiflora* has given a name to the village;

and we never met with any elsewhere that could vie with them for size, many being ten or twelve feet in circumference. They were in flower at the time of our visit, and their dark glossy foliage appeared studded with broad white nine-petaled flowers, of a foot in diameter, exhaling the richest perfume in the cool of the evening.

A road had just been hewn into the very recesses of the forest above the village, and revealed its hidden depths to the eye of the passenger. I would fain give you an idea of its features :—of that labyrinth of huge towering trunks rising from the palmetto undergrowth, leafless and branchless for many feet, till woven into a canopy fifty feet above your head ;—the long lithe creepers, which, growing with the growth of the tree to which it clung for support, had been borne aloft into the air, and now threw down its tangled pendant ropes from above; the prostrate trunks of the red, or willow oak, or the thorny ash, levelled by the axe or time on your path; and the fan-shaped foliage of the palmetto hanging down from its long shaft.

Here you pass through a jungle where decay is stamped over every object around you : on one side burnt stumps of vast diameter, hollow and blackened like the crater of a miniature volcano. On another trunks of equal volume, mantled with tangled creepers and vines, a fit altar for the Dryads; and still further, deep dens of rubbish, inexplorable, rotting and falling to dust, the haunt of serpents and unclean birds,

You emerge as the evening advances, and pass through a more open and cheerful part of the forest; and long after the sun has set to you in the depth of the wood,—when the perfume of the magnolia cloys the damp air, and the whip-poor-will has commenced his plaint, the musquito his song, and the fire fly gleams in the shade—you glance up and see the gay sun-beam illuminating the crest of foliage with which the trees are crowned, enlivening a region a hundred feet above you, into which the birds and squirrels ascend, and disport themselves far above the reign of damps and musquitoes. Evening and the nocturnal sounds of the climate you are already acquainted with.

On our return to Tallahassee we found the inhabitants in a state of increasing ferment. The public pulse was considerably above fever heat, owing to a circumstance with which you shall speedily become acquainted.

Just as I have seen at sea, when the swell was rolling one way, an unlucky side-wind would spring suddenly up, and set the waves breaking and counteracting one another, till all was foam and confusion—so it had been with the population of Tallahassee.

Your own reflection will have long ago suggested to you, that among the class of people usually adventuring themselves in any newly-opened part of the Union as first settlers and pioneers, even in a place like this which starts at once from the bosom of the forest, with the title and privileges of a city

and seat of Government, those clinging to the strictest rule in matters of religion, good order and morals, must for a while be considered as forming a minority. It cannot be otherwise. Some time may pass before there is a regular place of worship; and a still longer period, before there is any general disposition manifested in the mass of the inhabitants, to maintain among themselves anything like strict moral discipline.

The first step had been taken; and the methodists, the pioneers in religious matters, had set apart a building for the worship of God, where I had heard a good, simple, sound sermon, preached to a thin, but attentive auditory. The second step was in the act of being attempted on the day of our return. This was an attempt on the part of a number of well-meaning inhabitants to institute a Temperance Society. The uproar in consequence was ludicrous beyond description. What between the fire of political debate about Colonels White and Cuff on the one hand, and the hot water poured among them by this ill-advised attempt to recommend temperance, the position of the people of Tallahassee reminded me of that of the inhabitants of the ancient city of Guatemala, which was situated between the Volcan di Fuego, on the right, and the Volcan di Agua on the left, so that they were continually liable to be burnt by the eruptions of the one, or drowned by the deluge of hot water from the other.

A Temperance meeting had been held the preceding evening, at which, as we were informed, great disorder

had prevailed, and the mouths of the advocates in favour of the Society, peremptorily closed. Such was the alarm and indignation evinced by the liquor-venders, loose traders, and tipplers of Tallahassee, and the irritation of feeling against the persons as well as the doctrines of the unfortunate minority in consequence, that the latter seemed quite abashed, and to be taken with their sails aback.

There was a certain Elisha Perkins, a doctor and medicine-vender, who, with an absence of caution, prudence, and foresight, utterly incomprehensible, when it is recollected that he was born and bred a New Englander from Connecticut, had allowed his goose quill to sign the requisition presented to the public by the Temperance committee,—at the same time that he had, as far as his person went, cautiously kept in the back-ground. Upon him, it appeared, that the onus of the whole affair was now laid—in spite of his defence, to which I was a witness, having some business with him at the moment that certain of his friends came to advise and condole with him concerning the hornets' nest he had stirred about his ears. Instead of taking high ground and maintaining it; suffering, if suffer he must, in a good cause, all he said amounted to little more than what Sir Andrew Ague-cheek said upon a somewhat similar occasion, namely, that had he known that the opponents of the measure had been 'so valiant and so cunning in fence,' he would have seen them all drowned, e'er he had meddled with them!

In the course of the afternoon it was proclaimed that a general meeting of the Anti-Temperance inhabitants would take place this evening.

Captain B. our hotel-keeper, immediately came forward in the most handsome manner, and offered the use of his great room for the occasion. How public spirited! I observed that an extra hundred clean tumblers were slily got ready within the bar, in case of their being by any chance needed. A Major Brooks, who was so tipsy he could hardly stand, took some trouble to explain to me, as a stranger, how exceedingly wrong and inadvisedly the adverse party had acted, and the reasons therefore; making many serious remarks upon the folly of drinking to excess; at the same time venturing the opinion that it was foolish to bind oneself never to drink anything but water, as strong liquor might be needful and useful taken medicinally.

Curiosity, idleness, the love of a farce, what you will, made me attentive to the proceedings of the evening.

From the number enrolled under the banners of the Anti-Temperance Society, their general character—and their continual appearance at the bar, where the Captain and his aids were kept incessantly busy for some hours, preparing tumblers of mint-julep, it might be surmised, without any reference to the proceedings within, that the cause of Temperance had, as yet, but few backers in Tallahassee. One or two stout-hearted advocates who stood up in the room, (Perkins, I am

sorry to say, was not among them) were silenced by acclamation. The uproar was swelled by all the idle boys of the neighbourhood, who took part with Major Brooks and company; and the numerous windows of the room were filled with a shutter of compact negro heads, with listening ears, glistening eyes, and white rows of bare teeth, delighting in the clamour, and the victorious eloquence of their masters. The last resolution put, and carried unanimously, exhaled the extremity of spite against the person and wares of Elisha Perkins, and may be compressed into the form of a vow,—that all those within and without the room would faithfully abstain from taking the medicines of the said Elisha Perkins, or from following his advice!—a resolution most rapturously received and applauded by the negroes, who yelled, and laughed, and capered with delight, as they retired from their posts at the windows and doors at the termination of the sitting.

As to the rest, it was agreed by the majority of the good people of Tallahassee, to go on drinking and stimulating with mint-julep, mint-sling, bitters, hail-stone, snow-storm, apple-toddy, punch, Tom and Jerry, egg-nogg—and to remain dram-drinkers and tipplers, if not absolute drunkards, in spite of the machinations of the Temperance men. And pray, what is mint-julep? I hear you ask. I've got the receipt in my note-book,—let me see—under the head 'democratic drinks.'—'Take your mint, fresh and unbruised, and put it in a clean tumbler; pour—' but no! I would rather not

tell you, for who knows, if once you get the recipe you may be tempted to set to and make the liquor. And if you once taste it, you will probably make more;—when you are hot to cool you—when you are cold to warm you, and so forth. There must be a peculiar spell about it, for I have seen in America many men of talent, and good sense otherwise, with every reason consequent upon position in life to render them orderly, yet lower themselves and ruin their health by giving way to a vice, which more than any other breeds a loathsome equality between the man of worth and the worthless man. Who knows, that if you get hold of the recipe, instead of being an orderly sober member of society, a loyal subject, and a good Tory; you will get muzzy, and hot-brained, and begin to fret about reform, and democratic forms of government,—doubt your Bible—despise your country—hate your King—fight cocks, and race like a Virginian,—swear profanely like a Western man—covet your neighbours' goods like a Yankee speculator—and end by turning Radical Reformer!

The English have had the character of an intemperate nation, but I trust no longer merit it. The intemperance in the upper and middle classes which was general and winked-at, at the commencement of the century, is no longer to be laid to the charge of either. The national intemperance was of the grossest kind:—granted! and amounted to actual drunkenness. That having been done away with, those classes are certainly clear from the imputation altogether,

for dram-drinking has not survived or taken its place; and if you want to see either kind of intemperance, you must descend to the lower ranks. I am not aware if the Temperance Society has done much good amongst us—in America, the good has been already incalculable, for the very reason, that its appeals have been listened to, not by the drinkers to excess, who must always be among the refuse of a population, but by a class who at the same time that they were habitually slaves to excitement from liquor, seldom drank it to inebriety; and that was the mass of the population of every grade, and is still so in some parts of the Union.

In commencing our return to the northward, which we did as soon as it was possible, we were well aware that there was some sore travelling in advance. The roads through the south of Georgia are in the roughest state. The public vehicle which, as it happened, we had all to ourselves, rattled however over the country, when practicable, at the heels of a pair of stout young horses, from stage to stage, with a good-will and rapidity, which would have been very satisfactory, had the impediments in the roads and in the state of the crazy carriage permitted constant advance; but we only reached Milledgeville, the capital of Georgia, after three days and nights incessant travel, and that after a goodly proportion of break-downs, and stick-fasts, besides having to wade many deep creeks, and swim one or two.

The streams were all flooded, and ferries and

bridges were seldom seen. Indeed I would rather take my chance for a swim than pass the rocking and fearful erections which, under that name, span many of the deep rivers on the road nearer the coast, and however rotten, are seldom repaired till some fatal accident renders the repair imperative. Yet the coolness with which the coachman, after halting for a moment on the edge of the steep broken declivity, and craning forward, to look at the stream in advance, broad, muddy, and rapid, running like a mill-race, will then plunge into it with his horses, descending down till the water covers their backs, is admirable. On these occasions we always thought that a preparation for a swim was no sign of cowardice, and made our precautions accordingly. From all this you may gather that travelling in the South is still in its infancy, and I may add shamefully expensive. You pay exorbitantly for the meanest fare.

Of the scenery I need say but little. A great proportion of our route lay over an uninteresting pine-covered country; but there were frequent towns springing up along the line, which will doubtless become more and more frequented. But the names! what do you say to Suspendersville? How euphonious! In nothing have our American neighbours shown such an utter absence of any thing like propriety and good taste, as in the hideous nomenclature of towns and villages, with which they have disfigured their maps and their language. It may well be allowed that the difficulty of finding a hundred thousand distinct and

melodious appellatives for their new creations was one of no ordinary magnitude. That is true. Yet how many of the ancient Indian names with their harmonious syllables have been thrown aside to make room for the most absurd titles. Hundreds of the former might have been retained in the place of those hideous compounds of undignified patronymics with Greek, Gothic, or Latin affixes, which have been, and still are the fashion.

I have stumbled upon Suspendersville, because it was one of the prettiest places on our road; but though it were a paradise, what poet dare weave its beauties into a lay?

In its neighbourhood we passed over the track of one of those tremendous gusts, or flaws of wind, to which the south is incident. It had occurred two months before, and lasted only four minutes, during which time it laid open a broad pathway through the forests, upon which lay endless rows of huge pines and other trees, uprooted and broken. In the same manner we had seen a tract in the neighbourhood of Black River, South Carolina, upon which were piled thousands of noble trees, all lying from east to west with the roots high in the air, the work of a great 'flaw' in September, 1822. That had lasted four hours, and the loss of life and property during that period, particularly along the coast, was very great. Our informant pointed out to us the very spot in the forests where he and his four horses had taken refuge on an open meadow of a few acres, during these

terrible hours of darkness, for it was during the night. He described the sounds in the forest, and in the neighbouring swamps as the most fearful and tremendous that could be conceived, and confessed that towards the termination of the time his brain began to turn with fatigue, exhaustion, and terror. Just before the tempest ceased, the wind veered, and blew from the east with incredible force.

The soil throughout Georgia, and indeed through the whole range of country from Maryland southward, is of a deep red. Towards Milledgeville, the plantations became more numerous, and appeared well cultivated, producing maize, wheat, cotton, and barley. The seat of Government above-named, is pleasantly situated in an undulating country, on the upper branch of the Alatamaha river, and considerable taste reigns in the style of architecture adopted, and in the interspersion of fine trees among the dwellings. A State Convention summoned for the purpose of revising the Constitution, was just in the act of opening its sessions. With regard to these Conventions, we found that there were very diverse opinions held by different individuals; many urging, that, as an assembly of men elected with carelessness, acting without check, superseding all law, and in fact taking the place of the original framers of the Constitution of the State,—they were more likely to do harm than good, and that it was always a matter of thankfulness when they dispersed without having done any great mischief. Others

would say—that besides the acknowledged necessity of an occasional revision of the Constitution, the Conventions have this advantage, that many eminent men and servants of the State, whom distaste to a life of constant political warfare had sent into retirement, are induced on such occasions to come forward, and give the country the aid of their matured experience.

The proceedings of the Convention I am unable to detail, as we resumed our route the following morning.

In peeping in upon the proceedings of retired courts of justice, or listening to the harangues delivered right and left for political purposes, by the public men of the United States, whether on the stump or in the senate, the Englishman cannot but be struck with the general diffusion throughout the United States of that gift usually called the 'gift of the gab.' Nothing can be more provoking than the fluency of the country lawyers in spite of their shabby coats: and to one who would be inclined to consider quantity rather than quality, their unhesitating delivery, command of language, and long-windedness, might indeed be a subject of envy. But a little attention will show him, that sound and sense are not always companions. He will detect innumerable expletives—sentences without legitimate beginning or end—deductions from nothing—big words meaning little, and out of place, leading to the most astounding examples of bathos—digressions without end—and, after all, that to extract sense and facts from that wholesale production of words, he must patiently sit down like a searcher after

gold dust, and sift bushel after bushel of sand to find the ore. He will find even in the style of eloquence in vogue among the majority of the members of the supreme courts of the country, the same sacrifice of dignity and simplicity evident.

That the people of the United States should be sanguine about the durability of their institutions, is not to be wondered at. They do not allow the justice of an appeal to the history of the past in Europe, to prove the probable mutability of their governments—because they are in their youth, and have, they believe, set out on a more excellent principle and under more favourable circumstances than any people since the world began.

They conceive the doubts which pass the lips of a foreigner to originate in prejudice and jealousy. As to the apparent, and I believe real aptitude of their form of government to the present circumstances of the country and the people, that appears evident; and attached as I may well be to the monarchical form of my own country, finding a great deal in both my Bible and in the book of the world's history, that would incline me to doubt their wisdom or ultimate success; and thinking it their misfortune that circumstances have deprived them and their children of that class of noble feelings and impulses which unite a people to its prince; I am far from expecting or wishing to see the day when they may have a king among them, however some might whisper the probability. By the bye, even among themselves I have seen those who considered the conduct of

the honest-hearted and straight-forward officer at present at the head of their executive, as little better than despotism, and it appeared that not a few among them expected to hear of the worthy General doffing his beaver for a kingly crown, or perhaps that he had even begun to exercise the right divine, and touch for the king's evil.

It is not merely because their government is a democratic republic, that I think it liable to change, or to pass away—but because it is one of human institution, and as such the seeds of mutability are within its bosom. It is but an experiment, and that it is such will be seen more and more. Meanwhile it is one which is interesting to all the world, and to none more so than to Britain, from which country they have mainly sprung, from whom they inherit all that energy of mind which is making their name respected and renowned among nations; and, instead of throwing straws in their way, we should stand by and see fair play, interested as we must be as men and Christians in the working of a machine upon the ultimate perfection of whose complicated parts the well-being and happiness of millions of our fellow-creatures are dependant. At the same time, God forbid that we should ever be mad enough to fancy that their systems are fit for our imitation.

If a government formed upon a Republican model does not succeed there—surely, the question of its suitableness to the state of mankind as they are, should be considered as determined for ever. But it

must occur to every one, that the United States of America have not only to combat the difficulties which may arise within their own bosom, of which there will be many before the lapse of many years,—but also those that menace them from without. Will they not, more or less, be influenced by the spirit of the times. They are separated from the Old World by the vast ocean, but they are not without the influence of the vortex; every thing, their language, literature, necessities, increasing facility of communication with Europe, all render them intimately connected with us. We whirl, they whirl too. Do we feel the revolution which is taking place in every thing—politics—religious opinion—science—so must they. There may be this difference, that as yet they have more room, the sweep is a wider one than our's, but they still obey the same law as ourselves.

As to the party questions of the moment, what are they?—they come, they agitate, they pass—and the interest which they excite passes also. A few years, or even months, will shew men admitting principles and the necessity of movements, which, a brief time before, they would have shed their blood to have denied or prevented. The idea of the possibility of disunion was scouted by the majority of Americans in the winter of 1832-3, with abhorrence; and a few months after the question is calmly discussed, and thousands grant not only the possibility, but the probability of its some day taking place.

But what is that? One may look beyond the pre-

sent moment, and believe, that though the Great Tree of the West may have many branches, and even that some may rot and fall off,—though she may be shaken by many a blast, and have her leaves prematurely scattered to the wind,—yet her roots are deep in the soil, and there is that health in her which will make her last and endure, if it be God's will. She overshadows a land which no man can pass over from east to west, and from the north to the south, without bringing away the impression, that if on any part of His earthly creation, the finger of God has drawn characters which would seem to indicate the seat of empire,—surely it is there!

To resume our journey; at this town we got into the great line of interior communication between the Southern States, and took advantage of the Piedmont line of stages, to move northward to the frontiers of North Carolina, where we turned aside with the purpose of crossing the Alleghany to Knoxville, in Tennessee. Why we did not, you shall hear presently.

The upper part of Georgia and South Carolina are interesting, from the interchange of wild and cultivated scenery, and the country about Washington is eminently beautiful and diversified by hill and dale. Otherwise throughout the earlier inhabited parts of the South, you are struck with the vast tracts of exhausted and impoverished land, lying bare and open to the action of the rains. The town of Abbeville is considered as the centre of one of the richest tracts in

the South, the whole of which is in a state of excellent cultivation. We left the Gold Region far to the left. There five thousand people were already collected, grasping and quarrelling, and it is probable that more gold will be sown than reaped.

After quitting the Piedmont route, every step to the Westward gave indication of our approach to the mountains. A little beyond the town of Greenville, you come upon the first spurs of the Blue Ridge, and entering the valley of the Saluda, are led more and more into the bosom of the hills. To these upper vallies, many of which are under high cultivation, and that is all that is wanting to make the highlands of the Carolina and Virginia a lovely region,—thousands of the inhabitants of the Atlantic border, flock during the stifling heats of summer, to escape the pestilential airs of the swamps and salt marshes. Here they have sweet green fields, dense shade, and fresh mountain-springs and breezes. Numerous mineral waters are not wanting for those who may fancy they are the better for them.

As I may have remarked elsewhere, there is almost a total absence of bare rock in these mountains, and though frequently very steep, their ridges and acclivities all appear clothed in the most luxuriant forests.

I can assure you we felt the charms of this country after our sultry, thirsty, and often painful passage of the pine barrens of Florida and Georgia; and we pressed forward towards the heights with delight along the side of the fresh river, meandering through the up-

lands, along vales filled with wheat; or sweeping over bare slabs of slate rock in the deep glens nestled in the hills. We had got far from the region of the orange, the magnolia, and the palmetto; but the perfume of the sweet-briar was yet more delightful, and nothing could be more splendid than the magnificent red, white, and yellow azaleas which gemmed the deep green forest, besides the tall and shapely *Liriodendron*, the tulip tree, covered with its gaudy cups, and the white-clustered flowers of the acacia hanging over the stream.

The same impediment from floods which had attended us during the whole of our southern tour, was destined to cause disappointment and delay to the very hour of our return to the Potomac.

The news that greeted us on our gaining Flat Rock on the west side of the Alleghany, was most discouraging. We had intended to proceed across the other ridges of the Apallachian chain, by the passage apparently burst through them by the French-Broad river, a tributary of the Tennessee. But on our arrival at the town of Ashville, all reports confirmed the previous rumour of its being impassable. However, after a day's halt, we persevered, and got forward through a most romantic defile, shut in by forested mountains, to the Warm Spring, but there found ourselves caught in a trap, and neither able to retrace our steps nor proceed. Our advance thus far over a road, exposed to the overflow of the foaming river, in immediate proximity to which it was confined by

impending rocks, had been to a certain degree accompanied by danger; and the continued rise of the river made the road above, as well as below, perfectly impracticable.

We were detained here three days in the very heart of the mountains, and when we were enabled to make our escape, we did it by the first road that opened. This led us towards that line of the interior hills called the Bald-Range to Jonesboro', and Blountsville, where we fell into the great route between Tennessee and Virginia, and proceeded to Abingdon in the latter State. Thence passing the head-waters of the Kenawha, and recrossing the Blue Ridge, which in this part of the chain is the great division of the eastern and western waters, we descended upon the upper streams of the Roanoake, passed through the beautiful vale of Fotheringay, shut out from the world, and gained the large and flourishing town of Lynchburg. Our plans would have led us to turn aside to the Peaks of Otter, the Natural Bridge, and the valley of the Shenandoah; but the floods on all sides rendered it an impossibility, and left no road but that of Richmond open, to which we betook ourselves and reached that city after two months absence. The flooded state of the Pamunky again interposed an obstacle in our overland journey towards Washington, but this too was overcome by a little hardihood, and we found ourselves once more, by the close of May, among our friends in Baltimore, and at the end of what we might well call, a chapter of disappointments.

## LETTER V.

AMONG the shorter excursions made during the summer of this year, was one from Baltimore to the seat of the State Legislature of Pennsylvania at Harrisburg, proceeding from thence through the interior of the State to New York. These parts of Pennsylvania exhibits a rich undulating surface, generally under most careful cultivation, watered by many streams, and inhabited in a great measure by a population of German descent. The people still maintain in their language and customs, much that appertains to the land of their forefathers. You travel among their verdant farms, enter their substantial houses, most of which are both handsome and commodious, painted in foreign style, and overshadowed by aged willows; you see the spacious and solidly-constructed barns, and on every hand you meet with that which transports you in fancy, back to the fields of Germany. These Pennsylvanians are both a steady and a careful people. Their advance in the scale of improvement is slow but gradual; they resist innovation; read the Bible, the Almanack, and one newspaper; now and then send to consult the compiler of the latter whether they may venture to cut their crops or no; and stick to old creeds and old habits. Pro-

bably of all the various races which form the population of the Union, they are the least exposed to that constant irritation from the fierce discussion of political questions of momentary importance, which agitates the rest of the community from one end of the year to the other; and which to me, appears one of the greatest miseries which their form of government entails upon the people of the Union. They study to be quiet and mind their own business; speak a most amusing mixture of English and German; keep the Yankees out of their borders as well as they may; complain bitterly of the disorders of their swearing and grog-drinking Irish neighbours; always build a bake-house just before the door; eat sausages, sour-krout, and biscuits; rejoice in baked-meats and sweet-meats; and make fortunes in every part of the Union by the exercise of their gift of sugar-baking and their skill in confectionary. They toil steadily for years, please the palates and spoil the stomachs of their customers in the South and North, till enabled by ample gains to return and enjoy their ease in their native State. They supply the Philadelphia market with the richest produce of the farm; erect huge sign-posts before their little inns, exhibiting most egregious portraits of Lafayette, General Jackson, and Solomon, larger than life; and certainly are, with all their oddities, the staff and the pride of their beautiful State.

I wish you could see on a summer evening, the bright silver surface of the noble Susquehanna, —the largest tributary of the Atlantic on the northern

continent south of the St. Lawrence,—gliding among these beautiful farms from the mountains to the Chesapeake; here expanded to the width of miles, with its thickly-wooded islands floating on the surface, reflecting the frequent towns and villages and the orchards on its banks; or contracted to the breadth of a mile at its rapids, between shores thick set with chesnut, sumac, and black walnut, labyrinths of rocks, trees, and bowers of vines, and creepers, forming scenes worthy of Gertrude's home,—or spend a tranquil evening, as I did, in the groves of Duncan's Island, within the gates of the Blue Ridge, near the mouth of the Juniatta, listening to the murmur of the rivers, or the song of the mocking-bird.

Harrisburg is well situated upon the banks of the Susquehanna, a few miles below the point where the river escapes into the undulating country to the east of the mountains, through a gap, greatly resembling that below the Rhine at Andernach. For the style of building, the trade and commerce, and number of inhabitants, &c, I refer you to Flint, or any other wholesale describer of towns and counties in the Union. I have alluded to it particularly, for the purpose of introducing you to one feature of this new country, which may well be ranked among its wonders, namely, the bridges. Great as are the marvels which human skill and human hardihood have wrought, and are every day producing in this country, there are few more striking than those of this class,

even to such as from childhood have been rendered familiar with the aspect of those solid and beautiful structures which span the river of our great metropolis. For length, hardihood of plan, and solidity of construction, though timber replaces stone, the bridges which you meet with on the Susquehanna, and other great rivers of the Atlantic coast, are wonders of art. I give you the dimensions of two works of this character, which I examined on this trip. The Susquehanna at Harrisburg, is a mile in breadth, divided into two channels by Turkey Island, containing about sixty acres of arable land and peach orchards. The bridge is divided into two equal portions, similar in construction. Each is comprised of six arches of 230 feet span, resting on five piers. The roadway is thirty-five feet broad, and contains two ample carriage and foot-ways, forty feet above low water mark. It was erected from 1813 to 1817, and cost 192,188 dollars. The whole is constructed with great solidity, and covered with a substantial roof.

A few miles higher up the river, in following the canal which has been constructed to maintain an uninterrupted communication by water with the interior of the country, whenever the beds of the rivers are obstructed by rapids; you meet with similar proofs of that hardihood of conception, and the spirit of internal improvement, for which the northern and middle States are so much distinguished.

After advancing up the left bank of the river through

the Gap as far as Petersburg, the canal is there brought to a conclusion; and the boats, by the following ingenious contrivance, pass over a branch of the river 2231 feet in breadth. A dam, nine feet in height has been built across the river parallel to a bridge resting upon nine piers, and constructed upon the lattice principle, which furnishes a towing path and double carriage road to Duncan's Island; and in the still water created by this dam, the canal on the left bank terminates, and that on the island commences. Proceeding, you find that the island is connected with the left bank of the Juniatta which comes in from a deep wooded glen to the westward, and with the right of the Susquehanna, by a strong embankment traversing the smaller branch of the latter, over which the canal crosses, and then divides into two branches. The one proceeds up the main valley, and the other, conducted across the Juniatta by an aqueduct seven hundred feet in length, proceeds up the valley of the same into the interior of the country. But these are only two works among many displaying the same genius and the same boldness; and gigantic as they are, they are by no means the largest of the class.

It has been the fashion to express a doubt whether America will distinguish herself in the fine arts, and in the higher departments of literature. As to genius, surely no one will pretend to say that that rich and noble grain, sparingly sown as it is in any part of the globe, may not spring up on the soil of the Western world. The question is rather whether the people of the United

States possess among themselves the power of fostering and nurturing genius, or whether the character of the people, their style of education and habits, are inimical to its growth. Genius is of no particular clime, and though a taste for the fine arts, and the power of estimating and appreciating it, is more inherent in one people than another; it will frequently spring up and thrive where least expected. What will retard the growth of real talent in America more than any thing, and prevent its soaring in many instances above mediocrity,—smothering it in the bud,—will be false praise, false standards of excellence, and a compliance with the vitiated taste and models of the age. There exists not a young aspirant to talent of whatever description, who cannot find a coterie both willing and ready to praise and flatter; and where this poison is administered to a young mind, removed from the opportunities of making comparison between his own works and those of real and mature excellence, its bad effect is commonly irretrievably destructive of future and justly merited distinction. It will be a misfortune for America, whatever she may think, if she encourages a disposition in her sons to look no further than themselves for their standard of excellence in literature and in the arts, as well as in politics.

In the change effected in the style of education of late years in many parts of Europe, the people of the United States have shared to a certain degree, and, comparatively speaking, education is there also conducted with undue haste, and ends in the acquisition of superficial

knowledge. Our forefathers may have been mistaken in their systems of education, and it would be absurd to say, that the practice pursued in the universities and schools of Europe, was faultless. Fifteen years ago, you and I thought—and naturally so, as we were both boys, hating application,—that the time spent upon the classics, and the abstruser branches of mathematics, was lost to all intents and purposes, especially in cases where the future course marked out for the boy led him away from their application in after life; but we may both think otherwise now,—and find reason to doubt, whether, after all, the old way was not based on the sounder judgment and truer philosophy. The present spirit of the world, the temper of mankind, the style of literature of the present day, the decay of the reasoning powers, and the growth of those of the imagination; the production of innumerable works of fancy, of fiction, of local interest; the unblushing manner in which men 'lard their lean books with the fat of others' works,' all prove that there is a disposition to deteriorate. Who writes now for posterity? Who submits to the toil necessary for the production of classical works? Who can be made to believe that however a man may possess the power of rapid production of ideas, it is toil, labour, and patience alone which will enable him to attain perfection? No! a petty name among a chosen coterie, blind as ourselves, is all we aim at now, and poor indeed must be the claims of that author whose works neither procure him cash nor compliments.

With regard to the people of the United States, it is a great pity that among the many solid excellences which they have inherited from British blood, a general and decided taste for, and appreciation of the fine arts cannot be included. In England, I believe, taste, however affected at the present day, is, where it exists, acquired in the generality of cases. A love of music, painting, statuary, architecture; an eye for harmonious proportion and form amongst us, is as foreign to the minds of thousands in the educated classes as it is generally observable in all ranks of society in Italy. As far as their tastes are deducible from the parent country then, the Americans are under a disadvantage; and many Europeans are inclined to surmise that they labour under one equally great, from the style of education, interior construction of society, and habits of the people; but foreigners may cavil and prophesy, and Americans may arrogate what they do not yet possess:—Time alone will show!—America has apparently her race to run, and may appeal to her vigorous and herculean youth for promise of a distinguished future.

As to American authors, who for number and variety begin to vie with those of any country in Europe, many remarks from me would be out of place. I could name divers, perhaps hardly known in England, whose works in their several branches of science or literature, should command respect among the generations that be; and at least, whatever posterity may say to them, claim quite as favourable a doom as some

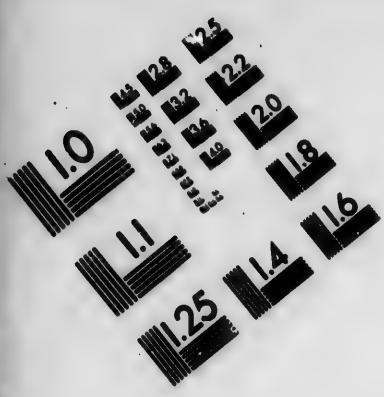
hundreds among us, whom fashion and the reviews combine to praise.

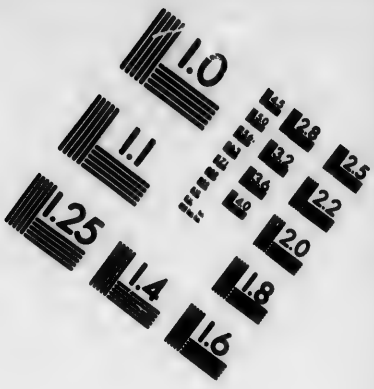
The great demand for works of fiction inundates the American continent with a flood of poems and romances from her own press; besides the numberless reprints of good, bad, and indifferent, from [illegible]. So far as America plays the pander to the vi[illegible] style and taste, which is a disease of the age in E[illegible] so far may she have to partake of the punishment and the cure, whatever it may be, and whenever it comes.

In natural history and philosophy, theology, mechanics, travels, divers works have been lately written of great merit.

There is one class of writers, which I am glad to believe is going rather out of vogue; these are the so-called 'truly American writers,' and among them, there are men of both wit and talent, both of which would be of more value, if taste were added.

From the perusal of the works whose authors were distinguished by this epithet, I have been inclined to suspect that to be a 'truly American author,' it was necessary not only to show an extreme predilection and fondness for their native country, its history, its institutions—to see the past enveloped in a mist of glory, and the future veiled in a golden dust of prophetic anticipation, but also an anxiety to invent occasions for a palatable sneer at Old England. A 'truly American author' evidently speculates a little upon the low passions of revenge, and jealousy, in the breasts of such of his countrymen as may yet harbour

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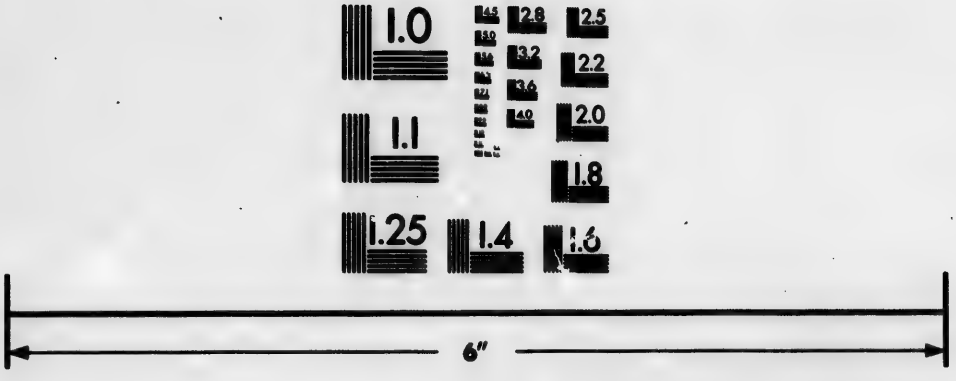

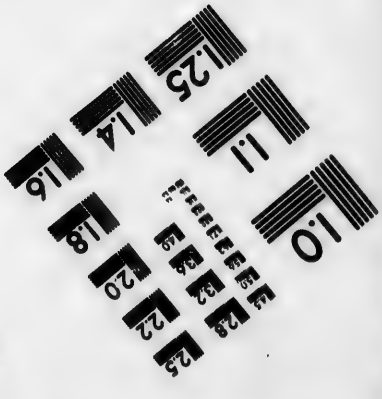


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them, and seeks occasion to flatter the same. Having perhaps specified in his contract with his bookseller, that there should be a certain quantum of anti-anglican matter in every literary offspring; he exacts from his brain the invention of proper occasions for the introduction of a poor innocent John Bull, decently attired in corduroys and top boots, whose real business in the work is extremely doubtful and enigmatical. Here he figures of course to very indifferent advantage, furnishing the writer, however, with the convenient means of exposing cherished prejudices and ignorance. If this is to be a 'truly American writer,' and the reviler of America on our side, called the 'truly English writer,' the sooner both die out the better. I hope we live to better ends than to perpetuate hatred and prejudice.

But this is all by the bye, or 'apropos,' as it is the fashion to say, when you get off the road into the ditch. I was going to remark, that whether it is in the fine arts that America is to distinguish herself or not, there can be no doubt but in the mechanic arts she will attain great excellence. Of that, every thing gives promise; and the very circumstances which would seem to be against her in her cultivation of the former, are highly conducive to her advance, and perfection in the latter. Travel where you will, through the middle and eastern states, you see tokens of a busy spirit of emulative ingenuity, boldness of design and conception in every branch of mechanics, from the lowest to the highest, which must command ad-

miration. To this the absence of monopolies—the incessant call for exertion and emulation—the vastness of the public works are all favourable. The advantage of having given birth to more than one striking and original genius in naval architecture, and the natural bias of the people to commerce, kept alive by success, and by the jealous rivalry with England, and between their own companies of merchants and owners of packets,—has covered their coasts with innumerable vessels of every class, the aptitude of which for the purposes of their erection, is only to be equalled by the symmetry of proportion and beauty of appearance for which they are distinguished. The steam-vessel contain abundant proofs of this mechanical talent in every part of its details. From the bridges—water-works—rail-roads—docks and public works of every description, down through the countless number of aids to human comfort, to the very mouse-trap, you detect the prevalence of this same busy ingenuity and talent. And there is no reason to believe it will not increase with the growth of the country.

I have, at the commencement of this letter, alluded to my visit to the German part of Pennsylvania. Circumstances not worth explaining here, led me also to make a winter and a summer excursion to another part of the Union, where there was more, perhaps than in any other to the South of Long Island, to remind me of 'merry England.'

You are aware that the Swedes had in very early

times attempted to settle colonies on the shores of the Delaware, much to the discomfort of their Dutch rivals here and on the waters of New York.

They seem to have made choice of the rich low tracts of land on either side of that deep Bay; to have built their little forts, mounted their few pieces of cannon, and sat down with the best will in the world to sow and reap, in spite of the bites of the musquitoes and the grumbling of their neighbours. They were a hardy persevering race—but had to yield to British rule in process of time; and here their descendants are still distinguishable among the inhabitants of New Jersey and Delaware. In spite of their monotony and low situation, there is something in the settled appearance and steady cultivation observable in these parts which is truly delightful, after the eye has become satiated for the time with the unfinished, raw, and unpoetic features of the scarcely reclaimed surface of the country.

Cross the Delaware for instance, either from Newcastle, near the site of Fort Casimir, or from Delaware City, and enter the mouth of [illegible]m Creek, brim-full, winding like a snake to and fro among the level, green, grassy meadows:—somewhere at the entrance, among the tall rank grass, where now you see the marsh blackbird disporting himself with his gay epaulettes, stood, in the old times to which I had alluded, the redoubted Fort Elsinbourg; called at a latter time Fort Mosehettoesburg, from the fact that the musquitoes did what the Dutch could not do; that is,

drive out the garrison and make them seek another point to defend. I have searched for its site in vain, along the low shores of the Delaware. The plough has passed over it.

Some few miles up the creek lies Salem, a snug little, out-of-the-way town—the market of a rich and widely-cultivated tract; with a goodly number of substantial families of Swedish and English descent, all able to trace their genealogy up for a dozen generations, dwelling in the houses their forefathers built, cultivating their farms, and adding yearly to their breadth of territory, by land reclaimed from the Bay, or by soil scratched from its depths. Here and there in the vicinity, on the borders of clumps of forest, abounding with sweet-gum, oak, and maple, you stumble upon grey substantial mansions, built a century and a half ago, of imported brick, and in the fashion of the mother countries;—with the date of erection, and many a diamond-shaped ornament depicted on the gable-ends in glazed brick. Round them poplars, and willows, and orchards, where rows of aged trees overshadow the dark green sod, give further token of a long period of quiet.

In the town itself, with its neat rows of comfortable brick or clap-board houses, there is an air of comfort and repose very unusual in the country in general. Roses and honeysuckles and jessamines, garland the tidy door-ways, which often open immediately upon clean carpetted parlours. Between the dwellings are interposed many a pretty garden and orchard; and

the bricked pavements in front are shaded by rows of fine acacia, willows, and sycamore. On every side, as before remarked, you see much to remind you of England, and I may yet mention the little old village church,[1] standing apart, surrounded by decent tombstones, with a porch covered with the beautiful trumpet-flower; and though last, not least, the number of bright-faced children with blue eyes and flaxen hair.

In the demeanour of the inhabitants there is much of that homely, hearty simplicity found in spots removed out of the immediate influence of the vortex of the world. Hospitality and frank good sense are met with in every house. The few families of Swedish descent had degenerated, it is said for many years, in consequence of intermarrying from time immemorial, till fortunately an old gentleman died very rich, left a will about which there arose an interminable law-suit; and from that time the deadly feud which ensued, forced the young men and maidens to begin to marry without the pale, and the race regained its pristine strength and beauty.

I find among my papers, one upon the difference of the rural sights and rural sounds in England and those in the United States, which might have had a claim upon your interest; but I find that I have already compressed into one or another of these letters, the main portion of the observations which it contains.

[1] Built many years ago by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, in London; and lately repaired after a long period of disuse and neglect.

You are aware that I paid some little attention, however superficial, to the entomology of America, and in connection with it I am tempted to give you an account of a phenomenon of which I esteem myself fortunate to have been an eye-witness.

There are few among the insect tribes of Europe, capable of producing sounds of any volume. The hum of bees and wasps, the buzzing of innumerable small flies, the piping of the gnat, the chirp of the grasshopper, the cry of the cricket, the tick of the death-watch—are the greater number of those an Englishman would enumerate. In southern Europe sounds are added sharper, louder, and more incessant, and I remember having been both amused and astonished, by the effect produced by the mole-crickets of France and the Jura, and yet more by the *cicada* of Italy, as, sitting among the thick foliage of the Roman pine, they would fill the ear of the panting traveller for minutes before he reached the place of their luxurious enjoyment.

But what are these scattered and solitary sounds, to the din which fills the ear at certain times and seasons from the insect tribes in the Transatlantic forest or swamp? The main agents in its production are nevertheless members of the same families of gryllus and cicada. The latter consists of many species, and affords some of the most laborious and successful musicians among the insect tribes. Every traveller has dilated upon the singular effect produced by one of them called the Catydid, as, sitting

in little coteries among the trees, they fill the ear of night with their sharp and incessant wrangling; and my notice regards at present one of the same family.

When we returned from Mexico to the United States in the summer of last year, 1834, among many points of interest, political, domestic, and foreign, which our re-entrance into the high-road of civilization brought to our ears, was the fact that this was the 'locust year.'

The observation of a past century had shown the inhabitants of Pennsylvania and Maryland, that every seventeenth year they were visited by a countless horde of insects of the cicada tribe, hence called *Septendecim*, distinct in aspect and habits from those whose annual appearance and mode of life were understood. Though of a different tribe, and with perfectly different habits from the locust of the East *(gryllus migratorius)* the fact of its occasional appearance, as though by magic, in such vast swarms, had caused it to be familiarly alluded to by that name. Its last appearance had been in 1817, and its re-appearance was thus confidently predicted for the third or fourth week in May this year. [1]

[1] The following is a list of the dates of the appearance of the Cicada, or Tettigonia Septendecim, published in 1817.

It appeared in 1749 in May.
——————— 1766—it came out of the earth from the 14th to the 16th of May.
——————— 1783—from the 16th to the 19th of May.
——————— 1800—from the 19th to the 26th of May.
——————— 1817—from the 26th of May to the beginning of June.

Nature, true to her impulses, and the laws by which she is so mysteriously governed, did not fail to fulfil the prediction. On the 24th of May and following day, the whole surface of the country in and about the city of Philadelphia, suddenly teemed with this singular insect. The subject interested me, and as during these days I had every opportunity of being daily, I may say hourly, attentive to the phenomena connected with it, both here and in Maryland, I send you the result of my observations.

The first day of their appearance, their numbers were comparatively few,—the second they came by myriads; and yet a day or two might pass before they reached their full number. I happened to be abroad the bright sunny morning which might be called the day of their birth. At early morning, the insect, in the pupa state, may be observed issuing from the earth in every direction, by the help of a set of strongly barbed claws on the fore legs. Its colour is then of a uniform dull brown, and it strongly resembles the perfect insect in form, excepting the absence of wings, ornament, and antennæ. The first impulse of the imperfect insect, on detaching itself from its grave, is to ascend a few inches, or even feet, up the trunks of trees, at the foot of which their holes appear in the greatest number; or upon the rail fences which are soon thickly sprinkled with them. In these positions they straightway fix themselves firmly by their barbed claws. Half an hour's observation will then show you the next change

which is to be undergone. A split takes place upon the shell, down from the back of the head to the commencement of the rings of the abdomen, and the labour of self-extrication follows. With many a throe and many a strain, you see the tail and hind legs appear through the rent, then the wings extricate themselves painfully from a little case in the outer shell, in which they lie exquisitely folded up, but do not yet unfurl themselves;—and lastly, the head, with its antennæ, disengages itself, and you behold before you the new-born insect freed from its prison. The slough is not disengaged, but remains firmly fixed in the fibres of the wood; and the insect, languidly crawling a few inches, remains as it were in a dose of wonder and astonishment. It is rather under an inch in length, and appears humid and tender; the colours are dull, the eye glazed, the legs feeble, and the wings for a while after they are opened, appear crumpled and unelastic. All this passes before the sun has gained his full strength. As the day advances, the colours of the insect become more lively: the wings attain their full stretch, and the body dries and is braced up for its future little life of activity and enjoyment.

Between ten and eleven, the newly-risen tribes begin to tune their instruments; you become conscious of a sound, filling the air far and wide, different from the ordinary ones which may meet your ear. A low distinct hum salutes you, turn where you will. It may be compared to the simmering of an enormous cauldron,—it swells, imperceptibly

changes its character, and becomes fuller and sharper —thousands seem to join in, and by an hour after mid-day, the whole country far and wide rings with the unwonted sound. The insects are now seen lodged in or flying about the foliage above: a few hours having been thus sufficient to give them full strength and activity, and bring them into full voice.

Well may the school-boy and the young curly-headed negro rejoice at the sound, for their hands will never want a play-thing for many days to come. Well may the birds of the forest rejoice, for this is the season of plenty for them—the pigs and poultry too, they fatten on the innumerable swarms which before many days will cover the ground in the decline of their strength.

The pretty insect, for it is truly such, with its dark body, red eyes, and its glassy wings interlaced by bright yellow fibres—enjoys but a little week; and that merry harping which pervades creation from sun-rise to sun-down, for the time of its continuance, is but of some six days duration. Its character would be almost impossible to describe, though it rings in my ears every time I think of the insect. Like all those of its tribe, the sound produced is not a voice, but a strong vibration of musical chords produced by the action of internal muscles upon a species of lyre, or elastic membrane, covered with net-work, and situated under the wings, the action of which I have often witnessed. The female insect may utter a faint sound, but how I do not know—it is the

male who is endowed with the powerful means of instrumentation which I have described. Though the sound is generally even and continuous as long as the insect is uninterrupted, yet there is a droll variety observable at times—but what it expresses, whether peculiar satisfaction or jealousy, or what other passion, I cannot divine. It has been well described by the word *Pha———ro!* the first syllable being long and sustained, and connected with the second, which is pitched nearly an octave lower, by a drawling *smorzando* descent.

During the whole period of their existence, the closest attention does not detect their eating any thing: and with the exception of the trifling injury received by the trees consequent upon the process observed by the female in laying her eggs—which I will describe immediately, they are perfectly innoxious. The end to which they seem to be sent to the upper day is purely confined to the propagation of their species. A few days after their first appearance, the female begins to lay her eggs. She is furnished with an ovapositor situated in a sheath on the abdomen, composed of two serrated hard parallel spines, which she has the power of working with an alternate perpendicular motion. When her time comes, she selects of the outermost twigs of the forest trees or shrubs, and sets to work and makes a series of longitudinal jagged incisions in the tender bark and wood. In each of these she lays a row of tiny eggs, and then goes to work again. Having deposited to her

heart's content, she crawls up the twig a few inches yet further from the termination, and placing herself in a fitting position, makes two or three perpendicular cuts into the very pith. Her duty is now terminated. Both male and female become weak;—the former ceases to be tuneful; the charm of their existence is at an end; they pine away, become blind, fall to the ground by myriads, and in ten or fifteen days after their first appearance, they all perish. Not so, however, their seed. The perforated twigs die, the first wind breaks them from the tree, and scatters them upon the ground. The eggs give birth to a number of small grubs, which are thus enabled to attain the mould without injury; and in it they disappear digging their way down into the bosom of the earth. Year goes after year—summer after summer, the sun shines in vain to them—they 'bide their time!' The recollection of their existence begins to fade: a generation passes away; the surface of the country is altered—lands are reclaimed from the forest—streets are laid out and trampled on for years—houses are built, and pavements hide the soil.

Still though man may almost forget their existence, God does not. What their life is in the long interval none can divine. Traces of them have been found in digging wells and foundations, eight and ten feet under the surface. When seventeen years have gone by, the memory of them returns, and they are expected. A cold, wet spring, may retard their appearance, but never since the attention of man has been directed to

them, have they failed—but at the appointed time by one common impulse they rise from the earth, piercing their way through the matted sod, through the hard, trampled clay of the pathways, through the gravel, between the joints of the stones and pavements and into the very cellars of the houses,—like their predecessors, to be a marvel in the land, to sing their blithe song of love and enjoyment under the bright sun, and amidst the verdant landscape; like them to fulfil the brief duties of their species, and close their mysterious existence by death. We are still children in the small measure of our knowledge and comprehension, with regard to the phenomena of the natural world!

All things considered, we may venture to prophesy the reappearance of the Cicada Septendecim on the coasts of Maryland and Virginia for the year 1851.[1]

I may still mention that I took care to ascertain, that all these insects sung in one uniform musical key, and that this key was C sharp!

[1] There is one surmise, of the truth of which I should wish to be assured, or hear it corrected. The preceding year, 1833, I observed while travelling between Abingdon and Knoxville, in Upper Virginia, the sudden appearance of what appeared to me the same species of Cicada, attended with circumstances of an exactly similar character to those I have been describing. Specimens of both were sent by me to Europe at different times, but I have not had an opportunity of comparing them. Little doubt rests on my own mind, but they were exactly of the same species; and what I should infer from the fact, if true, is, that however exactly the period of their appearance has been ascertained, they may still appear in different parts of the country in different years. But this point careful observation will soon determine.

## LETTER VI.

A SHORT but interesting tour in the Canadas, which we effected in the course of the summer, after our return from the South, hurried as it was, may claim a passing notice.

We proceeded by way of Newport and Providence to Boston; and were present in that city at the celebration of the Fourth of July, a day giving rise to more congratulation, feasting, speechifying, and ode-making throughout the Union, than any other in the year. The Americans, hitherto, have in the main made a good use of their Independence, and though I could not feel with them, perhaps I could feel for them, and I participated in their sober gaiety as far as a man who pretends to a few cosmopolitan and philanthropic feelings—but withal calling himself a liege subject of his Majesty, might.

An entire bright summer's day was filled up from morning to night with parades, processions, orations, music, and discharges of artillery. As strangers, we were courteously invited by the Mayor and Corporation, to go to church and hear the annual oration; which I did with edification,—but I eschewed with all

civility the evening banquet; and between you and me, I take no inconsiderable share of credit to myself for so doing; for besides the chance of meeting many of the most distinguished men of this State, it is notorious that the public bodies of New England are genuine descendants of the illustrious Common Councils and Corporations of the mother country, and can never get through much business, or feel sufficiently thankful for mercies received, without the aid of first-rate viands.

Order began and closed the day, and if it were left to me to speak according to my impression, I should have said that there was no mob in Boston.

In going northward we visited Nahant, famed as the favourite haunt of the sea-serpent; Lynn, still celebrated for shoes; and Salem, formerly for witchcraft. If it would at all strengthen your belief in the credibility of the existence of a nondescript animal of the serpent order, of huge size, frequenting these seas, to hear me aver, that the proofs, such as they are, resting on testimony which cannot be disproved or set aside, have made me a believer, without having enjoyed ocular demonstration—I have no hesitation in proclaiming myself as one, and that in all sobriety and seriousness. In common with many, I possess that kind of credulity which leads me,—not to believe in the first instance, but to listen to every tale which comes to my ear on respectable authority, and to attempt to trace it to its source; and I would reject nothing, however contrary to probability, till it had

been either proved impossible, or founded in complete error. The animal in question has been seen by many of all classes since the 'respectable old whalesman' in 1751 reported its first appearance; and always described as possessing apparently the same form, colour, and characteristics—and though thousands will continue to doubt it, till absolutely caught and exhibited on dry land,—a capture which it is highly incumbent upon the inhabitants of Boston to effect;—there is nothing in the accounts given which surpasses probability. The earth has its monsters rarely seen, and why not the sea? And here I cannot but complain of the hard lot of travellers, from the times of Marco Polo to the present day, that they have not only to get over the difficulty that may exist in their own minds as to belief in an incredible story, but that when this is effected, it is ten to one few thank them, or think the better of them for it, and still fewer are willing to concur heartily in the belief.

Our itinerary would still conduct you near the coasts, through a number of flourishing towns, over the granite beds of New Hampshire, and the sweet scented red and white clover-fields of Maine, to Portland, the capital of that thriving State, the most northerly of the Union.

The Bostonians make a terrible noise about the beauty of their Bay, comparing it with that of Naples, and I do not know what else. Most travellers must feel disappointed with it. The shores and islands are

as barren as Orkney,—and we rather argued, that the higher we climbed the coast, the worse it would be. Imagine our surprise and delight, when considerably more than a degree to the northward, we found in the unsung and neglected Portland, scenery which, for variety, beauty, and extent, far exceeded every view of the class in the United States. None can vie with it, no not even New York, though it neither possessed the life nor the colouring of that favourite port.

The town itself, built in a tasty and neat manner, containing twelve thousand inhabitants and ten churches, stands on a narrow peninsula, which rises to a high bluff sea-sward, with a deep bay and wooded shores on either side. From the signal tower and observatory, built on the highest point of the peninsula, the view is perfectly panoramic and extends to the westward and north-east from the misty forms of the White Mountains, distant sixty miles in the interior, to the light-house at the entrance of the Kennebec, thirty-six miles across Casco Bay. The surface of the latter, which forms the outer harbour, appears spotted and broken up into a labyrinth of lakes and islands clothed with wood, of which between three and four hundred lie between Portland and the Kennebec,—of all shapes and sizes, from a rocky islet to those of ten or twelve miles in circumference. The nearer islands, with their pretty shores and forests, enclosing the sheltered roadstead and the various passages between them;—the little forts and light-house, and the shipping passing in or out, form a lovely

middle-ground to the eastward, and over them expands the even sea-line of the blue Atlantic. Vessels are descried at the distance of twenty miles from the port, the elevation of the gallery of the observatory being two hundred and thirty-seven feet above the sea.

The view inland is also verdant, varied, and extensive; comprising a wide expanse of forest and open land, interspersed by many villages and farms, and taken as a whole, we deemed this view by far the most enchanting we had met with on the American coast. We had not yet seen Quebec.

From Portland we proceeded to the Kennebec, a beautiful stream, whose banks, like that of its rival to the eastward, the Penobscot, are adorned with many flourishing towns. We ascended its valley to Augusta, the legislative capital of the state, and thence to the termination of the mail routes at Anson. Here, after some little delay, we made arrangements for proceeding fifty miles to the frontier and towards Quebec.

Throughout the Eastern States we had been anew struck with the diligence, cleverness, and moral worth of the population of this part of the Union. All they do is done with an attention to neatness, convenience, a careful regard to economy of time, and an eye to present and future profit.

This feeling of respect had been perhaps increased by the impressions left on the mind from our short tour in the states south of the Potomac—where,

even amidst a high-spirited race of inhabitants, there is so little of the active spirit of improvement discernible. Slavery would seem to blight the energies of the master, whatever may be said of the slave. The beautiful villages of New England, her busy manufactures, her noble public works; her successful improvement of all the capabilities of the country—her attention to social order education and religious improvement—her charities and humane institutions—and sound political views, all command admiration and respect.

These are the coasts which furnish the Union with its best and most intrepid mariners, carrying her produce and her flag into every sea and every harbour throughout the globe. Little sloops from these upper ports of the United States under fifty tons burden, and with but three or four hands on board, may be met with thousands of miles from their homes, laden with the produce of their native coasts.

In their spirit of adventure and speculation many a settler loads his small bay-craft with planks and shingles in the spring of the year, and with two or three hands on board, bears away from the coast and runs down to seek a profitable market to the Bahama islands, or even to the Indies, with no aid but a compass. I remember our surprise, at the very height of a terrific storm in the latitude of Cape Hatteras, when the sea was rolling before the gale, and wreathed with foam; and the sky and water seemed mingling in the heavy mist which hung down on the surface—on descrying one of these buoyant little vessels scudding

like a spirit through the mingling storm, with steady sail and dry decks towards the distant Bahamas.

At Anson, we were both amused and astonished at seeing a large frame-house march out of the village, by the help of sundry rollers and a long train of sixty oxen—down the hill over a single-arched wooden-bridge one hundred and thirty feet long and forty feet high, directly over a boiling fall of the river, up the next hill, and out of sight, to its new location, upwards of a mile distant, where its better half had already preceded it. This was Yankeeism to some purpose. There was one moment when it seemed as if the bridge tottered under the unwonted burden, and threatened to go down and drag the whole train with it into the gulf; but the coolness and nonchalance of the rude engineers were admirable; the enormous box moved steadily forward and the danger was soon over.

From Anson we commenced five days' travel to Quebec—first our way led us towards the sources of the Kennebec and Penobscot, and then over the mountains forming the frontier to the Valley of la Chaudière, a tributary of the St. Lawrence.

As we approached the frontier, the country became more mountainous; densely forested at times with birch, pine, maple, and beech; and abounding, in common with the whole of the Northern States, with ponds and lakes. The route was hardly practicable for the light open vehicle which served as our baggage waggon, and the season was favourable for the mus-

quitoes and black-flies which left us no peace in the after part of the day. Settlers there were, as yet few and far apart; but wherever found there we were sure to meet with signs of thriftiness, and a ready show of hospitality. Calling to mind a farm situated about five miles south of the boundary line, where we passed the evening and night, alternately bitten by the musquitoes beyond endurance, and then smoked out of all patience by sitting over a little fire of damp logs burning in the very door-way, to prevent the ingress of these unwelcome visitors—I am yet constrained to smile at recollecting the subject of a long conversation which arose between our host and hostess, and ourselves; and in giving it you almost verbatim, I think it may tend to your entertainment also. A degree of inquisitiveness, which would be called impertinent in the more crowded walks of life, is both allowable and natural in the wilderness. Removed far from the ordinary communication with their kind and still further from the theatre of great events; rarely visited by strangers unlike themselves—nothing is more conceivable than that a desire to satisfy curiosity, to hear something new, to keep up their connexion with passing events, should render the backwoodsmen inquisitive; and far from being either surprised or bored by the exercise of such a natural propensity in these individuals, I have felt sympathy with it, and always deemed it my duty to satisfy that craving which was so comprehensible, to the utmost of my ability.

I am far from having found people of this de-

scription, whether in the South, North, or West, disposed to go beyond what might be deemed allowable in their peculiar position, if rightly considered As to the constant, impertinent, audacious, and persevering cross-questioning which many English travellers, male and female, have complained of, in society, in coaches, and at taverns, as a national trait,—and which I should probably have as little patience with as themselves; all that I can observe is, that neither my companion nor myself were subjected to it, and it might be surmised, whether the complainants had not either fallen into remarkably bad company, or laid themselves open to it by singularity of conduct, manners, or demeanour.

Our host and hostess on the evening in question, soon satisfied themselves as to the matters uppermost in their minds at the sight of strangers: whence we came, and where we were going? What was the news we had brought from Boston first, and Portland and Augusta last? What the President was doing? Why he had not come to Maine, but had turned, after reaching Concord, and gone back in a hurry to Washington? Whether we were merchants, and had any 'plunder' to dispose of, and so forth. Then came the usual surprise of finding that we were not natives of the States, and divers pertinent inquiries about our several countries, Britain and Switzerland, or of France, as my companion found they had a more distinct idea of that country.

I saw that the very mention of France had a

remarkable effect upon our hostess. She first looked at her husband with a knowing glance, and indented his ribs by a gentle application of her elbow. Her whole manner began to evince a visible change; she appeared stirred up to her innermost soul, like a tub of ale in fermentation. Her husband looked sheepish, but evidently caught the contagion, whatever it was. He moved restlessly on his seat. What possessed them? Was it curiosity? No! The questions hitherto put, were leisurely and calmly propounded by one or the other. People seldom go into ecstasies in the back woods. Was it a joke? No! The Yankees are too matter-of-fact to be a fun-loving nation.

Whatever it was, it was evident that the word *France* produced the change. Were they of French descent? No! Theirs was the pure Anglo-American blood?

Not to fill my sheet and the measure of your impatience at this early stage of my story by further mystification, we shortly found that the passion which so strongly agitated the frames of this sober pair, was not curiosity to learn, but the desire to impart a secret, if they might only do it with perfect safety, and the hope of being believed. By degrees, out it came—it was as follows, and I am able to give it you nearly verbatim, as the husband and wife alternately added pieces of intelligence.—Some time in 1830, it was a little while after the news of the 'Three Glorious Days' had reached this out-of-the-way corner of the world, an old gentleman arrived at their farm from the frontier; and, as they found, from beyond sea. He

had not landed at Quebec, but lower down, and immediately had engaged Canadians to bring him, his servant, and his two trunks over the mountains to the States. His trunks contained four hundred weight of gold !! The old gentleman's own name was Gold,—his servant's, Mac-Double. He had a large way of speaking of his fortune—desires to place it—his unsuspicious conduct—respect paid him by his domestic—the latter dressed so well, that they hardly knew him from his master. Mr. Gold's dress was costly, but mudds. His servant put him on white cotton—no, silk stockings and morocco shoes—he had a great mahogany snuff-box, and a ring on his finger that cost four pounds;—had travelled every where—to Paris, and London, and Jerusalem, and had seen every thing but Lot's wife, which the people had forgotten to show him. He had also seen Vesuvius, that flings out 'volors of flame.' His exceeding wisdom,—so great, that our host complained, he could not talk with him, and that he knew more about America and politics, than he did. His servant would not sit at table with him. The stranger had checks on every bank in the Union,—wanted to get on and vest his money. Something strange about him!

Our host by way of commentary, made a modest speech about his own honesty, and the difficulty of lugging the heavy trunks off in the night, without puffing and blowing hard. Thus far the relation had gone pretty smoothly, the one adding what the memory of the other did not readily supply. But the feverish

symptoms were far from abating till after a pause which was maintained with dogged perseverance by the husband in spite of the signs of manifest impatience on the part of the wife, the latter, true to the impulse of her softer nature, untied the string, and let the cat out of the bag,—pronouncing slowly in a tone of mystery, the words, '*We* think it was the King of France, just after he was driven away.'

Thus relieved, they now overwhelmed us with a torrent of interrogations. Had we seen the King of France? Yes. What then did he look like?—and we must have unconsciously fed the idea, which had taken such strong hold upon their minds; for looks of much sober satisfaction passed between the happy couple, in the firm belief that the sagacious surmise which they seemed to have fostered from the first, had thus met with such complete confirmation. And though we thought it our duty to mention that it was credibly affirmed that Charles the Tenth had taken refuge in England, they evidently shut their ears against any surmise that might prove a disturbance to their own fond conceit, and went to bed in a flutter of self-congratulation.

Well, they are no worse for their harmless belief that they have entertained the ex-monarch, and have alone detected him through his disguise.

Proceed we to the frontier, which in this part of the line has been definitively settled to the satisfaction of both parties; but not so further eastward, where

the decision of the arbiter, the King of Holland, seems to have satisfied neither. However difficult of arrangement, this nevertheless should by all means be finally settled by the two governments now, while there is good understanding and peace between them; and not left year by year, till it may become a source of serious misunderstanding and contention.

The frontier line runs here over a range of mountains of medium height, and a few hours' further travel brings you to the 'head-waters' of La Chaudière. That fine pastoral stream runs for fifty miles through what may be called a continued village; so numerous are the little farms which border the line of road, and thicken in the vicinity of the various parish churches. The fields are extremely narrow, separated by fences, and run up from the river bank far into the country. The inhabitants of these vallies are much in the same condition, both moral and political, in which they were in the days of French rule; and to them Britain has indeed been a paternal government.

Nothing can be more striking than the difference of the customs, manners, and the appearance of the population on either side of the boundary. To the North, a savour of ancient simplicity and lazy contentment is remarked which contrasts drolly with the busy, speculative deportment and brisk movements of their neighbours of the United States. You seem to have dropped from the top of the hills into the Old World. An air of repose reigns in the landscape; there is an absence of busy but prosaic improvement, and of

tracts of un-cleared and unappropriated land in the Vale, which indicate another state of things. You proceed hour after hour, without seeing a newly-constructed house. Crucifixes are reared at the road-side—pretty white-washed churches, after the true French model, with glaringly tinned roofs and steeples, and faded interiors, appear rising over the grey roofs of the village. The gait and demeanour of the peasantry of both sexes; their language and costume—which retain much of their French uniformity and colouring; the unfeigned politeness of the people to one another and to the passenger; the constant salutations which you are invited to return; the rows of neat little cottages, enclosed by walls like driven snow—conveniently situated with respect to one another, so that daily compliments and gossip may reign unbroken along the whole line;—the orchards and little strips of garden, often but the breadth of the house, and a couple of yards across, full of roses, violets and pinks, lying sheltered from the N. E. wind;—the cheerful-looking girls, tripping to mass with a flower compressed between the folded pocket handkerchief and the prayer-book;—these, and a thousand other details remind the traveller of the fields of France. Here you have, I believe, an idea of the general appearance of the villages and scenes of Lower Canada, both up and down the St. Lawrence, and in the converging vallies under long cultivation.

From the crest of the ridge forming the frontier, you gain a glimpse of the Montmorenci mountains,

sixty miles distant, though they are subsequently lost sight of, till within thirty miles of the St. Lawrence, when they begin to form a prominent feature in the landscape. Advancing from the south, you see nothing of the river till you are close upon it, and then the view which bursts on you is one of the most enchanting you can conceive.

You gain the brink of the deep ravine, down which that mighty flood glides towards the yet distant ocean, and at once, Cape Diamond, the City of Quebec, the port and river above and below, with the distant mountains and wide slope of beautiful country sweeping up to their base, open before you.

Your first glance will hardly enable you to realize to your mind the vast proportions of the river gliding at your feet—so well is the great breadth supported by the height of the wooded banks which rise on both sides nearly perpendicular from the margin. The sight of the fortress, the Ehrenbreitstein of the West, will hardly aid you, for its proportions are also colossal; and it is not till you look to the detail—the numerous vessels of all burdens, crowded round the foot of the promontory, and spotting the water far and near; the city surrounded by its walls; its churches, convents, and public buildings, and the distant fields, and villages, that you conceive the true sublimity of the scene before you. The beauty of the wide tract of country lying beyond the city, with its thousand farms and villages—the appearance of the long line of white cottages stretching

down the shores right and left, as far as the eye can reach; the aspect of Orleans Island, lying in mid-channel, a few miles below the city; and of the double range of the Montmorenci mountains, running obliquely to the course of the river, till thirty miles below the city, when they terminate in the bold promontory of Cape Tourment,—can only be conceived by those who have gazed upon this landscape.

If the Canadian traveller is thus impressed with the noble character of the scenery about Quebec at a first view—a more leisurely examination of its features is not calculated to detract from his first impressions. But I am not going to enter upon any minute description of the many points of interest within and without the city, which we had an opportunity of visiting during our stay of six days. All, whether purely picturesque, or connected with our historical recollections, have been so often and so well descanted upon, that you must also have become familiar with them. In the city we met with both good and hospitable society, visited a little—dined with the officers of the gallant Camerons,—soirée'd here and there —and peeped at the churches and monasteries. Out of the city, there was the Indian village and the falls of Loretto to visit—the magnificent Falls of Montmorenci, a full and brimming river pouring over a rock two hundred and forty feet high, into the St. Lawrence, within nine miles of the city,—the shore down as far as Cape Tourment, with its line of cascades and pretty villages—the romantic gorge and

cataract of St. Anne, echoing in the thick forests—the roaring Falls of the Chaudière among the deep woods on the right bank, and so on. Every thing in the region around Quebec bears the mark of sublimity. Wolfe's Cove, and the Heights of Abraham had their peculiar interest, and were visited again and again.

I was quite unprepared for the extreme beauty and interest of the whole country in the vicinity of this city, now clothed in its bright but short-lived summer livery. The weather was during the whole time of our stay characteristic of the climate, and constant showers of heavy rain were followed, each hour, by bright sparkling sun-shine, during which the country far and near, looked indescribably beautiful, and the roofs of the city sparkled like silver. I recollect one evening at the Montmorenci especially, when having pacified the female Cerberus who defends the entrance giving access to the best point of view,—I took my post a little before sunset on the edge of the high perpendicular wall of shady rock which bounds the hollow scooped in the shore by the Fall to the east, and watched the sun sinking from a broken mass of dark rainy clouds in the west into a band of clear greenish blue near the horizon. The effect of the level beams falling at this moment upon the wide river and its verdant banks—and edging the outlines of the city and citadel on Cape Diamond while the mass of the promontory was in shade—the contrast of the flood of light bathing the wide sweep of cultivated country to the north, with the

gloom reigning in the recess of the cataract close at hand, filled with driving mist and vapour,—formed a picture of indescribable beauty and sublimity.

Nothing can present a stronger contrast than the vallies and streams of the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence. Both rise on the same elevated table land to the eastward of the Great Lakes. The Mississippi having gathered strength in that wild region, rolls off to the southward through its channel of three thousand miles in length, without ever expanding to a lake of any size. The St. Lawrence, at its very outset, the offspring of innumerable ponds and lakes, passes through land-locked seas of fresh water for many hundred miles. The former river is remarkable for the sudden and constant changes to which its fluctuating torrent of muddy water is liable,—the latter pours a limpid, even, tide towards the sea; undisturbed by either periodical or extraordinary floods of any magnitude. The banks and bed of the Mississippi are, as you will recollect, subject to constant and terrible changes; those of its rival mark by the smooth sward and the cottage on its margin, the evenness of its course year after year. While the shores of the Mississippi and its tributaries are for the most part monotonously low, those of the St. Lawrence, though in the state of nature covered with a dark mantle of unbroken forests, are undulating, and often diversified by mountain ridges. The configuration of the estu-

aries by which they seek the ocean, one divided into many channels, the other widening gradually into a deep and spacious bay;—this, far down towards the Tropic, that, in a region where an arctic winter reigns for many months of the year, alike render them distinct. Finally, the tide is scarcely felt above the mouths of the Great River of the West, while in that of the North-east it ascends upwards of four hundred miles.

The region through which the St. Lawrence flows, may be termed the Land of Falling Waters. It is not Niagara alone which might stamp it with this epithet. On every side, if you trace the tributaries up into the solitude of the forests, you hear the dash of cataracts, and see their smoke rising over the dark woods. The frequent long lines of rapids too, give a peculiar character to the river, very distinct from its great rival.

You may next follow us in our hasty excursion, above the Richelieu Rapids to Trois Rivières, whither we were conveyed in comfort and safety in a splendid steam-boat, emulating in its general arrangements for the safe, commodious, and expeditious conveyance of its passengers, those of the United States; and rather superior to them in its contrivances to add to the accommodation and comfort of the individual.

Trois Rivières is a small town situated just midway between Quebec and Montreal. There was nothing in it or its surrounding scenery to claim attention; but

we had been urged, if we could muster time and the necessary perseverance to overcome a few difficulties, to attempt to reach certain Falls on the River St. Maurice, which here joins the parent stream,—falls which report was pleased to magnify into rivals of the mighty Niagara. The highest of these, La Grande-Mère, though only thirty-five miles distant from Trois Rivières, is rarely visited except by Canadian *voyageurs*, who occasionally ascend this river to a chain of lakes interlocking with the head-waters of the Saugany and the rivers of Hudson's Bay, which a month's travel, by canoe and portage, will enable the adventurer to reach.

After spending an afternoon in scheming, and making the various arrangements, we engaged two Indians with a tiny bark canoe, just capable of holding the four conveniently; and consigning our persons, a basket of provisions, and a cor·le of blankets, to this fragile mode of conveyance, early one lovely morning in July, we began to force our way up the St. Maurice, a river with about the breadth and the volume of water of the Rhine at Neuwied.

In the course of the excursion we found that there were four portages of various lengths, in which we had to disembark and trudge through the forest at the side of the foaming rapids by which the course of the river was interrupted, followed by our myrmidons, the one carrying the provision basket and the other the canoe strapped on his back.

Four and twenty miles from the St. Lawrence we

reached the first great fall, the Shawinnegame. Here the whole river is seen precipitating itself over an inclined and disjointed barrier of rock of about one hundred and forty feet in perpendicular height, into a narrow obstructed gorge, surrounded by forest; and struggling through a terrible scene of foam and confusion into an expanded basin below.

The aspect of the fall was more sublime than beautiful, and the same observation will apply to La Grande Mère, eleven miles further up the country, which it resembles in its general features. We found the latter broad cataract, after some hours further progress against the powerful current, buried in gloomy woods, forming two tremendous cascades one hundred and sixty feet in height, separated from each other by a rocky pine-covered island. The immense body of water which is thus seen in motion imparts a sentiment of wonder to the mind, while the character of the surrounding scenery is not such as to add an impression of beauty. A tall isolated mass of shivered rock close to the right hand fall, the fanciful epithet applied to which, gives a name to the whole cataract, yields some character to scenery which is otherwise far from interesting. As to its resemblance to Niagara, that is mere fancy: and as to rivalry, though all the falls in Europe would perhaps not form a Shawinnegame, yet it would take many such to form Niagara. That stands alone, and must ever do so.

Our return to Trois Rivières was made, if not on the wings of the wind, at least on the foam of the waters,

for our light canoe flew rather than floated down the rapids in descending. A novice in travelling might be pardoned in looking suspiciously a-head, on nearing the edge of some of the hissing and roaring ripples and *chutes* over which the steady paddle and eye of the Indian guides the canoe in safety. Of course one night had to be spent under a bark-shed in the forest, and excepting that the blood-thirstiness of the innumerable musquitoes reduced us to the necessity of being half strangled by smoke, we had no hardship to complain of.

To vary the journey we preferred continuing our route towards Montreal by land, and mounting on an open car called here a '*Marche-donc!*' from the ordinary exclamation of the Canadian driver to his active little ponies, we contrived to reach that city, distant ninety miles, in two stages of forty-five miles each.

The river flows through this division of its course for the most part through vast fertile plains, bounded by ranges of hills, and the banks teem with pretty fields, orchards, cottages, and handsome faces.

At Montreal, a city which is far from being without a claim to beauty and sublimity of situation, but which we thought had one of the most gloomy interiors we had ever seen, my comrade and myself decided upon pursuing a separate course, and while the former took his departure by the direct route to Lake Champlain and the Saratoga Springs, where we had ren-

dezvous for the succeeding month, with divers friends and acquaintances,—I proposed extending my slight acquaintance with the Canadas, by taking a greater sweep before I rejoined him at that centre of attraction, which I did eventually a fortnight after. My excursion in the interval up the river Ottawa to Bytown, and thence along the course of the Rideau Canal to Kingston, was rather tedious, as it took considerably more time than I had been led to calculate upon. Nevertheless I am far from regretting it, as it gave me an opportunity of seeing in detail one of the most colossal works of this age of wonders. Such indeed is the Rideau Canal in all its parts.

The Ottawa, flowing through a thinly inhabited region, is a beautiful stream, navigable up to Bytown, with the exception of three short rapids, round which the necessary canals and locks are probably by this time completed. At the Falls of the Ottawa, a mile or two above Bytown, the whole river, at the distance of one hundred and twenty miles from Montreal, precipitates itself over a long broken ridge of limestone rock by many channels, and, immediately below, Rideau river comes pouring over a perpendicular rock into the main stream. Here commences the celebrated canal, by an ascent of eight superb locks; and the bed of the Rideau then forms the line of the canal, by aid of many further locks, back-waters, and dams, planned and executed with truly Roman skill and solidity—till it gradually ascends and merges into Rideau lake, a sheet of

water forty miles long by ten broad, full of innumerable islands.

From this summit, at the height of two hundred and eighty-three feet above the Ottowa, and one hundred and forty-four above Lake Ontario—it is then conducted by a chain of lakes, lying on different levels, into the bed of the river Caraqui, and so to its junction with the lake at Kingston, after a course of one hundred and thirty-two miles.

The whole series of forty-seven locks, varying from four to fifteen feet in perpendicular rise and fall, are throughout thirty-two feet broad, by one hundred and thirty four in length; and are built with the finest hewn stone and a solidity of workmanship in every detail, which is hardly equalled by any of the class in the mother country. The latter half of the canal is the most interesting and picturesque, especially the works between Pinnacle and Cranberry lakes; comprising four gigantic locks of fifteen feet rise each, an artificial cut through the solid rock for the surplus waters of the upper Lake—and a dam across the natural outlet of the same. The latter, constructed in the form of an arc, with a chord of three hundred feet,—one hundred feet in breadth, thirty of which are solid masonry, and a perpendicular height of seventy feet,—is one of the boldest and most colossal works of any age or country.

The construction of this canal completes the line of internal water communication between the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Gulf of Mexico.

## LETTER VII.

AMONG my memoranda of short excursions, I find those of several trips on the River Hudson.

The general adoption of steam-navigation has been productive of astonishing changes here as elsewhere. Within the memory of men yet in the prime of life, a voyage to Albany, the seat of the State Legislature, situated on the banks of the river, upwards of one hundred and forty miles from New York, was an undertaking of no small importance. A week or ten days were not unusually spent on the trip, which was made in small schooners, well provisioned accordingly. It is entertaining to hear the descriptions given by those whose memories are tenacious, how these voyages were conducted—not perhaps with quite as much nonchalance and oddity as distinguished those of the early Dutch settlers of the province, (if an apparently veracious historian may indeed be credited,) but step by step, as wind and tide,—the influence of which is felt nearly the whole of the way, permitted. You hear how they were forced to get hold of the bottom, and lie fast during ebb-tide—how they were becalmed in the Tappan-see, and plagued by

baffling gusts in the recesses of the Highlands;—how they had to lie-to in a tempest in Haverstraw Bay, or were nearly upset by a 'sneezer' from Anthony's Nose:—further that they ran a-ground on the Overslaught, a reef of rocks some leagues below Albany,—and finally landed, with a doubt on their minds, whether the prayers of the congregation, which were frequently requested on departure for so portentous a voyage, had been heard and answered. At the present day, who thinks anything of a voyage to Albany? You take your seat in the cabins or on the deck of a steamboat at the Battery, with two or three hundred fellow-passengers—morning or evening, as it suits your convenience. The first and second bell of warning have sounded, and the appointed hour having come, the third last tingle gives the engineer his order to put on the steam. The boat is unmoored—the passage-plank drawn in, the engine heaves one or two heavy aspirations and the boat begins to move. In vain the belated traveller, just one second too late, waves his hand, and shakes his head in despair: an American steamer waits for no man, but at the appointed minute slides along the wharf into the stream; and, after a sweep into the river, gains its full speed, and shoots past the long tiers of shipping, up the broad channel of the Hudson.

You soon leave the low shores of the city behind, and see on one side of you the pretty wooded banks of Manhattan Island sloping to the water, covered with country seats and cottages, half hidden in their

groves of willows and fruit trees; and on the other, for twenty miles, the perpendicular wall of trap rocks, known by the name of the Palisadoes. You pass hundreds of white sails, some on the main stream, and others clustering about the entrance of the numerous little creeks which disembogue along the shore. Then the open expanse of the Tappan-see, and its neighbour, Haverstraw Bay, lies in turn before,—around,—and behind you; and, gaining the foot of the Fish-kill mountains, which have long appeared to raise a barrier to your passage, you suddenly turn to the left, and, entering through the gateway by which the noble river seems to escape from their recesses, glide rapidly amidst scenes, which, for the exquisite beauty of their several proportions, forms, and colouring, are rarely equalled. And here, in the bosom of the mountains, at the distance of fifty miles from New York, the first and only pause in the voyage is made, as the boat careers up to the landing-place at West Point. You have, however, barely time to glance at this, the richest scenery of the whole river,—for, to land some of your party, and to make acquisition of other passengers, demands the sacrifice of but a few precious minutes—after which, the cable is cast on board and, in a quarter of an hour you see the Hotel and the buildings of the Military School lessening in the distance, as the boat presses on between the mountains towards the upper extremity of the Highlands. Pollopel Island is soon reached, and you bear away with breathless speed into the open champaign country above.

Towns, villages, and country-seats, surrounded by beautiful fields and forests, adorn both sides of the river; while, in full view to the left, the blue range of the Kaats-kill mountains rear themselves over the horizon for many miles. Mile follows after mile, and hour after hour. Hudson City appears in view on the right, and two hours later, and within nine after you quit the sea-board, you see the domes and wharfs of Albany rise on the left.

Such is the uniform voyage made to Albany at the present day by thousands every week; and whenever I had occasion to visit the Hudson, either ascending or descending, I was anew struck with the beauty of the details.

I think that in one of my first letters, it was mentioned, that we had last year spent some days with Washington Irving in the Highlands, and made a summer's excursion with him to the Kaats-kill mountains. On my return from Canada I found him living in retirement somewhat nearer the city of New York; and in the neighbourhood of the favourite scenes of his boyhood; and many a happy hour we spent together strolling quietly round the country, stumbling on recollections of his early times, and talking of the past. As last year we had *trailed* Rip Van Winkle into the recesses of the Kaats-kill mountains—we now traced Ichabod Crane through all his temptations and perils. We reconnoitered the little old Dutch farm-houses inhabited by the Van Tassels

and Van Brommels of the classic neighbourhood to the east of the Tappansee. We sauntered along the pellucid stream, filtering through Saw-Mill valley —sheltered from the busy world behind the heights of the Hudson. We dozed away a sultry hour in the shades of Sleepy Hollow, or reposed within sound of the hum of voices proceeding from the little out-of-the-way hedge-schools—the focus of learning for a scattered neighbourhood. We stood on the spot where our brave Major André was captured, and within sight of the place where he suffered. We further did not forget to linger near the little odd Dutch church, which still stands with its red roof, white walls, squat cupola and adverse weather-cocks, above the little dell where the Headless Horseman wreaked his wrath on the sconce of Ichabod; and leaned moralizing over the paling of the quiet church-yard, where Brom Bones and hundreds of his neighbours lie in a tangled, but odoriferous labyrinth of elder, thyme, wild-strawberries, and cat-mint. Lastly, we did not fail, at even-tide, to sit with our faces turned towards the Far West, in whose distant regions we had wandered together so far and so happily,—gazing with delight on the glowing river and its scenery. The Tappan-see might be seen in front, with the precipitous Cape of Point-no-Point, and shores dotted with pretty towns and villages; then Haverstraw Bay with many sails glistening on its surface: further to the right, the blue Highlands, and to the left, the receding vista of the

river and bounding Palisadoes stretching for twenty miles to the vicinity of New York, the great mart of the Union. At our feet might be seen a brawling brook, crossing and re-crossing the road leading to the water's edge,—here diving under a thicket, and there tumbling over the rough stones, and forming a miniature cascade on its short passage to the river at our feet.

In such scenes, while the bob-link and the robin sang their evening song, we would talk about the past, present, and future—and the climes and friends in whom we had mutual interest. A few days passed in this tranquil manner, with those whom you both love and respect, are worth months of glare and excitement in the bustle of crowded society.

The people of the United States may truly be said to be a gregarious race. The truth of this is exemplified in their summer enjoyments, when, in spite of the inconveniences entailed upon collecting together in large numbers, during a season when the heat is truly oppressive,—go where you will, you meet with crowded stages, crowded hotels and boarding houses, crowded steam-boats, and crowded drawing-rooms. You see people tormenting themselves by parading in all the bondage of ceremony and full-dress amidst glare and dust, when you would naturally suppose that a cool nook in the forest, and a dress of easy and unrestrained negligence would be among the necessaries of life for the time being. There is not a lodging-house, however inconvenient, on the hot and fervid sands of

the Atlantic, that is not filled, to its last small confined bed-chamber. And as to the mineral springs, whether of the north or south, July and August find the accommodations in their vicinity filled to overflowing. It was our lot to pass some time for two succeeding summers at Saratoga Springs, the most celebrated and the most fashionable, and of course the most frequented of those mineral waters which the lavish hand of Providence has caused to gush forth from the bosom of this favoured land. Its proximity to New York (for what is 180 miles now-a-days in a country where rail-roads and steam-boats form an unbroken line of communication), and the easy transit which may be made from it, either to Canada by Lakes George and Champlain, or to Niagara by the great western route, render it a place of general rendezvous for summer parties. The number of well-dressed idlers compressed within the bounds of the little village was computed upon the year of our second visit to amount to upwards of three thousand,—a motley crowd of men and women of all degrees;—patricians, plebeians, first-rates, second-rates, third-rates: gentlemen whose manners savoured of the good old school, and others whose manners indicated their being copied from some new school, or—no school at all: legislators, travellers, others of literary name; men with name but little money; others who had money and no name;—citizens and families from every State in the Union—beaux and belles—the belles of this year, of last year, and the belles of the year

to come; hosts of cheerful pretty faces of the softer sex, and hordes of young aspirants to their good graces, rioting in the fair sunshine of the morning of life; with a very partial sprinkling of responsible matrons, and irresponsible old gentlemen, to keep them in order. As to the real votaries of the nymphs of the crystal fountains, (for the Springs are many,) they were as usual comparatively few in number; though hundreds of both sexes would rise at early dawn, and, enveloped in shawls and surtouts, glance through the colonnades—trip down to the principal fountain of Congress Spring,—take a sparkling draught, and then return to dress for breakfast; yet save a few regular old stagers, who might be seen with pale dyspeptic faces, with their collars pulled up over their ears, pacing backwards and forwards on the little enclosure by the spring, alternately sipping and marching till they had imbibed the prescribed quantity—and a number of invalids of the softer sex, who I was informed drank with the same steady purpose in their small chambers,—but few indications of suffering were visible, and Saratoga was a scene of as perfect freedom from worldly woe and care as you can conceive. I would not however deny that it appeared as though there was a considerable hollowness in much of this gaiety, for the dust and the heat, and the ennui, and the yawning which pervaded the reign of pleasure and fashion,—not to speak of the squeezing and the elbowing at meal-times,—was far from being agreeable; and though I believe many, if not most of

the young people esteemed Saratoga a paradise of delights, yet among those whose halcyon days had passed, there were a good number of faces whose expression was evidently that of 'smiling at grief.'

The public accommodations for the visitors at the Springs are certainly on a splendid scale, the private do not correspond. As not unusual in the dispositions of hotels, even in the most civilized parts of the Union, every thing is sacrificed to the accommodation of the mass. Thus the drawing and dining-rooms, the spacious and elegant piazzas are strikingly commodious, but the bed-chambers are confined, ill-furnished, and inconvenient; and as to private sitting-rooms, it would be unreasonable to expect them. There are four large and as many small hotels or boarding houses, if I recollect right;—all tasteful buildings built of clapboard or brick, surrounded by trees and shrubberies, and most, if not all, having piazzas of tasteful proportions attached to them. That in front of our hotel, Congress Hall, was two hundred feet long, and twenty wide, with a very elevated roof, supported by seventeen trees, wrought into columns and garlanded with creepers. The house accommodated probably in one way or another four hundred boarders.

Well, you may ask, how do the people spend their time?—Much as other honest idle people do. The excitement of the morning chiefly consisted in the bustle consequent upon the departure of a host of guests to Ballston Springs, Schenectady, or Albany,

by the Rail-road, about ten o'clock. Then followed a listless time, during which the gentlemen amused themselves by various excursions, or slunk away to smoke, or to the billiard-table, or the reading-room; while the ladies whiled it away in the drawing-room, in their chambers, with books from the circulating library, or in visiting. The approach of the dinner hour, which, if I mistake not, was three in the afternoon, and the return of the cars on the Rail-road, set the blood and the flagging spirits of all in motion. The new comers scrambled for rooms. Such as had been making excursions came dropping in, and the toils of the toilet being at an end, for a quarter of an hour before dinner the drawing-rooms, and the back and front piazzas of the hotels, swarmed with a resuscitated crowd, like an ant-hill into which a mischievous boy, or an equally mischievous professor of natural history, has thrust a stick.

The dinner-bell rings, the doors are thrown open, and in you rush! Happy the wight whose seat is assured to him by right of previous possession, or by the kindness and attention of the domestics of a party to whom he may fortunately be attached; for though I would not give you to understand that exactly the same haste is observed here that I have formerly described as usual in the West, yet, depend upon it, there is no time lost, —and the meal is but a meal after all, and goes like clock-work. The two courses dispatched, the company return to the drawing-room. In fair weather, this is the favourite time for a drive, and, after you

have squeezed and been squeezed for a while, introducing yourself with some lady into the endless chain which moves round the room with the checked step of a funeral procession, and thus properly digested your dinner,—one party after another deserts, and all scatter themselves over the country in equipage or on horseback.

The country, immediately about Saratoga and Ballston Springs, is not in itself interesting, though there are many pleasant rides on every side; but there are excursions within reach which fully repay the exertion of making them. That to Saratoga Lake, a beautiful sheet about the size of Ullswater, embedded in the forest with varied shores, is truly of this class; and many a delightful day have we spent there, and at the pretty inn on its banks, in enviable retirement from the noise, bustle, and glare of the Springs. The scene of the defeat of General Burgoyne lies yet more to the north-east.

Other points of interest might be mentioned, but they all sink into insignificance in comparison with those afforded by a couple of days' excursion to the northward, over a tract of country which may be considered as the most classic ground in America: and though I ought properly to return with you to the Springs for the evening, I here take the opportunity of alluding to them.

This road will lead you nearly due north, to the cascades of the Hudson, at Glenn's Falls, where the

river boils over a most singular barrier of black limestone rocks by three channels, and forms one of those astounding cascades, which, however common on the rivers of this continent, are rarely met with on the same scale in Europe.

Passing the river by the bridge erected in the very mist of the Falls—you proceed by a hilly and woodland road to Lake George, or as the French called it, Lac St. Sacrament, one of the loveliest in any country or clime. It lies in a deep valley, and is surrounded throughout its whole extent of thirty-six miles, by picturesque mountains, clothed with wood, and gaining an elevation of from five hundred to fifteen hundred feet over the surface. The extreme transparency of the waters, the multitude of small wooded islands, and the beauty of the Narrows, have been the theme of every tourist. The dividing ridge between the waters of the Hudson and those of the St. Lawrence is passed just before you descend upon the village of Caldwell, near the Southern extremity of the lake, and from the termination to the north, a creek descends through a steep and rocky channel to Lake Champlain, near the celebrated fort of Ticonderoga. The whole of this line of country, from the Hudson to the Canadian frontier, is remarkable as forming the scene of some of the most remarkable events both in the French and Revolutionary wars, but particularly in the former. At the head of Lake George are the ruins of Fort William-Henry and Fort George, in whose vicinity much blood was shed in the French wars of 1755—1757; and

especially, in the latter year, when the horrible massacre of the English garrison, after capitulation, by the Indians under the eye of the Marquis de Montcalm took place.

But to return to the Springs. The afternoon having passed, and the evening repast, which is a kind of mixture of tea and supper, the labours of the evening commence,—balls, cotillion parties, occasional concerts given by wandering minstrels, form some variety to the ordinarily long evening spent in chit-chat. A few sober personages will withdraw, and get up a party at whist, else cards are far from being fashionable. Musical taste is here as elsewhere affected by most persons; but though decided talent in individuals is not wanting; the majority of the Americans, like thousands of the English, have not a quaver of true music in their composition. Yet music is an accomplishment, and whether the cranium of the young lady promises well or ill, music is taught. Sometimes a sweet-throated, but timid girl, will warble forth a song; but the atmosphere of the Springs is not congenial to female display. In brief, you soon see evident signs, that the day is longer than necessary, and hundreds go to their beds wearied and worn out.

I am, however, rather speculating upon the feelings of others, than describing either my own or those of my more immediate companions. We had come here, not merely to pass a week or two in a scene of gaiety, but to meet divers of our most intimate transatlantic

friends from all quarters; and both on this account, and also that we were foreigners, and had no reason to stay an hour after we found that the scene palled upon us, there was both pleasure and amusement within our reach.

Perhaps you will agree with me, that it is less to the state of the whole people as a body that you must look for the degree of success or failure attending any political experiment in a country, than to the interior construction and state of society. That, I should say, is the real test of the applicability of any system, or any theory to the state of the times or of mankind. It is not surely whether a man is taxed more or less for the support of his government,—but are the individuals composing the nation, each in his degree, happier, better, more contented:—are the principles of education and of religious instruction sound; and is the tone of society in general according to the law of God, which is also the law of good taste. That is surely the best government, where there is not only the most order in the general machinery, but where there is also the greatest general happiness and Christian practice in private life.

It would appear, under the peculiar position of the United States, still open to a ceaseless influx of fresh emigrants and subject to a constant political and social excitement, to be much too early to determine how the form of government they have chosen, may influence society at large. Who shall yet pretend to say,

whether the democratic principle elevates or debases—or whether in America the demon of disorder, or the angel of order will eventually prevail.

Among the grievances of the day, the fruits of the prevailing temper of the people and of their government, I should be inclined to class the constant irritation from the rise of political questions—the elections by which the whole mass are more or less agitated from year's end to year's end, and the degrading style of warfare carried on against private character by the innumerable polemical newspapers. No one so good, no one so inoffensive and unblemished in life, —but, on stepping forward to prefer with others a claim to office—his person is covered with abuse, his character attacked, his family circle broken in upon by the rude and mendacious pen of anonymous scribblers. In the same manner there is no measure in the language of applause, and a stranger forming his judgment of persons and parties from the alternate bespattering and bepraising of the public prints, would hang in doubt whether the Americans were a nation of demigods, or one composed of the most degraded villains.

There are certain signs, perhaps it might be said of the times, rather than of their peculiar political arrangements, which the most unprejudiced traveller must surely note, which should make men pause in their judgment of the social state in America. The people are emancipated from the thraldom of mind

and body which they consider consequent upon upholding the divine right of kings. They are all politically equal. All claim to place, patronage, or respect for the bearer of a great name is disowned. Every man must stand and fall by himself alone, and must make or mar his fortune. Each is gratified in believing that he has his share in the government of the Union. You speak against the insane anxiety of the people to govern—of authority being detrimental to the minds of men raised from insignificance—of the essential vulgarity of minds which can attend to nothing but matter of fact and pecuniary interest—of the possibility of the existence of civilization without cultivation, and you are not understood. I have said it may be the spirit of the times, for we see signs of it, alas, in Old England; but there must be something in the political atmosphere of America, which is more than ordinarily congenial to that decline of just and necessary subordination which God has both permitted by the natural impulses of the human mind, and ordered in His word; and to me the looseness of the tie generally observable in many parts of the United States between the master and servant,—the child and the parent,—the scholar and the master,—the governor and the governed,—in brief, the decay of loyal feeling in all the relations of life, was the worst sign of the times. Who shall say, but that if these bonds are distorted and set aside, the first and the greatest which binds us in subjection to the law of God, will not also be weakened, if not broken. This, and this alone, short-sighted as I

am, would cause me to pause in predicting the future grandeur of America under its present system of government and structure of society; and, if my observation was sufficiently general to be just, you will also grant, there is that which should make a man hesitate whether those glowing expectations for the future, in which else we might all indulge, are compatible with growing looseness of religious, political, and social principle.

Besides, the religious man might be inclined to go further, and ask what is the prospect of the people in general with regard to their maintenance of pure doctrine, and fitting forms of religion—whether emancipated as they are from the wing of a national church, and yet seemingly becoming more and more impatient of rule and direction in religious matters, the mass of the people do not run the danger of falling either into cold infidelity, or burning fanaticism. The ancient law existing in some of the Eastern States, providing for the maintenance of the clergy, by every citizen being obliged to register himself as belonging to some religious community or other, and to subscribe to the maintenance of his pastor accordingly,—has been repealed in one case at least, and the maintenance of the minister left to the public good feeling and generosity. The consequence, if report says true, is not in favour of this voluntary system. The good in that State are stated to have become more unfeignedly pious, the vicious more abandoned, and a large population has sprung up that go to no church at all.

As to the present state of civilized society in the Union, every one will speak as he happens to have seen it. Real, sincere, and unaffected hospitality is to be met with every where. That every foreigner, however polished and distinguished for cultivation of mind and understanding, will, if properly recommended, find in this country acquaintances of congenial habits, is not to be doubted. He will meet with families in whose hospitable interior, wealth, taste, and right feeling combine to render life easy and delightful. In the principal cities he will find circles more or less exclusive, with the majority of individuals composing which he may be proud to acknowledge community of sentiment or feeling. Those circles which are sufficiently exclusive to allow that species of 'keeping' to be maintained in the education, manners, and behaviour of those composing it, and in the accessories, which is a distinguishing feature of good society in Europe, are from circumstances easily understood, few in number, comparatively speaking, but such still do exist. For the rest, you find dispersed through the mass, much talent, much wealth, much generosity of mind and feeling, intermingled with qualities which you would hardly find allied with them in other civilized countries. This singular *melange*, one might say, was at the present day characteristic of the country. Attributes which, according to our prejudices, should never be seen on the same carpet, or meet in the same person, are frequently observed in conjunction.

It is with society in general, as it is with the country, where you may see streets of town-like residences springing up in the midst of the primeval forest,—the squirrel gambolling in the branches at a musket shot from the 'store,' where the counter is crowded by the silks of Paris—hear the scream of the wood-pecker within sound of the piano-forte,—and see the rich crop of waving corn deformed by the interspersion of innumerable stumps of ancient forest trees. So it is with society,—you find the rude and the polished in contact; the signs of a state of things which savors of rough simplicity or semi-barbarism, intermingled with those which bespeak the inroads of luxury. You may detect luxury existing without refinement. And surely no one can suppose that it can be otherwise. The cauldron yet boils—the most incongruous substances are mixed up together. It is for time, and time alone, to produce harmony and order, to give every person and every thing its place; and, depend upon it, time will do it. There are perhaps national peculiarities, and national vulgarities, called so from their being widely spread, however discountenanced by a few, which time and good sense will correct also.

From the questions put to me since my return, I gather that much nonsense must have been written and repeated with reference to American equality. Equality of political rights there may be, in other respects there can be none. Outward distinctions of rank may be done away with; the words, cringing, veneration, submission, condescension and such like,

with all the nouns, verbs, and adverbs thereunto belonging, may be blotted from the Transatlantic dictionary, but distinctions of rank there must be, and such will be felt, as long as the world exists—arising from education, breeding, wealth, and talent, and must we not say gentle blood? I do not know how far they will allow that an honourable ancestry can be a cause of honour, but of this I am sure, that even in America, a greater degree of dishonour, and of public contempt, will descend upon the descendant of Washington or Hamilton, who should turn public defaulter, or private scoundrel, than on the son of Tom, Jack, or Harry.

I need not tell you that distinctions exist, virtually and openly. In society, the patrician despises the plebeian, and the latter feels it. The inferior may pout and pretend as he will, and the superior may indulge in grimace, but the distinction will always be felt, whether acknowledged or no. Social equality, like community of goods now-a-days, is a gracious offer made by those who have nothing, to those who have;—and you rarely meet with one of those aspirants to be considered on an equality with any one really superior to him in rank and position, but you may discover that he considers himself ineffably superior to the poor wight below him.

It is true, in America the only acknowledged distinction should be, that which is claimed by superior mind and manners. The base coin is, however, extensively mingled with the good, from the very temper

and position of the country; and you see there, as in Europe, numbers begentlemanning one another, who have no single claim to the title. Gentleman is an oft abused term; and that something more was meant by it in old times than is now meant by the title, is evident. It might be as well if the Americans kept in mind the attributes of a true gentleman, that they might discern who really merits the distinction, both among themselves and their visitors.

It may suit the man of dissipated thoughts and habits, in all countries, to ridicule and hold up to contempt the early precepts of chivalry, calculating the minimum of virtue and self-abandonment, which will allow his conduct to pass current in the midst of a light-minded world; but what a gentleman was in times long gone by, when comparative darkness covered the earth, *that* he should be now in every clime and in every country. Yes, look to the attributes which formed the blazon of a true Christian gentleman of the ancient school—'faith, charity, justice, good sense, prudence, temperance, firmness, truth, liberality, diligence, hope and valour:' and the vices of which they were to be blameless—'swearing, cruelty, avarice, perjury, pride, impurity, indolence, anger, gluttony, and drunkenness'—and then look at those who would arrogate to themselves the title—and judge.

Foreigners have affirmed that the women of the United States were of a superior race to the men,

both in person, style of thought, and expression, I do not know if Brother Jonathan would be gallant enough to smile at a sober compliment paid at his expence to his wife or sister, but it is, I believe, nevertheless true. There is a great charm about the females of good education; and they are justly celebrated for the solidity of those qualities which render them good wives and mothers, as well as such as catch the attention and command the respect of the stranger. Alas! that so many of those fair flowers of the West, may be compared to the beautiful ephemera of their country, which are born and glitter for a day, dying, as it might seem, before their time; sinking to the grave, just as life reaches its period of greatest enjoyment. The number of lovely girls that gather together and crowd the gay winter saloons, or deck the summer fêtes, is no less surprising than the proportion that die before their prime:—whether from the effects of a climate subject to the most sudden extremes, or an inappropriate style of dress, or both combined, it is difficult to determine. Again it has been said, and repeated, that the females are not respected as they ought to be in the United States. This I believe to be founded in error. Still I should be willing to allow that they are not appreciated as they should be, so far as their influence on society in general is not as much felt as it ought to be. It is contested, that female education is as carefully tended in America as in Europe; if so, they are hardly allowed to make the same use of it, as, from the time that either a

lady marries, or is supposed to be past the age for marriage, which is tolerably early, she either vanishes altogether from the circle of society, or is thrown into the background. 'Well,' you may say, 'I suppose the mother is better at home caring for her children.' No; her children are launched at an inconceivably early age into the world, and if she will be with them, she must follow them. And here I may mention one broad line of distinction between European and American society. In the former, the prevailing tone is taken from the middle-aged. Ladies out of their teens, with mature judgment, and that grace and polish which added years give, though it may impair beauty, and subdue sprightliness, give the tone of society. But in America,—the paradise of youth, unshackled by those forms and precautions which the corruptions of European society render indispensable,—the land of confidence in the young,—the tone of social assemblages is almost altogether under the control of the young. The married and unmarriageable look on and listen, but they hardly partake—far less dictate; and one thing which immediately indicates a foreigner is, that he pays attention to them.

I have been really astonished to see, how the belle of last spring, then followed by all,—sparkling as the fire-fly flitting over her hair;—whose form was in every eye—whose words sounded sweet in every one's ear—would the next season be handed quietly into her seat among the sedative ladies of the back row, and hardly have occasion to open her lips during

a whole evening's entertainment. It is true, she had been married in the interval—yet, there she was.—with a mind more matured, with beauty unimpaired, and added interest!

Delightful as the buoyant scene of youthful gaiety, enjoyment, and excitement is, all but the young become tired of badinage after a while, and then there is nothing to supply its place.

The youth of both sexes are introduced into society too soon, and become too prominent on the theatre of life. The one sex starts up at once from children to puny men, and the other become surrounded at far too early an age with the cares of American family life, which, owing to the difficulties in obtaining confidential, and trustworthy, and really attached servants, are unusually great. But no more of this—I am getting out of my province.

The period of gaiety at Saratoga, was short-lived, and having conceived the idea of a very extensive autumnal tour, my friend Pourtales joined me in departing with others for Trenton Falls, and the northern division of the State of New York, preparatory to turning our steps and faces for the second time westward.

## LETTER VIII.

As I am not writing an American itinerary, I shall here, as elsewhere, make a few strides over some hundred miles of surface.

In quitting the Springs, in company with a large party, we proceeded up the lovely valley of the Mohawk—the earth hardly contains one more deserving of the epithet,—to Utica, above one hundred miles distant. Here we left the great western road, and turning to the northward, buried ourselves for a day or two in the delicious woods and dells of Trenton Falls, one of the most interesting localities in the State. I might detain you here, to my own contentment at least, to touch upon both our first and second visit to this clear stream, dashing over successive Cascades in the depth of one of the most interesting ravines, both for its natural scenery and geological structure, in the country; or to allude to other excursions made at divers times in this particular part of the Union—Oneida Lake for example, and the low country around it, with its 'corduroy roads' and 'stump-cultivation,'—rank forests full of tall hemlocks, and marshes covered with the great white *saggitaria*,

I might sing the splendours of the innumerable *lobelia* glowing among the rank verdure and fern of the swamp. I might lead you aside to the beautiful Skeneateles and its sister lakes, with the chain of flourishing cities[1] on the route to Niagara, whose rise and prosperity is the boast of the citizens of this flourishing State, and the marvel of all;—or tell you of the series of mistakes which led me, against my will, to visit the secluded valley where a small remnant of the Five Nations still lingers about the Great Council House of their once powerful league, deep in the woods, and away from the great line of travel. With equal pleasure I might recount to you, how, just before my comrade and self broke completely loose from the fetters woven around us by a charming circle of accomplished and hospitable friends, we accompanied a large family party to a summer retreat, in one of the upper counties of the State, and there passed a week of social enjoyment such as was not our lot for the succeeding six months.

Few localities in America have afforded me a better example of the effects which may result from the union of steady perseverance and sound judgment, with a well applied capital.

The estate of F——, consisting of about thirty-six thousand acres, was, little more than twenty years ago, in the state of nature; there was not a road passing through it, there was not a tree cut; but for

[1] Syracuse, Auburn, Geneva, Rochester.

ages the heavy forest, decking the country and shading the streams and ponds, had grown and come to maturity, and decayed and fallen, to add to the mould which covered its undulating surface. After the termination of the war, our host, the son of the original purchaser, came from the metropolis of the State, devoting himself to the improvement of his patrimony. He fearlessly laid the axe at the root of the trees —built himself a log-hut, and began to cultivate a corner of his domain. In a year or two he married, and brought his young and accomplished wife, tenderly nurtured, of the best blood in the Union, to bear him companionship in his hut during the summer. In no country have you nobler examples of that devotion and heroism which enables woman to sacrifice self, and bend to circumstances. She was content with the comparative solitude of the forests, and to live as people must live, whatever be their birth and breeding,—roughly and rudely in the backwoods. Thus they passed several years, oscillating between the best society of New York in the winter, and that of workmen and rude settlers in the summer. Their log-hut was for many years their habitation. But their self-denial has long ere this had its reward.

One-third of the whole estate was under steady culture at the time of our visit, and they counted sixteen hundred taxable inhabitants within their boundaries. Roads were opened to the north and south. The log-hut had disappeared; and in its place a spacious and handsome country-seat, built of white

marble, quarried on the estate, rose in a prominent situation on the bank of a limpid lake, two or three miles in circumference, surrounded by hanging woods and rocky shores. The tasteful elegance of the interior was in harmony with that of the exterior —shrubberies, gardens, orchards, and gravel walks, occupied the immediate vicinity; nor were the bath-house and all the facilities for boating and fishing forgotten. Such were the changes effected by patience, perseverance, and taste.

I might further dilate upon the peculiar features of the Upper St. Lawrence, upon which we entered at Ogdensburg; its thousand islands and many settlements—the restless surface of Lake Ontario—describe Kingston, York, and Burlington—the Welland Canal; and linger again with you at Niagara, where we made a second halt: but though I wish to give you a general idea of our course of travel, wherever that might tend, I must make a choice among the materials which lie on my table or in my brain,—and therefore we will strike together at once into the Thames District in Upper Canada.

Detroit was the point to which we were now, at the commencement of September, turning our steps; and, instead of pursuing the ordinary line of travel,—partly out of curiosity to see for ourselves what were the prospects of this great theatre of emigration, partly to vary our route, having been on Lake Erie the preceding year, and partly with the definite object of

visiting the Missionary Settlement of the Moravian Brethren among the remnant of the Delawares on the river Thames—we were induced to make this rough journey overland.

Brandtford is an interesting place, being situated on the Reservation set aside by Government for the refugees of the Mohawk tribe and others of the Six Nations, amounting to between six and seven thousand Indians. The resemblance of Grand River, on which it lies, and its fertile flats, to their own beautiful Mohawk, has been often remarked upon.[1]

[1] The prospects of Upper Canada are as flattering as the most sanguine speculator or philanthropist could wish. Though the emigrants, rich or poor, must make up their minds to much self-denial, much difficulty, and perhaps much unwonted personal labour, there is no reason to believe that the expectations of many will be disappointed. Certain districts of this rich portion of the continent are fast filling with a population, the majority of the individuals composing which, are men of education. Many citizens of the United States are also tempted, from a variety of considerations, to settle beyond their frontiers. The sense of interest soon overcomes the sense of dishonour in living under a kingly government. 'As long as I am growing rich,' said a substantial citizen to the writer, while travelling between Hamilton and Brandtford—'as long as I am protected in my person and my property by the laws, and can pay the taxes required, I am content: what need I have more? I have the same consideration paid me here, and as long as I am honest and bear a fair character I get as many and as good friends. I can obtain one shilling for my cheese here, while in the States I get but five cents; my corn sells for several shillings a bushel more than it would there, and takes less labour to raise, and yet my friends in New Lebanon write to me, that they wonder that I do not go a thousand miles beyond Michigan, rather than settle under a king!' This was perhaps bad patriotism, but it was good sense.

The features of this portion of Upper Canada are those of all the rich forested tracts of America, which are but thinly settled—the roads were horrible in many parts. On the second day after leaving the head of Lake Ontario, after diving through a thick forest of enormous growth called the Buckwheat Pines, and passing over a tract coming under the denomination of 'oak-openings,' we reached London, on the junction of two branches of the Thames river—a medley of framework houses, falling timber, and burning brushwood, with the addition of one or two dirty crowded inns, and a castellated Court-house and prison, standing in prominent position, built of brick and plaster. We here hired a light vehicle; and, after nearly a day's detention, moved forward, descending the rich vale of the above river, through half civilized and half-savage scenery. Our night-quarters were of the rudest, and not rendered more tolerable by the vicinity of a number of drunken Indians; and the following day about noon, after travelling westward by the regular road from London to Detroit through fine forests of maple, pine, and beech, and in greater or less contiguity to the Thames, we arrived at the boundary of the Moravian Forest.

The Reservation confided and secured by the British government to the care of the Church of the Brethren, for the Delaware Indians under their care and Christian guidance, forms a parallelogram of about twelve miles in length, and six in breadth, upon the river Thames, sixty miles from Lake St. Clair. New Fairfield lies

about the centre of the tract, and as the Brethren have disposed of none of the land, and permit no settlers to encroach upon it, the whole, with the exception of the portion occupied by the settlement, and the adjacent clearing, amounting to between seven or eight hundred acres, is still covered with the dense Canadian forest. This is so far well, as it keeps whiskey-shops at arm's length. The site of the Old Settlement destroyed by the Americans in the last war, lies upon the direct route, five miles from the upper boundary line, and, on approaching it, a footway diverging to the left, conducts you through the bushes, down into the dell in which the river runs; and, crossing the latter by canoe, you find yourself in close proximity to the new Settlement.

The Indian huts appear disposed, for the most part, in a single street, at intervals from each other, stretching over an open space flanked by wheat-fields, and almost surrounded by a wide horse-shoe sweep of the Thames. As yet, hardly sufficient attention has been paid to the cultivation of gardens and orchards, which is the more to be regretted, the soil being particularly adapted for them, as the clumps of aged fruit trees covering the site of the ancient settlement testify.

The Chapel and the missionary dwellings are built in the same simple style as the Indian huts but are easily distinguished from them by the superior neatness and cleanliness observable in the surrounding premises, and in the manner in which the interstices between the rude logs are neatly closed by clay and

lime. The semicircular bends of the river, both above and below that to which I have been alluding, enclose tracts of rich soil, covered with redundant crops of maize and wheat. The Indians and their teachers have, on the whole, above six hundred acres under culture. The burial ground of the Christian Indians lies just above the village, on the highest ground in the vicinity.

We were most kindly and affectionately welcomed by the worthy missionaries, who had been aware of our intention to visit them if possible. The elder, Brother Luckenbach, we found a cheerful benevolent man, about sixty years of age, thirty of which he had spent as a missionary among the Delawares, either here or on the Muskingum. His colleague was comparatively young, and very lively, useful, and intelligent; but his knowledge of the Indian language is as yet confined, having only been resident here a few years, whereas his senior speaks it fluently.

I need not dwell upon the many reasons why this visit was of particular interest to me. From my childhood, I had been accustomed to hear of missionary labour, missionary trials, and missionary joy and sorrow, and to see and know those who had spent their lives freely in the service of God among the heathen. And now I was favoured to see with my own eyes, and hear with my own ears.

At night-fall, the bell gave notice of the evening

service, and the interior of the chapel was quickly filled by such of the Indian congregation, both male and female, young or old, as were within call. A simple and appropriate hymn in the Delaware language was then sung by all, to one of those noble and solemn chorales with which the Church of the Brethren is so richly furnished, and with a facility and truth by the women in particular, which mingled no small degree of surprise with the devotional feelings which it was calculated to induce; the more so, as no instrument of any kind lent its support, and neither of their teachers had voices calculated to lead. After this, the dark eyes and countenances of the Indians were turned upon the younger missionary, who after reading a text of Scripture, proceeded to offer a few simple, clear, and unaffected remarks upon it in the English language. There stood by his side an aged Delaware Indian, of a family well known to those acquainted with the history of the Brethren's Missions among the Indians of North America, by the name of the Kill-bucks. He was one of those converted many years ago, under the ministry of David Zeisberger, and had long served the Brethren as interpreter: and in that character, as his teacher paused, sentence after sentence, he now communicated to his red brethren 'the sweet words of life,' in their native language. The missionary discoursed upon "Peace and holiness, without which no man could see the Lord," and the only means of attaining them;—and during the brief continuation of his simple teaching, hardly a movement was observable

in the persons or features of his auditory. The service, short and unaffected, as best suited the cause and the congregation, terminated as it began, with a hymn: at the conclusion of which all retired to their homes.

I need hardly say that we were the guests of the Brethren, and were made heartily welcome to their simple fare. I have the satisfaction of knowing that our visit, brief as it necessarily was, was not only highly gratifying to my comrade and myself, but a cheering one to them and their families; as a friendly face from without was a rarity in their solitude, and they had still less opportunity of gaining oral intelligence of their Brethren in the United States, and in Europe, such as I was happy to be enabled to communicate.

We conversed much about their labours, both past and present; and of those eminent servants of God who had been their predecessors and colleagues in the work, particularly of David Zeisberger, with whom Brother Luckenbach had been long associated on the Muskingum and elsewhere. He was certainly one of the most extraordinary men in the annals of missionary labour. He has left behind him many proofs of his diligence: besides a Hymn Book, two Indian Grammars, a Spelling-book, the Gospels, the Acts, and parts of the Epistles, are among the fruits of his laborious life and services among the Delawares, which had lasted, at the time of his death in 1808, at the age of eighty-seven, full sixty years.

The little remnant of that once mighty people, the

Delawares, collected at this place, with the addition of a few stragglers from other tribes, amounts to two hundred and sixty. [1] Of this number one hundred and eighty are in some connection with the little congregation of Christian Indians, and out of these forty are communicants. The Missionaries, though to a certain degree more favoured by circumstances, than those to which I have alluded in a former letter, maintained by the American Board of Missions on the Western Frontier, inasmuch as their Indians have less cause for communication with the whites and the savage tribes, still lamented the difficulty of effecting all the good they might desire, from the extreme aptitude of the Indians, and especially the young, to forsake good resolutions, and to be led astray by bad example. Even among many of the adults of their flock, a strange hankering after certain of their Indian superstitions, which seemed to have taken almost irradicable possession of their strong minds, would occasionally show itself in the dread of witchcraft and 'evil eyes,' and so forth; or a desire to follow some ancient Indian custom, such as howling over the graves of their relatives, and depositing meat for the use of their departed spirits. Yet with all these drawbacks, the brethren find

[1] They possess about eighteen yoke of oxen, one hundred and forty head of horned cattle, one hundred and forty horses, as many swine, and some sheep; and have yearly presents made to them of blankets, clothing, and other necessaries, by the British Government.

encouragement sufficient to persevere in their labours here as elsewhere, and they are enabled to trust that many a poor Delaware is truly converted, and departs out of this world at peace with God, and in certain hope of a blissful immortality.[1]

The morning after our arrival, the day opened with another short service similar to that of the foregoing evening, with the exception that the elder Missionary addressed the Indians in their own tongue. As our visit was a matter of great surprise to them, he gave his hearers an account of the Christian countries from which we came, of our travels on their own continent, and the Indian tribes we had visited; and explained with what purpose we had come so far to see them; with which they seemed much gratified; and at the conclusion of the service testified their welcome to us, when every individual man, woman, and child, came to shake hands with us at the door.

The general costume was that mixture of Indian and European now commonly met with among the tribes in proximity to the whites, one aged Indian alone, named 'Old Boar,' wearing the scalp-lock. In the course of the morning we visited many of the more remarkable men in their huts, and I was much affected to find the venerable interpreter Killbuck, watching the bed of his dying daughter, the last of twelve children. The stoicism of an Indian warrior

[1] See Loskiel's History of the Indian Mission, or Holmes's History of the Missions of the Church of the Brethren.

might have rendered him equally calm, but Christian resignation gave a higher character to his demeanour, and lent him hope in the midst of his family desolation. He felt himself assured that he should meet his family again in lands where there would be no more hardships, nor sorrow, nor misery, nor oppression.

The ruins of the old Settlement lie, as has already been mentioned, on the opposite side of the River, where the land is of a yet greater elevation; and the main road passes through it, over the head of a small wooded ravine crossed by a bridge. Many things combine to make it a site of great interest.

We wandered over one part of the open space formerly occupied by the dwellings. The general disposition might be traced by the small hollows or hillocks on the sod or among the bushes, and better by the little avenues or the detached groups of apple trees which have survived that wreck which had not left a single rafter or stone. We were shown the site of the Church and missionary dwellings, and deeper towards the forest among the thickening brushwood we marked the small field where depressed hillocks among the grass indicated the resting place of a little band of Christian Indians, who had left the world prior to the destruction of their peaceful Settlement, and before their friends and families, and their teachers, were scattered to the winds. Apart from these, yet further to the one side, under the shade of the forest, lay a row of more recent hillocks, the graves of Heathen, whose

bodies had been brought here from a distance by their fellows, and deposited near what they believed to be hallowed ground.

Among those of this class who sleep within the shade of the Moravian Forest, not many miles from this spot, is one, whose name, character, and deeds will never be forgotten, as long as the Indian tribes of North America are remembered as a race.

The battle between the Americans under General Harrison and General Proctor, in October 1812, which was terminated by the defeat and retreat of the latter, took place a little to the westward of this Settlement, which was then open to the enemy, and consequently destroyed. Among those who fell on this occasion, was Tecumseh, one of the bravest and most extraordinary men on record among the Indian tribes; —and low and debased as they are now, they have produced some as extraordinary characters in their sphere as any race under the sun. The history of their decline, which, however accelerated by the advent of the whites to the country, seems to have commenced long before the grasping hand of the latter began to wrest their country from them,—is marked by the appearance and disappearance of such men, who united the talents, inherent in and congenial to the Indian character,—the natural growth of their social state, with those which are even of rare occurrence, in an equal degree, among nations styling themselves civilized and Christian. Philip of Pokanoket, whose history, as connected with the early troubles of the New England

settlers, has been often expatiated upon, was distinguished in his time for the clear views which he seemed to have conceived as to the probable fate of his country and his race from the insidious advance of the whites: and the truth of his auguries was only equalled by the stern inflexibility of purpose with which he addressed himself, and directed all his forces of mind and body to their extirpation. He saw them comparatively few, occupying scattered settlements along the Atlantic border and its rivers, and he prepared his league for one mighty effort, by which he might crush the evil in the bud. He scorned to imitate the example of his predecessors, and of his neighbours, who for a handful of beads and tobacco, were selling their birth-right and the patrimony of their posterity; but with a silence and caution worthy of his race laboured secretly to effect his ulterior purpose. He probed the weakness of his foes, and estimated his own forces—he strengthened his confederacy, and was employed for years in preparation for that struggle, which, however dear it cost the whites, eventually terminated in their ascendancy, and the destruction of the mighty savage and his league.

Few among the high-minded characters of note, which for upwards of a century subsequently rose from time to time among the various Indian tribes, had the soul of Philip. The extent of their views, and the end of their schemes, and the sphere of their struggles, were less developed and more confined. The white

advanced, and the Children of the Forest made room for him. The courage, the oratory, and the powers of mind of one hero after another were displayed in favour of their individual tribes, or it might be in behalf of their French, British, or American Father. Their eyes were blinded; it seemed that there was none among them who could glance calmly on the past and towards the future, and reflect that every Pale-face, whatever his name, his bearing, or his interests, was essentially the enemy of the Indian.

Yet such was Tecumseh. Growing up from early youth with that impression, he seems to have been born with the feeling stamped upon his strong and extraordinary mind, that, however self-interest might lead the one to flatter, and avarice and degeneracy incline the other to submit and to fall into the snare—there never had been, there never could be congeniality between the two races; and that the destruction of his own was inevitable, if the bonds between them were not totally broken. He now looked upon the state of the Indian tribes, scattered, degenerate, disunited, debauched; diminished in number, driven back for a thousand miles upon the Great River of the West and the broad Lakes,—but, late as it was in the day,—hopeless as would seem the attempt,—complicated as the meshes of the net he was about to weave might be—he seems to have devoted himself, his life, his strength, and his talent, to this great end: and how he laboured, and what he effected, when at a mature and ripened age he began to act upon the settled

purpose of his life, there live yet hundreds who can tell. His acts from the first years of the present century, to the day of his death, form one of the most extraordinary tales of the West. This is not a place for a history,—but you shall have an outline in my next letter.

## LETTER IX.

TECUMSEH was born among the Shawanees, a people celebrated among the Indian tribes for their savage demeanour and ferocity. Their ancient seat seems to have been much further to the southward than the territory in which they were found by the whites. By all the early accounts of the missionaries, and the settlers in the back parts of Virginia, Pennsylvania, and New York, they approved themselves among the most determinate enemies of the white population. In the war of the Revolution, they sided with the British. Little is known of the early life of Tecumseh, but that it was certainly an active and a troubled one, as he was just in the flush of his youth at the time that the American troops were expelling the hostile tribes from their native country in Ohio, and burning their villages behind them; and it is known that up to the signal defeat of the hostile tribes by General Wayne in 1795, the young warrior was among the foremost in carrying on that fearful warfare with the frontier settlers of Kentucky, of which I have made mention in an earlier letter. Tradition says, that from an early age he was distinguished

among his fellows for his love of truth, his temperance, and his integrity, and the constancy with which he set his face against any approach to civilization, spurning alike the Pale-face and his gifts.

His character at the close of the war in question was that of a bold and skilful Indian warrior. His passion for glory had already become manifest, and was strongly contrasted with the love of gain which characterized his brave but degenerate companions. He was far from being blood-thirsty, and was always ready to save the lives of such as fell into his hands, having been known to slay one of his followers who acted contrary to his orders in this respect.

Tecumseh had a twin-brother whose name was Elskatawa—'a fire that is moved from place to place' afterwards better known by the designation of the Prophet; and there is reason to believe that at an early age they had communicated with each other with regard to those great plans which they subsequently co-operated in putting into execution; the main object of which was to combine the whole of the tribes of the Western Indians in an offensive and defensive league, to arrest the progress of the whites. To do this they must unite them, and put a stop to their internal feuds—they must undo what the white had done,—bring them back to their state of comparative simplicity and independence, and make them sen-

[1] See Thatcher's Indian Biography.

sible of their real position with regard to the people who were gradually but surely displacing them from the soil, to which they and they alone, had a natural right.

It would appear that a coalition with the British, was no part of the great design of Tecumseh in the first instance, and that he never embraced that alternative till no other means seemed to be left him of attaining the great object of his life and thoughts. However that may be, it was soon after the commencement of the present century that the brothers came prominently forward on the scene.

Elskatawa commenced his personification of a Prophet, a common character among the Indians, and preached the doctrine of reform to the red men. He expatiated in his discourses upon the evils brought upon their race by the white men—the introduction of ardent spirits, diseases, contentions, wars; the vast diminution of their means of subsistence, and the narrow limits in which they were hemmed in. He painted the happy lives of their ancestors, and contrasted the present with the past. He then insisted upon the consequences that should result from a feeling of the truth of these statements—that there should be no more internal wars among them—that they should forswear the blankets and spirits of the Whites, and all the vices to which their neighbourhood had given rise, and that, as far as possible, they should return to the habits and simple garb of their forefathers. Growing bolder by the attention which this lan-

guage could not fail to obtain, he forthwith laid claim to a special commission from the Great Spirit, and appealed to his juggling miracles as a proof of its validity. Nothing was left unattempted that could add to his individual authority or enforce his doctrines, all of which had the sole tendency to diminish the dependence of the Indian upon the white man and promote harmony and intercourse between the tribes. He flattered his own tribe by discourses and predictions—persuading them that the hour had come when the Master of Life would restore them to their pristine consequence and power. Tecumseh was of necessity considered as one of the first converts to the new doctrines promulgated by his inspired brother. Yet, though some accessions were gained from their own tribe and connections, for several years the converts were few in number, and their character wavering. Still the two brothers never lost sight of their ultimate design, but each furthered it in the course best suited to his individual character, with a perseverance and constancy which defection, indifference, or opposition could neither allay nor dishearten. Emissaries were sent into other tribes to spread the new doctrines and prepare the way for a general appeal to the Indians as one people and one race. Other, so-called prophets, arose far and near in apparent contradiction to the Shawanese, but still covertly in concert and calculated by their preconcerted defeat to shed greater lustre on him. The excitement gradually spread, and gaining power, the Prophet found himself

about the year 1807, sufficiently popular to adopt a yet bolder mode of proceeding.

The energy and courage of Tecumseh dictated to him a different course from that which the cunning and ingenuity of his brother had marked for himself. He, under sanction of the prevailing excitement which prepared the Indian to believe and obey, went boldly to work, and making use of the knowledge which he had been silently gaining of the state of the various tribes and tempers of their chiefs, found means to dispossess of their power such of the latter as were unfriendly to his scheme, or reduce them to the grade of private warriors. Others, it is believed, were dispatched.

Meantime the Prophet, calculating upon the innate and extreme horror which the Indian entertains of witchcraft, a horror which no rank, age, character or former services can counteract, began by accusing through his emissaries, many of the most influential among the chiefs of this diabolical vice, and such was the excitement, that when he went so far as to declare that the Great Spirit had endowed him with faculty of detecting those given to this sin, he was credited, and had 'only to nod to be obeyed.'

One aged and venerable chief after the other was now consigned to the flames. Men with heads covered with the grey hairs of seventy and eighty winters, having up to this moment been the objects of reverence and affection to their tribes, were unscrupulously sacrificed. Torture was employed to elicit confes-

sion. Several Christian Indians shared the same fate. Of one of the latter it is related that he was brought to the place of execution, and told, if he would confess his crime, and give up his 'medicine bag,' he would be pardoned. He answered, that he had nothing to confess, that he was a Christian, and had no connection with the devil! 'You have,' said he, alluding to the preceding sacrifice of an aged Delaware chief, 'intimidated one poor old man, but you cannot frighten me: proceed, and you shall see how a Christian and a warrior can die!' and, with a small hymn-book in his hand, he continued to sing and pray till his voice was stifled in the flames.

Tecumseh, though it is supposed he co-operated with his brother, so far as these acts might further the great end in view, was not partial to this mode of proceeding.

The notoriety of these circumstances, hidden as their ulterior object might be, made the American Government attentive to these indications of some secret movement among the Western Indians. The Prophet had about this time taken up his head quarters at Tippecanoe on the Wabash, and here his followers flocked together. Frequent conferences took place between him and the American officers in command at the neighbouring post of Vincennes, in which he stedfastly denied being under British influence, and contested that he had no object in view but the reform of the Indians, to reclaim them from evil, and cause them to live in peace and friendship; adding

boldly that for this end he had been deputed by the Great Spirit. As yet nothing like open hostility could be proved against him and his followers.

In the course of 1810, it was evident that the power of this extraordinary individual continued to spread, at the same time that its decidedly hostile character towards the Americans seemed beyond a doubt, and much alarm existed among the frontier settlers. The Indian force collected about the residence of the prophet at Tippecanoe, was found, in the spring of the following year, to exceed any that the Governor of Vincennes could collect to oppose to it, should hostilities break out.

Tecumseh, of whose labours up to this time few could judge, became a more prominent character. His indignation had been roused by the recent sale of lands on the Wabash to the United States by the Delawares, Miamis, and other tribes, at a time when he had been absent on one of those long journeys which he performed to distant tribes, in pursuance of the scheme which his energetic mind had dwelt upon for years. He now came forward, and on occasion of a visit which he paid the Governor at Vincennes, boldly avowed his principles.

If the account handed down can be depended upon, he spoke in a strain of eloquence which must have vibrated on the souls of those who heard him, however opposed in interest and in sentiment. He there deplored that he could not make that use of his Red brethren which he had wished; but affirmed that if it

were so, he should not come to the Governor, and ask him as he now did, to annul the Treaty which had been made,—but he would come and say to him, 'you have liberty to return to your own country!' He further said, that 'his spirit within told him that till within a few years, no white man had ever set his foot upon that Continent, that it had all belonged to the Red men, children of the same parents, placed on it by the Great Spirit that made them, to keep it, to traverse it, to enjoy its productions, and to fill it with the same race.' He apostrophized his people as 'once happy, but then made miserable by the encroachments of the whites,' and stated that 'the only way to check the evil, was for all the Red men to unite in claiming a common and equal right to the land, as it was at first, and yet should be; for it never was divided, but belonged to all for the use of each. That no part had a right to sell, even to each other, much less to strangers—who wanted all, and would not be satisfied with less than all,'

In this manner he contended that no tribe could cede land, which in fact the Great Spirit had given as a common possession to all his Red children, and that without the co-operation and full consent of all, the bargain made with part could not be legal.

These were no arguments however, to convince the Americans; and matters became more and more embroiled till the close of 1811, when, in the absence of Tecumseh in the South, the Prophet's followers were attacked and driven from their strong-hold at

Tippecanoe, by General Harrison, after a desperate struggle.

The explosion was premature, and was a terrible blow to the schemes of the master-spirit of his race. The Prophet daily declined in popularity, and Tecumseh henceforward seems to have acted independently of him. Up to this moment, it is probable that he had never yielded to the British offers of co-operation, but now he seems to have decided that he had no other alternative. From politic motives, he cloaked his intention for some months, even from the tribes, who now were divided into two parties, the one desirous of maintaining a strict neutrality in the war then waging between the United States and Great Britain, and of letting 'their two Fathers fight it out' and the other urging the policy of joining the British in common cause against the Americans. In a grand Council held among the tribes of the West at Mississinniway in the following spring (1812) when this subject was agitated, Tecumseh found himself in the minority, but that did not discourage him, and he and certain of the tribes openly joined the British.

At no time of his career was this brave and extraordinary man greater than at this epoch, when by the mismanagement of his brother, and his consequent decline in popularity, he saw the body of firm adherents, the gleanings of so many anxious years, slain, dispersed, disheartened, or weaned from his influence. He spurned the idea of failure and subjection, and at a time when there were hardly a hundred warriors at

his command, he commenced his preparations for what proved his final struggle with an energy and loftiness of spirit, which have won the admiration of his very enemies.

In former years he had repeatedly visited the tribes on the banks of the Mississippi, upon the shores of the Great Lakes and the adjoining territories, and those in the south. He now travelled over all that vast extent of country once more—fulfilling his threat at his last interview with the Governor of Vincennes, that he would give no rest to his feet till he had united all the Red men in a resolution to perish in the field, unless the late Treaties, the validity of which he disputed, were annulled, and a compact entered into by which the Americans should bind themselves never to make further purchases of individual tribes, without the consent of all the Red race!

For many months, with invincible determination, he ranged the whole western and northern frontier, exciting the minds of the tribes by his energetic eloquence and self-devotion, and urging them to give their support to a cause which he would fain persuade them was the common cause of each and all. The force of his rhetoric, and the authority of his name, were not without their effect, and in their course of the autumn and early months of the following year, his single voice and unaided energy seemed to have roused the spirit of the Indians as a race for the last time. But it was written that the white man should possess the earth, and before the close of that year

(1813), the whole confederacy fell asunder—the keystone was crushed—and Tecumseh was no more!

He fell like an Indian warrior in the battle fought two miles lower down the river, combating with his comrades long after his white allies had deserted him. He is said to lie in a grave dug by the Indians a short time after the battle, on the borders of a swamp near the place where he fell, by the side of a huge prostrate oak. He might be called the Last of the Red Men—for since his time, the decline which he foresaw and strove to arrest, has proceeded with accelerated movement; and beaten back, debauched, and degraded—who or what shall now arrest the downward course of the Indian?

The preceding pages will have given you a brief and perhaps inadequate idea of the character of a high-minded Indian warrior, one whose aspirations were as much above that of the herd, as the energy and perseverance with which he attempted to grapple with the difficulties of his enterprise, were extraordinary. That spot of ground which has suggested the recollection of his history, naturally brings me back to the remembrance of another class of warriors, the history of whose lives evinces equal devotion, equal energy, equal perseverance, and yet higher aspirations, and they too fought on this very ground.

To us, as well as many in our Christian land, the tales of Missionary labour have been familiar from our youth up. We have been taught to value the devotion—

the simplicity of faith—the steadiness of purpose, and the purity of principle which leads the Missionary to forsake his home and country, with nothing but the clear and simple command of his Lord for his guide; and, with no eye to worldly advantage, to devote his days to a calling full of toil and privation, and frequently attended by bitter sorrow and disappointment. As I reminded you in my last letter, we have been favoured to see and know personally, men devoted to this holy purpose; both before they entered upon the service, and when, after long years spent in it, they returned with failing strength and limbs, but cheerful and contented spirits, to rest in the bosom of a Christian community, till their hour came to depart from the world. We have heard from their own lips of their joys and their griefs; and might form some idea of the trials and privations of their useful lives—but for my own part, I own that till the opportunity was afforded me to see for myself what the heathen soil was wherein they had to labour, —I never formed a conception of what missionary devotion, perseverance, toil, and suffering really were.

Look to the history of the early Moravian missionaries in North America. What did they not dare? What did they not meet? What did they not endure? They too, like Tecumseh, had one governing principle, one wish, one hope, to which all their powers and energies of body and mind were directed. Did he, in the long and wearisome pursuit of his great end, to free his degenerate race from the hated

dependance on a strange people, encounter fatigue, mortification, travel, and privation, and dare death and captivity,—so did they, to a yet greater degree, foregoing their ease and their natural desires, suffering all things to give the Indian true light and true knowledge, and to deliver them from the thraldom of sin. Theirs was neither the bigoted zeal of the Spanish priest, armed with the sword, and compelling the poor Indians of the south to bow down before the cross,—nor that of the Puritan, burning with hatred against the heathen bands whom he believed he was destined to root out from the land. Their spirit was not one of mere proselytism, like that of many of the Catholic priests of the Canadas, who deemed the end of their mission gained, when the Indian had submitted to baptism, and consented to wear the cross and the rosary among his other trinkets;—they went forth to the desert unsupported by human power, with chastened zeal looking to total change of life for the sign of their labours being effectual; and, strong in their dependance on God, ready to do his will under all trials and all circumstances. And, during the century which has passed since the first members of the Brethren's church landed in Georgia,[1] and the Creek Indians first flocked with their chiefs to the banks of the Savannah river, to listen to the 'great word;'—what proofs have not been given to Christendom of the power of God, both in the lives and

[1] A. D. 1735.

deaths of His messengers, and in the peaceful spread of His Gospel through such weak and apparently insignificant means.

Of the two great hindrances to missionary labours which exist even at this day,—the natural repugnance of the savage to a change of life, and the evil influence and opposition to be experienced from the whites,—the latter has been at all times the most to be feared and to be lamented.

The sufferings endured by the Missionaries and the Indians under their care, from this source, from the very commencement, are hardly to be pictured.

The Indian, savage and sensual as he was; a slave to his own superstitions and vices, and still worse, to the vices introduced by the whites,—ungovernable in a moment of intoxication or anger, was nevertheless from the very first, in numerous and striking instances, impressed with the blameless life, the calmness, and the indifference to peril, evinced by the Missionary. He might be deaf to the Gospel,—but he was struck with the humility, the spirit of forgiveness for wrongs received, the constancy of the teacher,—and the peace with which he could lie down to sleep in the very wigwams of those who threatened his life. Many were led from this first natural feeling of surprise, to further reflection. A few sincere converts were in the course of time made from the Mohicans and Delawares, and the influence of their changed lives, and their consistency of character were felt by others. During the first fifteen years, in spite of the most persevering opposition from

without, the increasing enmity of the whites, the constant attempt to incite the Indians against them, and to embroil them with Government, as disaffected persons, —the truth spread. Little flocks of Christian Indians were gathered on the frontiers of Pennsylvania and the neighbouring states; communication with more distant tribes was set on foot and maintained at the risk of life; and among many tribes, a general anxiety began to prevail, to have teachers among them, to let them also hear what the Delawares termed 'the sweet words of life.'

Several of the most distinguished members of the Brethren's church in Germany, came over to America to lend their aid and counsel; and among them Count Zinzendorf and Bishop Spangenburg, both of whom undertook repeated journeys of great length and peril in furtherance of this object.

The Great Council of the Five Nations at Onondaga had, from the beginning, been favourable to the Missionaries, and they formed a regular treaty with the Brethren. This both the Delawares and Shawanese did subsequently.

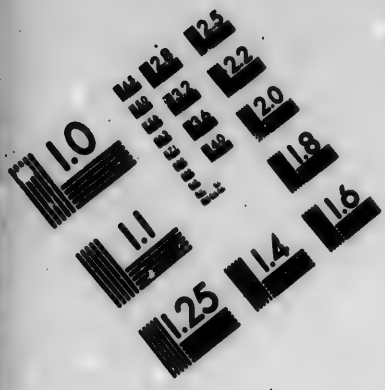
Whenever it happened that the steady persecution of the whites was continued beyond endurance, as was the case with the first little settlement, among the Mohicans, the Brethren bade adieu to their fields and buildings; and, rendering blessing for cursing, went forth with their flock deeper and deeper into the unknown West; pitched their 'tents of peace' near some distant stream, in simple reliance upon God's

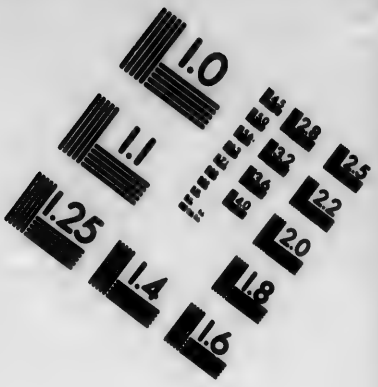
aid, evincing an intrepidity which even the godless Whites could not but admire.

At the breaking out of the French war, 1754, the whole of the Western Frontier of Pennsylvania became exposed to the attac[illegible] of the tribes in league with the French.

At this time a misconc[illegible] their views (how could their devotedness be understood by worldly people?) had caused a fierce outcry to be raised against the Brethren's Missionaries and their settlements throughout the country; and though the Colonial government, on examination, did them full justice, yet the populace was not to be persuaded but that they were in communication with the French. The public rage was turned against the Christian Indians. Many were sacrificed; but it pleased God that even this imputation of disloyalty should be taken away from his people, and that the accusation which they could not live down, should be washed out by their innocent blood; for, in the course of that year, the French Indians made an irruption upon the waters of the Susquehanna, and, surprising the inmates of the Mission-house on the Mahony, eleven of the Missionaries with their children were murdered.

At the renewal of peace, the Brethren resumed and continued their labours, first settling on the upper waters of the Susquehanna and the Alleghany river, and then establishing a communication with the Indian tribes on the Muskingum in Ohio.

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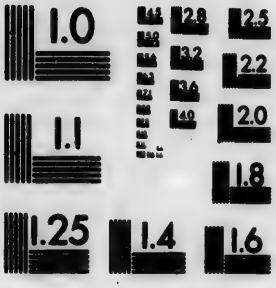


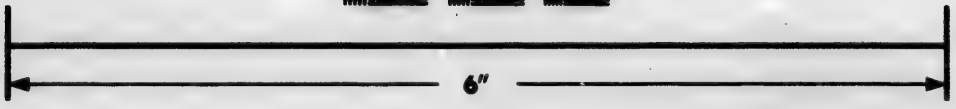


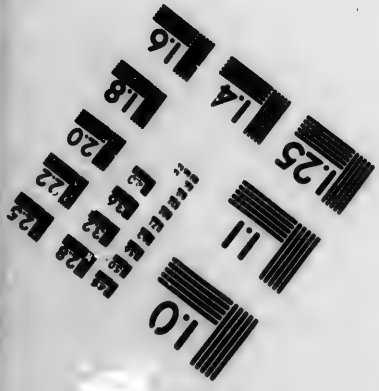

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As before, when driven from one post by the hatred of the Whites, they went deeper into the wilderness, where these dare not yet follow. During all the troubles of the succeeding Indian war and the war of the Revolution which followed in 1776, they and their Delawares persevered in remaining neuter in spite of the oppression that this conduct exposed them to from both parties in turn. Six of the Missionaries were compelled to repair to Sandusky and Detroit, but their scattered flock determined to share the fate of their Teachers, and forsaking their settlements on the Muskingum, followed them thither.

It was shortly after this dispersion, and during the continuance of the troubles,[1] that Gnadenhutten, one of these half abandoned Settlements in Ohio, in which a large congregation of believing Indians had been collected, became the scene of an act of such barbarous and shameless atrocity, as is almost without parallel in modern times, when we consider that those who perpetrated it were called Christians.

Many of the refugees at Sandusky, pressed by hunger, had returned to their former place of abode, to reap the produce of their fields, and were joined by others of the scattered flock,—when a number of the lawless and ruthless white inhabitants of the adjoining States, banded secretly together, surprised the unsuspecting and unoffending inhabitants of the peaceful settlement, bound them, and then, in cold blood,

[1] A. D. 1782.

setting apart two of the dwellings for their butchery, led out their unresisting Indian captives of both sexes, and pitilessly murdered and scalped the whole body to the number of ninety-six, leaving their village in flames. The scene I leave to your imagination. The very murderers owned that they died like Christians, and sang and prayed with their last breath;—adding, that they had killed them, not because they were Christians, but because they were Indians!

The cry of the innocent blood which arose from that polluted spot of earth, was not raised in vain!

Still trouble followed the steps of the Missionaries; in a short time they were torn from their flock at Sandusky by the orders of the British Government of the province, and an utter stop seemed to be put to the progress of the mission. Two thirds of the Christian Delawares had escaped the fate of their brethren on the Muskingum by their flight to Sandusky, and no sooner had they now been scattered afresh, than God was pleased to show them that the hand which cast them abroad once more, was one of mercy and not of wrath; for when the band of murderers in pursuance of their diabolical plans arrived in the latter place, they found none remaining to wreck their vengeance upon:—and in returning to the southward, it is on record, that they were in turn attacked by a body of English and Indians, and the greater part of them cut off from the face of that earth which they had so fearfully polluted.

The Missionaries were kindly treated by the English

Government, and left at perfect liberty to return into Pennsylvania, but they would not forsake their flock; and in 1782 settled on the shores of Lake Huron. The Christian Indians, long persecuted like hunted deer, were collected with great difficulty, and even from this period, 1782, till ten years after the peace, when the majority settled with their faithful teachers on the spot where I suppose that we now stand, they continued to be involved in unceasing trials and difficulties. Various new positions were proposed and taken possession of for a time, but all had to be ultimately relinquished from necessity; till finally, at the invitation of the British Government they crossed Lake Erie, and built their peaceful settlement in these forests. At the close of the century, Fairfield consisted of fifty houses, and contained one hundred and fifty inhabitants; and they annually furnished the North West company with a large quantity of maize, maple-sugar, beef, and other provisions. The whole country was benefited by their industry.

About this time (1798) David Zeisberger, then in the seventy-eighth year of his age, [illegible] never forsaken the Delawares throughout all these trials, incited by the invitation of the American Congress to return to the Old Settlements on the Muskingum, removed with several Indian families thither.

During the lapse of so many years the wilderness had reclaimed its own. The ancient settlements were only discoverable by occasional ruins overgrown by the thickets, but the scene of the murder

was too distinguishable, and many a tear was shed over the bones of these Indian martyrs by their brethren, and by the failing eyes of the venerable missionary, by whom most of the slain had been gathered together as a Christian flock. A small Settlement, Goshen, was ultimately built in their vicinity, and here the aged patriarch, Zeisberger, blind, but retaining all his faculties, closed his laborious and useful career ten years after. The machinations of both the Whites and Indians prevented this settlement from prospering like its predecessors, but the inhabitants were favoured to remain in peace. A small offset established among the Delawares on the Wabash was broken up on account of the troubles brought upon them by the machinations of the Prophet. Their little congregation had to fly, and the only Indian at length remaining with the Missionaries, a sober and exemplary Christian, was accused of witchcraft and burnt at the stake.

Meanwhile the parent Settlement at Fairfield was subjected to the vicissitudes of war as related, and after a period of twenty years' tranquillity, was completely razed and destroyed by the American army under General Harrison. The Indians fled, and the Missionaries, stripped and robbed, though left at liberty, were forced to separate. Two of their number repaired to Detroit, and thence to Pennsylvania, while the third with his family remained in Canada, to share the fate of the Indians, whatever that might be. After the retreat of the Americans, many of

the latter returned to seek their teacher, and they then made good their retreat to Lake Ontario, where they formed a settlement and built for themselves a chapel, occupying the same till the close of the war, when they returned to the vicinity of the old Settlement, and New Fairfield, as it now stands, was planned and built. In process of time the mission on the Muskingum had to be broken up, and the small remnant of Christian Delawares rejoined their brethren in Canada.

I have thus ventured to remind you by this brief outline, of the labours of the Brethren's Church in this part of the world. The baptismal register of the mission, up to the period of Zeisberger's death, would number between thirteen and fourteen hundred Indians of these tribes upon its page, as Christians in life and death—a small number truly after the labours of three quarters of a century, but sufficient to show that God was with them; that the labour, devotion, and constancy of the Missionaries, and the faith of the Church from which they were sent forth, were not in vain.

But I must no longer linger here, but lead you by a continuation of the main route down the valley of the Thames to the town of Chatham, where the river becomes navigable, and thence to the sandy shores of Lake St. Clair, whence we soon reached the city of Detroit.

## LETTER X.

At this time our whole schemes of autumnal travel had to undergo revision. We found on our arrival at Detroit, that no steam-boats were likely to ascend the Great Lakes at this season of the year; and though we might have got passage to the head of Lake Huron, or to Green Bay, on board one of the sloops which navigate Lakes Huron and Michigan, the delay consequent upon awaiting a fitting opportunity, and the long and uncertain voyage, were both reasons why we should prefer pursuing another.

Hearing therefore that a treaty with the Indian tribes of the Pottawattomies was expected to take place at Chicago, towards the lower extremity of Lake Michigan, and that means might be found to cross the state of Illinois to the valley of the Mississippi, we resolved upon proceeding to Chicago.

A public vehicle conveyed us across the peninsula of Michigan, over a tract of country, which five or six years ago, had been traversed by nothing but Indian trails, but which was now rapidly filling with a settled population from the eastward, and

all the concomitants of ploughed land, girdled trees, log-huts,—towns, villages, and farms.

As far as the town of Niles, the route was good. But here we had to change the regular stage for an open vehicle of a stronger build, furnished with three or four rows of rude spring-seats.

Before I proceed to mention the incidents of the latter part of our journey, I may observe that the surface of the peninsula is very varied, and part of it, in Hillsdale county for instance, abounds in the most beautiful natural park scenery you can conceive. A more lovely undulating country, covered with rich grass, interspersed with forest or groups of trees, and varied by limpid lakes, we never beheld. As we advanced, the prairies increased in number and size; and among them the traveller notices as a remarkable feature of the country, the wide meadows containing a perfectly level and unbroken area of several square miles, surrounded by dense forests. They have all the appearance of being the beds of lakes long dried up, raised by the accumulation of vegetable matter and rubbish washed down from the bluffs, and are generally found to consist of the very richest soil. The most extensive over which we passed, was the White Pigeon Prairie, a tract, upon which, four years before, there was not a single white inhabitant, but which was now completely occupied by one hundred and sixty flourishing farms.

As far as Niles on St. Joseph's river, our journey had been conducted without adventure.

From thence it was calculated that two days' journey would bring us to Chicago. By this time a steamboat communication has been probably established between St. Joseph's river and Chicago; but as it was, we had to follow the old Indian trail for a hundred miles, round the lower southern shores of the lake. Twelve hour's rough jolting, brought us to a farm about twenty miles from the extremity of Lake Michigan, and about sixty-five from Chicago, if I recollect right; and here we took up our night quarters, preparatory to a day's journey, which was called the most difficult of the whole, and so in truth we found it.

The middle of September was passed, and hitherto the season had favoured us. Yet the steady warm weather which distinguishes the North American summer, had been for some time on the decline, and during our passage of Upper Canada earlier in the month, we began already to note the first indications of the gradual approach of the fall of the year.

The maize fields appeared utterly deprived of their luxuriant verdure, and were turned to a pale yellow, while the dry and crisp leaves rustled incessantly in the morning wind; bright shocks of wheat studded the cultivated lands, and the buck-wheat fields were now of a deep brown, and without perfume.

The leaves of the maple began to turn orange, and those of the sumac bright red. The air was filled with thistle down, floating hither and thither, guided by the hand of God to the place of its future home.

The frog and the catydid were silent;—the prairies swarmed with winged grasshoppers, green, red, and yellow. The gay flowers of the summer had shed their petals and had fallen to seed, while above them rose the tall and gaudy sun-flower tribe, clothing the prairie with gold. The asters and gentians were all seen in full flower, and in the damp forest the fungus sprung into existence from the fibres of the decaying tree.

Ten days later, on the morning of our early departure in the open and uneasy vehicle from the farm last mentioned, as we plunged into a tract of a deep forest, called the Ten Mile Wood, many further tokens of the advancing fall were added. The air was full of the boding sounds of autumn. Heavy clouds hung low upon the earth, and deepened the shades of the labyrinth of tall towering trees, oak, beech, and black walnut,—beneath whose covert we were seemingly buried. As we toiled along the deep narrow trail in the dim green twilight below, occasional blasts might be heard agitating the upper branches, and sending down a pattering shower of heavy drops into the depths of the forest. About us every thing betokened decay: mouldering stumps; prostrate trees falling to powder, half shrouded in fungi and moss; dying grass and leaves. Ever and anon a growl of distant thunder echoed through the solitude, and occasionally a bright mournful gleam would be cast down upon us from the bright changing foliage, clothing the upper branches of some giant tree.

Every bird seemed snug in its covert; the cat-bird and the whip-poor-will were silent, and even the gay blue jay had ended his shrill bickerings with his mates.

For four hours were we toiling through this unbroken belt of forest, and then emerged upon a little opening, with its scattered oaks, lake, log-houses, and clearing; where a short halt was absolutely necessary for the four horses which formed our team. Much precious time was, however, wasted here from the loss of a package of bedding from the tail of our waggon, in search of which a man had to ride back many miles into the forest.

We now got on five miles further to the Calemeck Creek, where we had another halt, and a feud, arising from one of the party wishing to remain here all night, rather than commence at that period of the day, the passage of a tract which we were told would be upwards of thirty miles of most dreary road along the southern margin of Lake Michigan, without the possibility of shelter.

But it is time to introduce you to the dramatis personæ.

Our long and narrow vehicle was furnished with four seats, one behind the other. The first was occupied by the driver, a good-natured young man, whose capacity in the guidance of his four steeds over stump and logs was no way inferior to those of his craft, characterized in former letters. By his side sat a heavy Pennsylvanian farmer, on a land-hunting expedition; a man of few words and apparently few ideas, for the

only speech of his which is on record, was uttered about noon on the second day's journey, when he suddenly asked, 'Does cattle in this country die o' the morran, sir?' and he was instantly set a musing for the rest of the journey by the answer, 'No!' which was promptly returned by his neighbour.

On the second bench sat, with a fine noble greyhound at their feet, an original couple, man and wife; of whom I knew nothing till the morning of this day, which you will find is likely to be a long one.

We had noticed that the husband was a hale, upright old man, probably upwards of seventy, and the wife like most American wives of her class, very retiring and silent. Now and then, as we rolled swiftly and noiselessly along, over a level piece of prairie, I had distinguished the voice of the man, uttering divers shrewd, and even original sentences; interlarded by an abundance of profane oaths. But, as before observed, we had not as yet come sufficiently in contact to know much about him, the more so as in Major W. an officer of the staff of the United States' Army, who sat on the third bench, (while that in the rear was occupied by Pourtales and myself,) we had the society of a most accomplished and gentlemanly man, with regard to whom we had only one regret, that our intercourse was so brief. His neighbour was an original in his way also; a back-settler, as good-natured as it is possible for a man to be, but a bore in every sense of the word. His name I cannot record, but he went among us by the sobriquet of 'Snipe,' from

the peculiar form of his nose, and the manner in which he would push it forward into every conversation. He was on his way to Chicago, to be present at the impending Treaty, with a view to prefer certain claims to the Government Commissioner for the loss of hogs, which, doubtless, the wolves had eaten; but which, no matter, the Indians might be made to pay for.

Captain John Cook, (such we found was the 'given-name' and patronymic of the male occupant of the second bench,) a New-Yorker, and moreover a Revolutionary hero, became an object of attention at the termination of the Ten Mile Wood, when he came prominently forward as the proprietor of the lost bedding; and we were sorry to find that he was principally distinguished for the extreme intemperance, bitterness, and profanity, with which his language, otherwise both shrewd and witty, was spiced. Though the loss of time was a serious matter to us under the circumstances, yet it may be conceived that we yielded with a good grace to the necessity, and waited patiently till his baggage had been recovered. Little thanks, however, we got for it. At the Calemeck, it was determined by the majority in opposition to his opinion, that we ought to proceed, as the weather, though threatening, was not bad, and might be worse.—And forward we went.

The approach to the shores of the great Lake was first notified by the rising sandy hillocks covered with white oak and pine. By degrees these were

surmounted, and we arrived at the back of the huge white, bare, sand-hills, which, rising abruptly to the height of two hundred feet with a breadth of a mile and upwards, hem in the wide sweeping waste of waters, and form the line of division between the strand and the fertile country further inland: they present a striking spectacle. One by one, as our strength gave us advantage, our party descended from them to the beach, and it was long before the waggon followed with the aged couple. Two or three other pedestrians had come forward with us from the Calemeck.

The aspect of the broad expanse of the lake swelling to the horizon, and for hundreds of miles beyond, was sublime, but it was hardly beautiful. A narrow band of sand, with a few trees, stretching away from us to the east and west, and a shore strewed with huge trunks of trees and the wrecks of boats and vessels bleached with wind and wave, formed the sandscape. All vegetation appeared choked by the fine white sand, swept up from the deeps, and gradually driving back the waters by its rise and accumulation.

The total absence of harbours round this southern extremity of the lake, has caused the wreck of many a vessel, as the action of a storm from the northward upon such a wide expanse of fresh waters is tremendous; and from the great height and violence of the surf which then thunders in upon the base of the sand hills—and the utter solitude of this coast, lives are seldom if ever saved.

From the nature of the soil no regular road can ever be constructed. After a storm, when the waves have beat the strand, and made it compact and firm, a light carriage may travel with ease, but as we found it, nothing could have been more fatiguing both for the poor horses and ourselves; and it was soon seen that long before we could reach a human habitation we should be benighted.

Hour succeeded hour, and we seemed to be making no progress, as we crawled along in the shallow edge of the waters where the sand was hardest. The evening was calm, and the clear waters of the lake rippled to our feet in short waves. A band of splendidly illuminated clouds appeared rising from the water line to the northward, growing brighter and brighter till sun set, when, as the twilight thickened, and they grew faint, a bright stream of lightning flickered along the horizon to the N. and N.E. The deep blue shade of the rising thunder clouds settled down deeper and deeper upon the surface of the lake below them, as night drew on. Then came a spectacle such as we shall probably never see again. About eight o'clock, as we crawled along the yielding sand, high towering masses of cloud, piled one upon another far into the heavens, were seen reared over the lake, while the level horizon of the latter was indicated in the thickening gloom by the blood-red lightening which shot momentarily at the base. On the other hand the crescent of a sickly moon was struggling with broken layers of dark clouds.

Suddenly a broad luminous arch appeared rising like magic from the northward towards the zenith, spanning the thunder clouds, and drawing after it a number of quivering and shifting perpendicular rays through which the great northern constellations gleamed, now faint, then bright. It was the Aurora Borealis, and there it continued to hang, alternately shifting its streamers from east to west, and from west to east, while the reflection of its flickering light moved duskily in accordance with it from one side of the liquid mirror to another.

But there was one element of this mingled scene of beauty and sublimity, which soon got the ascendancy; and after half an hour's pause, during which we owned we had never seen a spectacle of such a peculiar character, both light and shade were confounded in the quick broad glare of the nearer tempest, as bursting over the water, it sailed slowly with its veil of mist across the heavens to the eastward. A second echoing storm which almost instantly followed, moved further to the south; and involving us for an hour in its insufferable glare, deluged us with rain. Three others followed, with half an hour's interval between each, and when at eleven o'clock the last went off reverberating among the sand-hills to the eastward, leaving the sky comparatively clear, twinkling with stars and still traversed by a few fading rays of the Aurora borealis, —our coachman, whose good humour nothing had broken, told us that further advance was utterly impossible. We had of course

walked the greater part of the time since we passed the Calemeck, and it was said we were still fifteen miles from the nearest human habitation. However, we might as well walk on, as lie on the wet sand; and Pourtales, Snipe, a Canadian, and myself, started forward.

I have had, as you know, my share of walking, rough and smooth; but such a march I am by no means desirous of repeating. The even beach, which we had hitherto taken advantage of, by walking within the water-line, was now at an end, and as we proceeded we had to choose between a band of deep soft sand on the higher part of the shore or a steep bank of minute pebbles heaped up many feet in thickness close to the water; advance upon either of which in the darkness, was accompanied by an expenditure of strength quite out of proportion with the progress which our most desperate efforts could effect.

However, to move forward was the only alternative. Towards the close of the first hour after midnight our little band had become scattered, from the difference of strength and perseverance; when, plunging doggedly forward wrapt up in my own thoughts, and only bent on reaching a human habitation, whence aid might be sent to the party;—a slight noise made me halt, lift up my eyes, and it was with a degree of surprise which you may imagine, that I found myself standing close to a blanketted figure of a painted Pottawattomie Indian, leading a horse. His surprise seemed equal to mine. We stared at each

other for an instant, uttered one monosyllabic salutation, and passed;—half a mile back he stumbled upon Pourtales and the Canadian, who, in spite of his being as deaf as a post, struck a bargain with him for his nag; and they shortly after passed me, both mounted on the back of the hardy little animal. Many long and fatiguing miles still remained, but I scrambled on in silence, and in about two hours after, gained the cluster of log-cabins where my comrade had some time preceded me, and was laudably engaged in attempting to prevail upon the inmates to give us some food. Bread and whiskey, with a few potatoes, were all that could be obtained, and that not without a world of persuasion and trouble; and thus refreshed, we laid down on the floor, and tried to get a little rest; not however before we had dispatched the Indian back to our laggards with some corn for the horses, and bread and whiskey for our fellow-passengers. Every square foot of flooring in both huts was crowded with occupants.

It was some time after day break, when, though awake, having shut my ears pertinaciously for a while to the continued talking around, and been trampled on by divers passengers from one corner of the hut to another, I was reminded by a hearty kick, that it was advisable to rise, and see how matters were going on.

The waggon had just arrived, having got forward no one could tell how.

Captain John Cook was holding forth to a crowd of about a dozen stragglers apparently convened together, to discuss some subject of importance, but which we had not the leisure, at first, to pay attention to. He had consoled himself for the mischances of the night by repeated drams, and now was just in that state when the strings of both the tongue and of reason seem to be endued with uncommon elasticity. His earnestness rose higher and higher, and his gesticulations became more and more violent;—and about the time that the horses were put to the waggon, and we were preparing to proceed, our curiosity was sufficiently excited to make us attentive to what was going on. Imagine our astonishment, when we found that we ourselves were the subject of his declamation. A dislike, which he seems to have conceived to us as Europeans, from the very first moment we had taken quiet possession of the rearward seat of the vehicle, had been gathering strength day by day. It had been incited from the circumstance, of our not having been aware of the fall of his bedding from the tail of the waggon; and this hidden combustion had been fanned by his discovery at the Calemeck, that though foreigners, and, as he judged, Britishers,—we had gained the good-will and respect of the driver and the other passengers. To us he ascribed his defeat in attempting to detain the party at that place, and consequently the disaster and fatigue of the ensuing night,—though we surely had suffered more than himself and his good helpmate, who had all along kept their seats in the waggon, and had been

as well protected as circumstances admitted of. The rain had acted, like water upon quick-lime, upon his mixture of old prejudices, self-love, offended dignity, and dislike; and after the morning draughts of whiskey the smouldering flame burst into the air. We found him engaged addressing the people around with inconceivable gravity, with a rigmarole of matter; partly descriptive, so far as it related to the Revolutionary war—his own achievements therein—the bloody battles he had seen in his youth, especially that of Long Island; partly didactic, insomuch as it embodied dissertations upon the superexcellence of the free government of America, over that of all other countries; and partly pathetic, in so far as he made many appeals to the good sense and patriotism of those around, that they would not suffer themselves to be cheated of their privileges, by two strangers who were come to establish foreign despotism among them. This, mixed up with all kinds of digressions such as democratic politicians are wont to indulge in, when combined with the real wit, angry feeling, and tipsy volubility of the tall, lank, old man, his immoveable earnestness and the mysterious tone of his feeble voice, as he enforced his discourse upon the attention of all, ourselves included, flourishing a dram-glass in his hand,—was ludicrous enough. Finding that he was pulling out more stops, to wit, the trumpet, cornet, and sesquialtra,—efforts were made by the bystanders to get him to mount into the waggon, but for some time without success. We not only took it in good part, and

without reply, as every one appeared inclined to do, but I may truly say it would have been with the best inclination to enjoy the exhibition, had it not been for his poor wife, who showed by her continual mute endeavours to bring him to order, how much ashamed she was of the conduct of her mate, and for our kind acquaintance Major W. whose vexation, at the same time that it was unnecessary, was that which every gentleman would have felt in like circumstances.

The man was old, drunk, and angry; what better excuse could have been made for him. His surprise at meeting with no sympathy from the by-standers seemed without bounds; and with the conviction that we must have thrown a spell over them also, he took his seat on the carriage. The Major, Mrs. Cook, Snipe, and many of the by-standers all tried to persuade him to be quiet; but silence could not be imposed on him. When we set off, in spite of the jolting, he would continue declaiming, and as all he said was repeated at least twenty times during the ensuing hour, my memory has preserved a specimen. You will remember our relative positions. 'Is it to be borne,' said Captain Cook, striving to rise and stand up in the waggon, and gesticulating violently. 'Is it to be borne that they should rule all things—that they should come here to nullify our glorious Revolution—to change our sentimental ideas of revolutionary principles. Is it'—Here a jolt, combined with his wife's incessant pulling at his coat-skirts, brought him rudely down on

his seat. 'Is it thus,' continued he, after bending down, and throwing a fierce look into the recesses of the funnel-shaped bonnet which shaded the lineaments of his better half—'that they think to come and teach us ideas of liberty? They talk of their pompous kings and princes, and lords and governments—but we are the true *libertines*. They think to rule and govern us—we'll fight them, from a cannon to a darning-needle—we'll teach them to know the difference between the Pope and Tom Bell—we'll curtail their pomposity!' After this close, which was the ordinary manner in which he concluded a long sentence, he commonly slurred round on his seat, and glancing between Snipe and the Major, cast upon us a look of indescribably ludicrous menace, much to our entertainment. To his wife, whose attempts to quiet him were unceasing, he returned most bitter language—accusing her of being 'an old Tory from her youth, and born in New Brunswick, where they eat nothing but stewed buckskin inexpressibles and Irish potatoes!' On Snipe, who good-naturedly interfered, he bestowed a torrent of abuse. The Major and the driver had in vain tried to bring him to reason. At length, the patience of the latter was worn out; he suddenly drew up, and turning round, addressed the pugnacious old soldier as follows:—

'Mister Cook,—you may be Captain, and revolutionary Hero, or what you will, but I'll have done with this. What have those gentlemen done to you or your's—when have they given you a wrong word

that they should have this abuse? If they are Englishmen, they have been civil and obliging, and kept good-humoured all the road, and done as others, and shown no airs; and as long as they do that, they deserve to travel in peace and quiet, and not have such a wicked foul-mouthed old fellow let loose upon them; and that they shall do. And so if you cannot hold your tongue, you'll get down and walk; and I'd have seen you out in no time long ago, were it not for your good wife there.'

This decided speech and demeanour in our conductor, backed by a strong and indignant remonstrance from the Major, and the twitchings of his wife, had some effect. Still for a few miles he continued in an under tone to maunder and declaim, and then stoop down and peep into his wife's bonnet; while now and then a few words of pathetic import about 'the sentimental ideas of revolutionary principles' would be borne aft, and a chuckle about 'curtailing our pomposity!' followed by a sudden turn and a comic glance of wrath and indignation upon us. With this single exception, and that only remembered for its ludicrous character—far and long as we travelled in the United States, no word of insult or bravado was ever addressed to me as an Englishman. It is only recorded for your amusement, and in consideration of the picture being unique.

From my personal observation, I should say that the prevailing spirit in America towards England was far from hostile, and that there was every dispo-

sition to welcome and return that kindness of feeling and mutual confidence and respect, which should grow up between us. You have only to look to facts instead of listening to the silly vapouring of the newspapers or reviews. I should opine that this has always existed, and that in spite of all the dislike and jealousy professed by Americans, in times which we trust are gone by, for their mother country; of the ridicule they have received in retaliation; and despite the real or affected preference which it was the fashion to profess for the French—for why? because France, to suit her own purposes, at the commencement of their revolution, chose to sympathize with America, and take part with her against England, and because certain of her generous-hearted sons came and shared in their struggle. The latter might be true champions of liberty,—but what was there in the government of Louis to make them believe that he loved America because he loved liberty. And richly France earned her deserts for this false-hearted interference. She too would make herself free, and snatched the cup from the hand of her ally—but the draught which had been a strengthening one to the men who shared English blood—English prudence—English principle, and English common sense—was too strong for the volatile Gaul. America, too, might have learned, at a later period, if she had not been too proud, what was the value of French friendship, and how much real affinity there was between them and the French as a nation. But from her quondam ally

she bore cool insult after insult—greater than any she had suffered from the parent country, and yet would claim affinity with France, and speak as if they had community of views and feelings. It would be doing the people of the United States injustice to believe them. What have they or would they have in common with France, to graft upon their national character,—French genius, versatility, taste in the luxuries and elegances of life? If they can get them without getting more it will be well. Would they have French volatility,—flippancy,—sensuality and impiety—the subserviency to ridicule—scornful disregard of God's law—open contempt for social and moral order—profligacy—or inbred impatience of rule and just government? Let them look to England for some signs of the insane desire to amalgamate with and copy France,—an infatuation which will not confine itself to mere passion for change in political questions and arrangements, but will show its baneful operation in the whole mass of society—in the bosom of our families, and in the conduct and principles of our children.

When within five miles of Chicago, we came to the first Indian encampment. Five thousand Indians were said to be collected round this little upstart village, for the prosecution of the Treaty by which they were to cede their lands in Michigan and Illinois, and of this you shall hear more in my next.

## LETTER XI.

I HAVE been in many odd assemblages of my species, but in few, if any, of an equally singular character as with that in the midst of which we spent a week at Chicago.

This little mushroom town is situated upon the verge of a perfectly level tract of country, for the greater part consisting of open prairie lands, at a point where a small river whose sources interlock in the wet season with those of the Illinois, enters Lake Michigan. It however forms no harbour, and vessels must anchor in the open lake, which spreads to the horizon to the north and east, in a sheet of unbroken extent.

The river, after approaching nearly at right angles, to within a few hundred yards of the lake, makes a short turn, and runs to the southward parallel to the beach. Fort Dearborn and the light-house, are placed at the angle thus formed. The former is a small stockaded enclosure with two block-houses, and is garrisoned by two companies of infantry. It had been nearly abandoned till the late Indian war on the frontier made its occupation necessary. The

upstart village lies chiefly on the right bank of the river above the fort. When the proposed steamboat communication between Chicago and the St. Joseph's river, which lies forty miles distant across the lake, is put into execution, the journey to Detroit may be effected in three days, whereas we had been upwards of six on the road.

We found the village on our arrival crowded to excess, and we procured with great difficulty a small apartment; comfortless, and noisy from its close proximity to others, but quite as good as we could have hoped for.

The Pottawattomies were encamped on all sides,—on the wide level prairie beyond the scattered village, beneath the shelter of the low woods which chequered them, on the side of the small river, or to the leeward of the sand hills near the beach of the lake. They consisted of three principal tribes with certain adjuncts from smaller tribes. The main divisions are, the Pottawattomies of the Prairie and those of the Forest, and these are subdivided into distinct villages under their several chiefs.

The General Government of the United States, in pursuance of the scheme of removing the whole Indian population westward of the Mississippi, had empowered certain gentlemen to frame a Treaty with these tribes, to settle the terms upon which the cession of their Reservations in these States should be made.

A preliminary council had been held with the

chiefs some days before our arrival. The principal Commissioner had opened it, as we learnt, by stating, that, 'as their Great Father in Washington had heard that they wished to sell their land, he had sent Commissioners to treat with them.' The Indians promptly answered by their organ, 'that their Great Father in Washington must have seen a bad bird which had told him a lie, for that far from wishing to sell their land, they wished to keep it.' The Commissioner, nothing daunted, replied: 'that nevertheless, as they had come together for a Council, they must take the matter into consideration.' He then explained to them promptly the wishes and intentions of their Great Father, and asked their opinion thereon. Thus pressed, they looked at the sky, saw a few wandering clouds, and straightway adjourned *sine die*, as the weather is not clear enough for so solemn a council.

However, as the Treaty had been opened, provision was supplied to them by regular rations; and the same night they had had great rejoicings,—danced the war-dance, and kept the eyes and ears of all open by running howling about the village.

Such was the state of affairs on our arrival. Companies of old warriors might be seen sitting smoking under every bush; arguing, palavering, or 'pow-wowing,' with great earnestness; but there seemed no possibility of bringing them to another Council in a hurry.

Meanwhile the village and its occupants presented a most motley scene.

The fort contained within its palisades by far the most enlightened residents, in the little knot of officers attached to the slender garrison. The quarters here consequently were too confined to afford place of residence for the Government Commissioners, for whom and a crowd of dependents, a temporary set of plank huts were erected on the north side of the river. To the latter gentlemen we, as the only idle lookers on, were indebted for much friendly attention; and in the frank and hospitable treatment we received from the inhabitants of Fort Dearborn, we had a foretaste of that which we subsequently met with everywhere under like circumstances, during our autumnal wanderings over the Frontier. The officers of the United States Army have perhaps less opportunities of becoming refined than those of the Navy. They are often, from the moment of their receiving commissions, after the termination of their Cadetship at West Point, and at an age when good society is of the utmost consequence to the young and ardent, exiled for long years to the posts on the Northern or Western frontier, far removed from cultivated female society, and in daily contact with the refuse of the human race. And this is their misfortune—not their fault;—but wherever we have met with them, and been thrown as strangers upon their good offices, we have found them the same good friends and good company.

But I was going to give you an inventory of the

contents of Chicago, when the recollection of the warm-hearted intercourse we had enjoyed with many fine fellows whom probably we shall neither see nor hear of again, drew me aside.

Next in rank to the Officers and Commissioners, may be noticed certain store-keepers and merchants resident here; looking either to the influx of new settlers establishing themselves in the neighbourhood, or those passing yet farther to the westward, for custom and profit; not to forget the chance of extraordinary occasions like the present. Add to these a doctor or two, two or three lawyers, a land-agent, and five or six hotel-keepers. These may be considered as stationary, and proprietors of the half a hundred clap-board houses around you.

Then for the birds of passage, exclusive of the Pottawattomies, of whom more anon—and emigrants and land-speculators as numerous as the sand. You will find horse-dealers, and horse-stealers,—rogues of every description, white, black, brown, and red—half-breeds, quarter-breeds, and men of no breed at all;—dealers in pigs, poultry, and potatoes;—men pursuing Indian claims, some for tracts of land, others, like our friend Snipe, for pigs which the wolves had eaten;—creditors of the tribes, or of particular Indians, who know that they have no chance of getting their money, if they do not get it from the Government agents;—sharpers of every degree; pedlars, grog-sellers; Indian agents and Indian traders of every description, and Contractors to supply the

Pottawattomies with food. The little village was in an uproar from morning to night, and from night to morning; for, during the hours of darkness, when the housed portion of the population of Chicago strove to obtain repose in the crowded plank edifices of the village, the Indians howled, sang, wept, yelled, and whooped in their various encampments. With all this, the whites seemed to me to be more pagan than the red men.

You will have understood, that the large body of Indians, collected in the vicinity, consisted not merely of chiefs and warriors, but that in fact the greater part of the whole tribe were present. For where the warrior was invited to feast at the expense of Government, the squaw took care to accompany him;—and where the squaw went, the children or pappooses, the ponies, and the innumerable dogs followed;—and here they all were living merrily at the cost of the Government.

The features of the Pottawattomies are generally broad and coarse; their heads large, and their limbs fuller than the Osages. Among their warriors you rarely see one with the head shaved, retaining nothing but the scalp-lock. On the contrary, they wear it bushy and long, frequently plaited into long tails, sometimes hanging back in the nape of the neck, and at others over the face in front. Their sculls are remarkably flat behind.

Of their dress, made up as it is of a thousand varieties of apparel, but little general idea can be

given. There is nothing among them that can be called a national costume. That has apparently long been done away with, or at least so far cloaked under their European ornaments, blankets, and finery, as to be scarcely distinguishable. Each seemed to clothe him or herself as best suited their individual means or taste. Those who possessed the means, were generally attired in the most fantastic manner, and the most gaudy colours. A blanket and breech-cloth was possessed with a very few exceptions by the poorest among the males. Most added leggings, more or less ornamented, made of blue, scarlet, green, or brown broad-cloth; and surcoats of every colour and every material; together with rich sashes, and gaudy shawl or handkerchief-turbans.

All these diverse articles of clothing, with the embroidered petticoats and shawls of the richer squaws and the complicated head-dress, were covered with innumerable trinkets of all descriptions, thin plates of silver, beads, mirrors, and embroidery. On their faces, the black and vermillion paint was disposed a thousand ways, more or less fanciful and horrible. Comparatively speaking, the women were seldom seen gaily drest, and dandyism seemed to be more particularly the prerogative of the males, many of whom spent hours at the morning toilet. I remember seeing one old fool, who, lacking other means of adornment and distinction, had chalked the whole of his face and bare limbs white.

All, with very few exceptions, seemed sunk into the lowest state of degradation, though some mis-

sionary efforts have been made among them also, by the American Societies. The Pottawattomie language is emphatic; but we had no means of becoming acquainted with its distinctive character, or learning to what class of Indian tongues it belonged.

All was bustle and tumult, especially at the hour set apart for the distribution of the rations.

Many were the scenes which here presented themselves, pourtraying the habits of both the red men and the demi-civilized beings around them. The interior of the village was one chaos of mud, rubbish, and confusion. Frame and clapboard houses were springing up daily under the active axes and hammers of the speculators, and piles of lumber announced the preparation for yet other edifices of an equally light character. Races occurred frequently on a piece of level sward without the village, on which temporary booths afforded the motley multitude the means of 'stimulating;' and betting and gambling were the order of the day. Within the vile two-storied barrack, which, dignified as usual by the title of Hotel, afforded us quarters, all was in a state of most appalling confusion, filth, and racket. The public table was such a scene of confusion, that we avoided it from necessity. The French landlord was a sporting character, and every thing was left to chance, who, in the shape of a fat housekeeper, fumed and toiled round the premises from morning to night.

Within, there was neither peace nor comfort, and we

spent much of our time in the open air. A visit to the gentlemen at the fort, a morning's grouse-shooting, or a gallop on the broad surface of the prairie, filled up the intervals in our perturbed attempts at reading or writing in doors, while awaiting the progress of the treaty.

I loved to stroll out towards sun-set across the river, and gaze upon the level horizon, stretching to the north-west over the surface of the Prairie, dotted with innumerable objects far and near. Not far from the river lay many groups of tents constructed of coarse canvass, blankets, and mats, and surmounted by poles, supporting meat, mocassins, and rags. Their vicinity was always enlivened by various painted Indian figures, dressed in the most gaudy attire. The interior of the hovels generally displayed a confined area, perhaps covered with a few half-rotten mats or shavings, upon which men, women, children, and baggage were heaped pell-mell.

Far and wide the grassy Prairie teemed with figures; warriors mounted or on foot, squaws, and horses. Here a race between three or four Indian ponies, each carrying a double rider, whooping and yelling like fiends. There a solitary horseman with a long spear, turbaned like an Arab, scouring along at full speed;—groups of hobbled horses; Indian dogs and children, or a grave conclave of grey chiefs seated on the grass in consultation.

It was amusing to wind silently from group to group —here noting the raised knife, the sudden drunken

brawl, quashed by the good-natured and even playful interference of the neighbours; there a party breaking up their encampment, and falling with their little train of loaded ponies, and wolfish dogs, into the deep black narrow trail running to the north. You peep into a wig-wam, and see a domestic feud; the chief sitting in dogged silence on the mat, while the women, of which there were commonly two or three in every dwelling, and who appeared every evening even more elevated with the fumes of whiskey than the males, read him a lecture. From another tent a constant voice of wrangling and weeping would proceed, when suddenly an offended fair one would draw the mat aside, and taking a youth standing without by the hand, lead him apart, and sitting down on the grass, set up the most indescribable whine as she told her grief. Then forward comes an Indian, staggering with his chum from a debauch; he is met by his squaw, with her child dangling in a fold of her blanket behind, and the sobbing and weeping which accompanies her whining appeal to him, as she hangs to his hand, would melt your heart, if you did not see that she was quite as tipsy as himself.

Here sitting apart and solitary, an Indian expends the exuberance of his intoxicated spirits in the most ludicrous singing and gesticulation; and there squat a circle of unruly topers indulging themselves in the most unphilosophic and excessive peals of laughter.

It is a grievous thing that Government is not strong-handed enough to put a stop to the shameful and

scandalous sale of whiskey to these poor miserable wretches. But here lie casks of it for sale under the very eye of the Commissioners, met together for purposes, which demand that sobriety should be maintained, were it only that no one should be able to lay at their door an accusation of unfair dealing, and of having taken advantage of the helpless Indian in a bargain, whereby the people of the United States were to be so greatly the gainers. And such was the state of things day by day. However anxious I and others might be to exculpate the United States Government from the charge of cold and selfish policy toward the remnant of the Indian tribes, and from that of resorting to unworthy and diabolical means in attaining possession of their lands,—as long as it can be said with truth, that drunkenness was not guarded against, and that the means were furnished at the very time of the Treaty, and under the very nose of the Commissioners,—how can it be expected but a stigma will attend every transaction of this kind. The sin may lie at the door of the individuals more immediately in contact with them; but for the character of the people as a nation, it should be guarded against, beyond a possibility of transgression. Who will believe that any act, however formally executed by the chiefs, is valid, as long as it is known that whiskey was one of the parties to the Treaty.

'But how sped the Treaty?' you will ask.

Day after day passed. It was in vain that the

signal-gun from the fort gave notice of an assemblage of chiefs at the council fire. Reasons were always found for its delay. One day an influential chief was not in the way; another, the sky looked cloudy, and the Indian never performs any important business except the sky be clear. At length, on the 21st of September, the Pottawattomies resolved to meet the Commissioners. We were politely invited to be present.

The Council-fire was lighted under a spacious open shed on the green meadow, on the opposite side of the river from that on which the Fort stood. From the difficulty of getting all together, it was late in the afternoon when they assembled. There might be twenty or thirty chiefs present, seated at the lower end of the enclosure; while the Commissioners, Interpreters, &c. were at the upper. The palaver was opened by the principal Commissioner. He requested to know why he and his colleagues were called to the council? An old warrior arose, and in short sentences, generally of five syllables, delivered with a monotonous intonation, and rapid utterance, gave answer. His gesticulation was appropriate, but rather violent. Rice, the half-breed Interpreter, explained the signification from time to time to the audience; and it was seen that the old chief, who had got his lesson, answered one question by proposing another, the sum and substance of his oration being—'that the assembled chiefs wished to know what was the object of their Great Father at Washington in calling his Red Children together at Chicago!'.

This was amusing enough after the full explanation given a week before at the opening session; and, particularly when it was recollected that they had feasted sumptuously during the interval at the expense of their Great Father, was not making very encouraging progress. A young chief rose and spoke vehemently to the same purpose. Hereupon the Commissioner made them a forcible Jacksonian discourse, wherein a good deal which was a-kin to threat, was mingled with exhortations not to play with their Great Father, but to come to an early determination, whether they would or would not sell and exchange their territory: and this done, the council was dissolved. One or two tipsy old chiefs raised an occasional disturbance, else matters were conducted with due gravity.

The relative positions of the Commissioner and the whites before the Council-fire, and that of the Red Children of the Forest and Prairie, were to me strikingly impressive. The glorious light of the setting sun streaming in under the low roof of the Council-House, fell full on the countenances of the former as they faced the West—while the pale light of the East, hardly lighted up the dark and painted lineaments of the poor Indians, whose souls evidently clave to their birth-right in that quarter. Even though convinced of the necessity of their removal, my heart bled for them in their desolation and decline. Ignorant and degraded as they may have been in their original state, their degradation is now ten-fold, after

years of intercourse with the whites; and their speedy disappearance from the earth appears as certain as though it were already sealed and accomplished.

Your own reflection will lead you to form the conclusion, and it will be a just one,—that even if he had the will, the power would be wanting, for the Indian to keep his territory; and that the business of arranging the terms of an Indian Treaty, whatever it might have been two hundred years ago, while the Indian tribes had not, as now, thrown aside the rude but vigorous intellectual character which distinguished many among them, now lies chiefly between the various traders, agents, creditors, and half-breeds of the tribes, on whom custom and necessity have made the degraded chiefs dependant, and the Government Agents. When the former have seen matters so far arranged that their self-interest, and various schemes and claims are likely to be fulfilled and allowed t their hearts' content,—the silent acquiescence of the Indian follows of course; and till this is the case, the Treaty can never be amicably effected. In fine, before we quitted Chicago on the 25th, three or four days later, the Treaty with the Pottawattomies was concluded,—the Commissioners putting their hands, and the assembled chiefs their paws to the same.

By it, an apparently advantageous 'swop' was made for both parties;—the main conditions of which, if the information we received was correct, were,—that the Indians should remove from the territory they now occupied, within three years time—being con-

veyed at Government expense across the Mississippi, and over the State of Missouri, to the western boundary of the latter, where five millions of acres of rich and fine land were to be set apart for them;—and that they were to be supported for one year after their arrival in their new possession. Moreover, the Government bound itself to pay them over and above, a million of dollars; part of this sum being set aside for the payment of the debts of the tribe—part for a permanent school-fund—and part for agricultural purposes, presents, and so forth.

## LETTER XII.

To give an account of our journey forward, over the fertile but thinly inhabited prairies of Illinois, to the river of that name, and subsequently to St. Louis on the Mississippi, is hardly worth the while, as one day was pretty much like the other, and all were without adventure. Our vehicle was a light four-wheeled carriage;—and we travelled generally over that excellent road afforded by the hard, even, unbroken sod.

The season had been marked by the ravages of the autumnal scourge of the rich and teeming West, the fever and ague; and every cottage was full of ghastly faces and emaciated forms.

I feel an impulse, though it comes rather late, to give you some further and more detailed account of that most remarkable feature of the Western world, the Prairies. There are districts both in South America and in Asia, the Pampas and the Steppes, to which they have been compared, but perhaps without sufficient reason. In Europe I am not aware of any part of the surface assuming the same form, and exhibiting the same phenomena. Of the class of

scenery most likely to suggest comparison, they can neither be assimilated to our moors of the north, with their swells and heavy dark mantle of peat and ling,—nor to the grassy and thyme-scented downs of the south. They do not resemble the wide levels of France, the high lands of Spain, or the rich plains of Italy;—as, setting aside the immense extent of surface over which they are spread, their configuration and features are totally different, and probably their origin also.

Some hold that the whole of the vast region over which they extend was once submerged, and there is much to be said in support of this theory. They appear, however, under various forms, and from observation I should divide them into three great divisions: the 'oak-openings;'—the rich level or rolling Prairie interspersed with belts and points of timber;—and the vast sterile Prairies of the Far West.

And first the 'oak-openings;' so termed from their distinctive feature of the varieties of oak which are seen scattered over them, interspersed at times with pine, black walnut, and other forest trees, which spring from a rich vegetable soil, generally adapted to the purposes of agriculture. The land is ordinarily dry and rolling. The trees are of medium growth, and rise from a grassy turf seldom encumbered with brushwood, but not unfrequently broken by jungles of rich and gaudy flowering plants, and of dwarf sumac. Among the 'oak-openings' you find some of the most lovely landscapes of the West, and travel for miles

and miles through varied park scenery of natural growth, with all the diversity of gently swelling hill and dale—here, trees grouped, or standing single—and there, arranged in long avenues as though by human hands, with slips of open meadow between. Sometimes the openings are interspersed with numerous clear lakes, and with this addition become enchantingly beautiful. But few of these reservoirs have any apparent inlet and outlet. They are fed by subterraneous springs or the rains, and lose their surplus waters by evaporation. Many lie in singularly formed hollows, reflecting in their clear bosoms the varied scenery of the swelling banks, and the alternation of wood and meadow. Michigan and Illinois abound with these 'oak-openings.' Beyond the Mississippi they also occur; but there they hardly form a distinct feature, while on this side they would appear to form a transition from the dense American forest to the wider 'rolling prairie,' which further west ordinarily bounds the thick forest without any such character of country intervening.

The rich 'rolling Prairie,' which would form the second division, presents other features, and in a great degree another vegetation. These Prairies abound with the thickest and most luxuriant belts of forest, or as they are called 'timbers;' appearing interspersed over the open face of the country in bands or patches of every possible form and size; sometimes chequering the landscape at short intervals, and at other times

miles and miles apart. They present wide and slightly undulating tracts of great richness of soil, covered with a garden of the rankest herbage and flowers—many ridges and hollows filled with purple thistles—ponds covered with aquatic plants; and in Missouri, I always observed that these 'rolling prairies' occupied the higher portions of the country, the descent to the forested bottoms being invariably over steep and stony declivities. The depth and richness of the soil on these lands is almost incredible, and the edges of the bands of forest are consequently a favourite haunt of the emigrant settler and backwoodsman. The game is usually abundant. Over this class of Prairie the fire commonly passes in the autumn, and to this cause alone the open state of the country is ascribed by many; as, whenever a few years elapse without the conflagration touching a district, the thick sown seeds of the slumbering forest, with which the rich vegetable mould seems to be laden, spring up from the green sod of the country. The surface is first covered with brush-wood composed of sumac, hazel, wild cherry, and oak; and if the fire be still kept out, other forest trees follow.

From these we pass to the vast boundless Prairies of the Far West—such as we skirted beyond Fort Gibson, unbroken, save by the forest rising on the alluvion of some river shore below their level, or by the skirts of knotted and harsh oak-wood of stunted growth—thick without luxuriance, such as the Cross

Timbers of disagreeable memory. These Prairies seem to occupy the highest parts of the table land towards the sources of the great rivers and their tributaries. Here the soil is poor in the extreme, and charged with iron and salt; the water is scarce and bad, and the grass far from luxuriant. They abound with abrupt and peculiarly shaped flinty hills, swelling up from the general level—great salt plains—rock salt—and occasionally with isolated rocks rising from the surface, with steep perpendicular sides, as though cut by the hand of man, standing alone in the midst of the desert, a wonder to the Indian and the trapper.

The outline of these Prairies is grand and majestic in the extreme. They are rarely perfectly level. As you advance, one immense sea of grass swells to the horizon after another, unbroken for leagues by rock or tree. They are the home of the Bison, and the hunting ground of the unfettered Indian of the north and west.

I admire the Prairies of every class, with all their seeming monotony; and am often tempted to muse over them and their peculiar features, and the cheerful days we spent upon their vast surface.

Our route through the State of Illinois led us to Ottawa, a small village at the junction of the two principal streams which form the Illinois river—thence to Peoria, and southward by way of the town of Springfield and a country rapidly filling with settlers, to Edwardsville and St. Louis.

Many respectable emigrant families from England have lately taken up their abode, and established themselves as farmers in this part of the West. Upon such I cannot but look with sorrowful interest.

Of all emigrants, the Englishman experiences the most difficulty in settling down in a new country, and making up his mind to yield to circumstances. Whatever may have been his previous position, or his previous language, he comes in general with his mind hampered by prejudice in favour of the customs and habits of his own country; and deeming customary gratifications as absolute necessaries of life. He has not the buoyant elasticity and gaiety of the Frenchman. He has not been subjected to kicks and cuffs like the German; he has not the careless hilarity of the Irishman, and wants the patient endurance and pliancy of the Scotchman.

These latter classes of settlers, even if they should have formed false views of the country, are still able to bend to circumstances, and make the most of what is frequently a bad bargain.

Here comes a ship load of Irish. They land upon the wharfs of New York in rags and open-knee'd breeches, with their raw looks and bare necks; they flourish their cudgels, throw up their torn hats and cry,—'hurrah for Gineral Jackson!' They get drunk and kick up a row;—lend their forces to any passing disturbance, and make early acquaintance with the interior of the lock-ups. From New York they go in swarms to the canals, rail-roads, and public works,

where they perform the labour which the Americans are not inclined to do: now and then they get up a fight among themselves in the style of the ould Ireland, and perhaps kill one another, expressing great indignation and surprise when they find that they must answer for it, though they are in a free country. By degrees, the more thrifty get and keep money, and diving deeper into the continent, purchase lands; while the intemperate and irreclaimable vanish from the surface. The Americans complain, and justly, of the disorderly population which Ireland throws into the bosom of the Union, but there are many reasons why they should be borne with. They, with the poor Germans, do the work which without them could hardly be done. Though the fathers may be irreclaimable, the children become good citizens,—and there is no finer race in the world both for powers of mind and body than the Irish, when favoured by education and under proper control. In one thing the emigrant Irish of every class distinguish themselves above the people of other nations, and that is in the love and kindly feeling which they cherish towards their native land, and towards those whom they have left behind; a fact proved by the large sums which are yearly transmitted from them to the mother country, in aid of their poverty-stricken relatives.

The Scotchman is the Scotchman all the world over, and always excepting perhaps in the Eastern States, where his 'cuteness' and prudence is met by yet greater, he is sure to make his way with credit.

He bends to the storm and gradually overcomes the difficulties of his position, however great. The Germans and the French both prosper in America. The few of our Gallic neighbours who of late years have been numbered among the emigrants to the United States have been equally national in their heated expectations, and the facility with which they have yielded to any modification or annihilation of them, which experience has shown necessary. We met somewhere on the Mississippi with a *petit bon homme* and his wife, who had been lured out of some snug gossipping village in Tourraine, if I mistake not, to come over to Kentucky with a project of setting up a *café* and *restaurant*, in a place, where, as they might see by the map, four roads met, and where they were told, that the diligences always halted. It is so easy to enter into their little whirl of hopes and expectations, and to conceive their utter dismay at finding, after a voyage and journey of many thousand miles, the promised Utopia of the last six months turned into a cross road cut through a dense forest many miles from the nearest squatter. And there they were, on the banks of the Mississippi, standing guard over their little pile of trunks full of napkins, liqueur glasses, coffee cups, curagoa, *annisette*, and '*parfait amour*,' with looks of infinite sang froid and gaiety; and long e'er this they have doubtless found a nest, and a comfortable one, in some corner of the wide world of the West.

But in honest John Bull there is no such pliancy. He may talk of philosophy, but, commonly speaking,

he knows nothing about it but the name; and many a buffet and many a vexation which others avoid by stooping, he is sure to get; and this observation applies almost as much to the poorest English emigrant as to the man of a higher class;—from the good Yorkshire-woman whom I found in Pennsylvania, whither her love for her master and mistress had led her to repair, who complained that she 'could not abide America—where the frogs gulped like Dawson's bull, and where there were spiders as big as a platter'—to Mr. V. who with higher expectations and greater refinement, thought to cultivate a thousand acres in the West, as he had cultivated his Bedfordshire farm.

While I rejoice to see facilities afforded to the emigration of the teeming thousands of the lower classes from these islands, because I think that in this case the change offers to their children a reasonable prospect of a change for the better; in general, I am far from being a friend to the emigration of families, or of men past the term of youth, from the middle ranks of society; and though no one will deny, but that step may in certain cases be both advisable, and perhaps imperative, yet I am convinced that few gain in the aggregate what they seek—greater ease of body and mind, and a rise in the scale. Depend upon it, there are hundreds and thousands toiling under the sky of the West, who, if they had shewed equal diligence and equal perseverance in England, would never have had to forsake their native land. This I believe may be stated as a truth with regard to

the agriculturists, and with far greater application to those who wish to pursue the professions. It is not to be denied that a man may get bread with more facility, but bread alone will not yield happiness. It is true, you see men of talent and superior minds in Britain toiling day after day, week after week, and year after year, apparently merely to procure for themselves the bare food, shelter, and clothing, which in the New World are attained by thousands with seemingly but little exertion. But are these all that their abode in England ensures to them? As long as a man can support himself and his family, in his own country, even though it be with toil of body and mind, he should be counselled to remain there, resting assured that he has comforts, enjoyments, and advantages in the opposite scale, which will more than repay him for his anxiety and labour.

As to that class of emigrants whose minds are sufficiently oblique to lead them to think that in quitting Britain they are leaving a land of tyranny and oppression, the sooner they go the better—as has been well said, their country's greatest fault is, that she has bred and nurtured such ungrateful fools!

But no one will deny, that at the present day, in the actual state of the professions, the depreciation of the agricultural interest, &c. a man of education, reflection, and sober mind may find himself and his family so circumstanced, that emigration appears the door opened to him by the finger of God. Such an one will feel beforehand that the mere acqui-

sition of bread will never make up to him that which he loses and forsakes. Next to forming a just estimate of what he purposes to leave behind, it is important that he should entertain a sound judgment of what he has in prospect. Both one and the other are duties of no ordinary difficulty, seeing we never know the value of what we possess, till we are no longer in possession; and there is that in the very impulse of expectation, which inclines us to throw a false but favourable colouring over our estimate of the future. How few land in America with minds prepared for the change! How few terminate the first day after landing without a long and bitter hour of unavailing regret! Their passage to the very strand of their native land had been smoothed by the comforts of their home;—their feelings had been soothed to the moment of separation; and the last objects they saw were the waving handkerchiefs and affectionate eyes of those whom they had loved and lived with. Here, on the threshold of their new adoption, for the first time they feel that they are alone. No one comes to welcome or to aid. Though their own language still sounds in their ears, its accents are cold; every eye among the thousands that meet their sight, is that of a stranger—no one welcomes, no one aids. Then the false expectations with which they have been buoyed up give way, and they seem to have made an exchange for the worse.

How it may be in Canada, I do not know, but it is a singular truth, that in the majority of cases where

the English emigrant brings capital, he either loses it, or rarely succeeds in reaping the advantage which might be supposed consequent upon the possession. Nor is this confined to the English, but to many of the inhabitants of the more settled States themselves, when emigrating to new lands, in the South and West. The men who prosper in the back settlements are those who labour with their own hands, and in the rude manner which experience has shown to be the most suited to the climate and character of the country;—those who have neither the prejudices of refined education, or of a style of farming under perfectly different circumstances, to contend with, nor the means to attempt their introduction. A thousand vexations and disappointments await him who carries into the backwoods the science of a Norfolk agriculturist, and the means at command of there essaying its application. No; if your friend goes to America with the idea of fixing his family in either Canada or the Western States, let him do as others have done before him, and as all must do who would succeed. Let him not burden himself with farming implements—all that are necessary can be procured in the Atlantic States. Let him leave his family in the latter, or in Lower Canada, and having formed an opinion of the State and the part of the country where he would wish his future purchase to be made; keeping out of the hands of land-jobbers and speculators, he should go forward for a couple of months alone. Instead of repairing to the land-office established on unoccupied lands for the sale, and, looking over the

surveys, marking for himself a tract that may appear favourably situated on the shores of this or that river, let him turn backwoodsman for a while, doff his superfine clothes, and don the buckskin,—carry with him his rifle, a light axe and a knife, and with a single companion scout the country for a fortnight, examining the unoccupied lands or even the occupied ones, many of which may be bought from the backwoodsman. He will in that time be able to form a judgment for himself, and make up his mind as to the eligibility of a situation;—he may have followed the water-courses;—have remarked what facilities are afforded for the erection of mills or for the exportation of produce to the markets far or near;—have selected a proper situation for his future dwelling, and by a little unwonted exposure, hard fare, and the insight thus given into the habits of the country, have nerved himself to the trial which awaits him and his.

Let him beware how he disturbs the squatter, however unauthorized by law, in his possession of the land he occupies. If he can come to a fair bargain with him for the improvement he has wrought in the wilderness, well and good. In many parts of the West, and in Illinois, I believe, among the rest, a law, called the Preemption Law, has been passed for the protection of such as have been occupants of the soil even without title, prior to a certain date. A squatter who had possession of a tract before that time, is permitted to put in his claim to purchase the same, and thus make it his own for ever, at the very lowest

Government price, in preference to the higher bidders. But many squatters, whose date of occupation is posterior to the passing of the Act, are not protected by its provisions: you may overbid them and get possession. But it is unadvisable to do so; for many of the sellers have banded together to sustain what they call Club-law; by which any man who has seated himself upon unoccupied land, and brought it into cultivation, is allowed by common consent, to buy it when it comes into the market, at the lowest price—no one taking advantage of him, however the State law might bear the bidder out in so doing. If any one does, he is considered a rogue, and probably his 'bid' is instantly followed by a beating; while if he persist, and through the law obtain possession, persecution without end drives him from it, and forces his relinquishment of the tract in question. Many strangers not understanding this, have found themselves most unpleasantly situated.

In the choice of a tract for purchase, the emigrant should look upon the salubrity of the situation rather than the richness of the soil.

Having finally fixed upon the future inheritance of his children, we will suppose him to bring them out in the spring, which is the best season, as far as health and comfort are concerned; and will allow him plenty of time to provide the necessary accommodations for food and shelter before the winter; and we will suppose that before the trees lose their leaves, a comfortable family house of logs or clapboard,

with the necessary out-buildings, fencing, furniture, and a few acres of maize and potatoes, of which the produce may be already housed, show that the first year has not been unemployed. The second, more land is brought into cultivation, an orchard and garden are planted, and his stock of cattle and hogs increase. Animal wants are easily supplied, and a yearly increasing surplus is carried to the distant market.

A third follows: the recollection of past exposure to unwonted hardship from the want of comfortable habitations, change of food and habits, may not be forgotten, and the new position found to be reconcilable with a degree of happiness. The tenth year may see the log-habitation supplanted by a substantial brick or stone mansion; and a capital, husbanded with care, and till now laid aside for a day when its useful appropriation and expenditure is no longer to be considered as speculation, adds to his comforts, and enables the emigrant to do what he is called to do for his family, and with satisfaction to himself. Yet I look upon every countryman whom I find talking of home in these countries with commiseration and interest.

Who shall paint the feelings of many an English father and mother during these long ten years, while struggling with difficulties? Will they think of their forsaken country without home-sickness? Will they see all that charm with which their imagination painted new scenes and new climes, disappear, without heart-ache? A thousand things will grate upon their feelings; the cold competition with strangers,—harsh-

ness of character in their neighbours,—the absence of natural friends,—the long periods that must elapse before a question and answer pass between distant relatives! Who dare predict years without disaster, sickness, death?—how embittered by the absence of those who alone would and could sympathize! And as their children grow up, how will they grieve over their restricted means of education and of religious instruction. How they will miss the harmony of sweet sounds that fills the air on a Sabbath morn in their own land, and the exchange of their own calm, sober rule of faith and practice, for the occasional excitement of a religious assemblage, without order or community of feeling.

Every one, whose periods of education, youth, and early manhood, were spent within the bounds of Britain, must, if he has a heart, experience that his feelings and prejudices are on the side of the land of his fathers. Some may see the shores of their native land fade from behind them with indifference; some in anger, and many in shame—but with none of these will a good man have community of feeling. Multitudes part from her with unfeigned grief and sorrow, averring that if they were alone in the world, they would never have turned their back on their birthright, however for their children's sake they may have done so; and such will reflect upon the country of their birth, and the scenes of earlier days, with an affection which neither time nor circumstances will impair. God alone knows whether for their children's sake also, they had not done better and more wisely to remain where His Providence had planted them.

## LETTER XIII.

My last letter was supposed to bring us safely, for the second time, to St. Louis; and before I continue my relation of our autumnal rambles, I will fulfil a promise, by giving you some sketch of this city, and of the points of interest in its neighbourhood.

You are aware of the early settlement of this part of the West by the French. While the first English colonists in Virginia and New England remained, for many years subsequent to their entry into the country, pent up within their narrow boundaries along the Atlantic, and engaged in constant quarrels with the natives,—their French rivals to the northward, of more mercurial and more pliant habits, were seen adventuring their persons in small parties, or even as single individuals, over the whole valley of the St. Lawrence, and the shores of its vast Lakes; visiting one remote tribe of Indians after another, and, by manners admirably suited to the end in view—conciliating all. They penetrated to the Great River of the West, ascended it to the Falls of St. Anthony; and traced the courses of the Ohio, the Arkansas, and other tributaries.

Wherever the Indian was found, or could lead, there, pressed by avarice, ambition, or religious zeal, the Frenchman would follow. He accommodated himself to the circumstances of his savage companions, easily learned the science of the Forest and of the River, and was cheerful and contented under all privations.

The great richness and prodigal luxuriance of the country, both above and below the junction of the Mississippi and the Missouri, seems to have struck the French with wonder, and many colonies of an earlier foundation than some of the oldest cities of the East were straightway planned and settled by emigrants from Canada. The vicinity of the American Bottom opposite St. Louis, in particular, saw many of these little settlements rise on its inexhaustible soil. The villages of Notre Dame de Kaskaskia, Cahokia, Prairie de Rocher, St. Philippe, Fort Chartres, and others sprung up in the wilderness. Many of the original names given to situations and hamlets, still speak the straits and privations to which the early adventurers and settlers were exposed, such were *Creve Cœur*, so named by the gallant La Salle; *Vide Poche*, now Carondelet, and *Pain Court*, now St. Louis.

The communication between these remote settlements and the parent colony in Canada was necessarily difficult and irregular, and that with New Orleans, accompanied with much labour and peril. The only mode of procuring merchandize for the Indian traffic in furs, or the supplies for the town,

was necessarily, up to a very recent period, confined to keel-boats, which started early in the spring on their voyage of more than thirteen hundred miles, and returned in the fall of the year. The return against the powerful current was the labour of months, frequently entailing a continuance of violent manual exertion for many days when the wind did not favour the ascent. The boats were then either poled up the shallows; or dragged forward, yard by yard, by means of ropes fixed to the shores, and shifted according as the boat attained the point aimed at.

To the dangers resulting from snags and drift wood, grounding, and attacks from the hostile Indians, yet another was added from the river-robbers—the scum of the white population, who, banding together under a common chief, waylaid the returning boats, and attempted their capture by both decoy and violence. Such a band existed not fifty years ago near Cotton Wood Creek, under two chiefs, Culbert and Magilbray, whose murders and robberies struck terror into the inhabitants of the colonies. The owners of the various barges were at length obliged to furnish themselves with swivels and other arms, and make the annual voyage in company, and the passage was finally opened by the defeat and dispersion of that band.

Since this part of the continent became subject to the flag of the United States, the city of St. Louis, overrun by the speculative New Englanders, has begun to spread over a large extent of ground on the bank of the river, and promises to become one of the most flourishing

cities of the West. A new town has in fact sprung up by the side of the old one, with long well-built streets and handsome rows of warehouses, constructed of excellent grey limestone, quarried on the spot. The inhabitants, of French extraction, are however still numerous, both in their part of the town and in the neighbouring villages; and it is amusing to a European to step aside from the hurry and bustle of the upper streets, full of pale scheming faces, depressed brows, and busy fingers, to the quiet quarters of the lower division, where many a characteristic sight and sound may be observed. Who can peep into the odd little coffee-houses with their homely billiard-tables—see those cosy balconies and settees,—mark the prominent nose, rosy cheek, and the contented air and civil demeanour of the males, and the intelligent eye and gossipping tongue of the females—listen to the sound of the fiddle, or perchance the jingle of a harpsichord, or spinnet, from the window of the wealthier *Habitant*, crisp and sharp like a box of crickets,—without thinking of scenes in the provinces of the mother country. Apropos, I must not forget to mention that though we did not see our quondam retainer Tonish, whom I trust you have not forgotten, we heard enough of him from a gentleman who had been on the spring expedition with our good friend the Commissioner. He had survived the winter in doors,—had recovered his spirits, volubility, and effrontery as spring advanced, and had sent for his son to be his aide-de-camp during the ensuing expedition; and our in-

formant assured us that he and 'young hopeful,' contrived to slip the lies, which were of daily production, from one to another, with such dexterity that it was seldom that either father or son could be fairly caught and exposed.

I have more than once named that proverbially fertile plain, stretching along the eastern banks of the Mississippi for nearly eighty miles, above and below St. Louis, and called the 'American Bottom.' Its average breadth is about five miles, and it is bounded to the eastward by a continuous line of steep bluffs, which, probably, at some distant period of time formed the eastern bank of the river. A rich alluvial soil of twenty or thirty feet in perpendicular depth is covered with a succession of open grass-lands or prairie, and with bands of forest which for stately growth and the variety of its timber, is hardly to be matched in any part of the West. Here all the fruit-trees of the valley are seen in their greatest perfection; and wherever the soil has been brought into cultivation, the crops have exhibited a rank luxuriance without example. On some portions near the old French settlements, a yearly crop of maize has been raised for a hundred years and upwards, without any signs of impoverishment in the soil.

This extensive level, with that upon the opposite side of the Mississippi, a few miles higher up, through which the Missouri flows previous to its junction with the former, and which is bounded by a similar line of

bluffs, showing in common with those on the American Bottom the action of water,—have been considered as having at a remote period formed the bed of an extensive lake, through which the two great rivers flowed on their course towards the Gulf: and there are appearances in the present bed of the Mississippi, a little below the mouth of the Kaskaskia river, of the former existence of a chain of rocks completely across the stream, forming a barrier over which it may be supposed that the waters of the Mississippi antiently precipitated themselves in a range of stupendous falls. A huge circular mass of rock, called the Grand Tower, apparently channelled from top to bottom by the friction of the waters for ages, still at this day interposes an impediment to the free passage of the broad stream. If these falls ever existed, the truth of the surmise of the plains above alluded to having once been a lake, would be apparent. That many ages, however, must have elapsed since it was drained, in consequence of the disappearance of this supposed barrier, is proved by the vast depth of vegetable mould on the American Bottom, as well as by the antiquity of the monuments rising from its bosom.

Unfortunately, the continuous level is against the proper drainage of the tract just named, and this, combining with the immense body of vegetable matter in decay in the fall of the year, renders the whole of this district extremely unhealthy. Man is evidently intended to eat his bread in the sweat of his brow, and where nature seems to provide it for him with-

out labour, there sickness and distress of body and mind are in store for him.

Yet it is not merely the astonishing fertility, the gigantic sycamores and grape-vines, the spicewood, the pawpaws and peccan-nuts, the groves of wild plum and crab of this district, or the game with which the surface abounds, that allure the passing stranger to cross the Mississippi to wander over its surface;—the Indian Mounds, those inexplicable monuments of the former existence of a people whose name and age are blanks in the world's history, are found scattered over its surface in greater number and size, than, perhaps, on any other part of the West of the same area.

I have remarked elsewhere what constant subjects of interest they were to my companions and myself in former tours; and I took frequent advantage of a tv ofold detention at St. Louis in the course of the autumn, and particularly of that at the close of November, to cross the river repeatedly, and wander among them. Were I to indulge in the sentimental, I might say, that the very season was propitious to the search after them, and gave rise to feelings which harmonized with the reflections they suggested. The whole face of the country was marked with the finger of decay, and spoke of past strength and beauty. The tall wiry grass on the open prairie was dead. The air was perfumed by the smell of decayed vegetation. All the leaves had fallen from the trees, and the brown pods of the red-bud were seen ranged in long rows under the boughs. The blood-red leaves

of the sumac were all on the ground. A few straggling plants of the solidago and aster tribes, drowned in moisture, here and there still reared their heads, but all the beauty of both field and forest had passed. The sounds which broke on the ear, as you dragged your way through the deep roads in the forest, were limited in number, and rude in tone. A few blue jays still lingered, screaming at intervals around the naked boughs, and the tap of the grey-woodpecker jarred through the forest. The only beings which seemed to consider the season created for them, and who enjoyed it accordingly, were the porkers, numbers of whom might be observed on every side, with a ridge of horrent bristles on the spine, grunting with satisfaction, and routing among the dead leaves for the inexhaustible mast and nuts. The wind, too, whistled mournfully amid the trees, and rustled among the dry leaves and stalks of Indian corn on the patches of cultivated ground or on the borders of the creeks. A thin red haze filled the air, through which the bluffs loomed at a distance of a deep purple, and the Mounds appeared dilated to a far greater size than they lay claim to in reality.

If you have read any works on America, you will have been made attentive to these extensive remains—the sole antiquities of this part of the world;—as, ever since their existence has become generally known, with the fact, that the Indian tribes of our day, apparently declining in number at the very time of the discovery of the continent, were themselves seated on a

soil whose ancient monuments attested its prior possession by a more numerous and more civilized race, they became a favourite theme for the speculation of the theorist and the traveller. A thousand conjectures have been set afloat as to the race and degree of civilization of their authors, the epoch of their existence, the reasons for their utter extinction and the lost record of their history.

That they were a very numerous people, having attained to an imperfect degree of civilization, superior nevertheless to that of the tribes scattered over the continent in the present age, may be conceded and agreed to on all hands. This is attested by the innumerable traces of ancient towns and villages—the large extent of lands evidently once under cultivation—and other extraordinary monuments of their social state scattered over the valley of the Mississippi, such as mounds or tumuli, cemeteries, fortifications, and reservoirs. The number, and the great dimensions of many of these works might well cause surprise, yet at the same time the degree of civilization necessary for their construction has probably always been falsely estimated.

These monuments are scattered over a vast extent of country. To the northward you find them on the Mississippi, as high as Prairie de Chien. There are none, if we were rightly informed, about the Falls of St. Anthony, and it is doubtful if they exist north or east of the Great Lakes; but they are found on their southern shores. There are but dubious and scattered

traces of them either in New England, or in the States east of the Alleghany, with the exception of the western parts of the State of New York, till you get as far southward as Georgia and Florida, where they abound. The main seat of this lost people appears to have been in the central parts of the valley of the Mississippi, where the number and magnitude of their antiquities are the greatest; and westward, traces of them have been noticed to the very foot of the Rocky Mountains, and even Lewis and Clarke mention monuments of a similar description beyond that chain.

How far the whole can be justly attributed to the production of the same people and the same age it is very difficult to say. The symmetrical mounds of the Southern States, their roads, cause-ways, avenues, and plantations of oak, and the artificial ponds connected with them, would appear to be the work of a people distinct from those whose remains are found in Ohio and the neighbouring countries;—but I am neither going to advance theories of my own nor write an essay upon those of others, and therefore offer no speculation on this head. I would, with regard to the general degree of civilization of these races, merely observe, that despite the great extent of many of their fortifications and the regular plans observed in their formation,—their being constructed merely of the superficial earth heaped up to certain heights without ditches, in accordance to a certain ground plan, in the form of walls, ramparts, watch-mounds, &c.—the rare occurrence of stone-work even of the rudest kind in

their edifices,—the comparative insignificance and rudeness of the implements and ornaments discovered in the tumuli—all militate against the idea of a people advanced much beyond the present races in civilisation; and it is even to be questioned whether the Natchez and other superior tribes fast disappearing from the South, at the time when the early Spanish and French settlements were made, were not as far advanced as a social body, as those who erected the monuments in question.

The most remarkable among the regular fortifications which we personally inspected, was that near Newark, in the centre of Ohio. This partly consists of two circular ramparts, the inner being at present about thirty feet above the level of the country, enclosing a wide area, and about a mile in circuit. The apertures or gateways in both are perfectly distinct. The whole work is covered by the tall and stately forest, the growth of centuries; a line of works connect the circular fort thus formed, with a square of similar construction about two miles off. Many other tokens of a forgotten age have been discovered in the neighbourhood, and among the rest many hundred wells, of various depths.

Like almost all the coeval monuments in this country, the walls were constructed merely of superficial earth, the tribes which raised them having rarely shown the wit to procure their materials and double the height of their defences, by the construction of a ditch.

The fortifications at Newark, with those on Point

Creek, those on the Muskingum near Marietta, and again a cluster at Circleville, of all of which full descriptions have been repeatedly published, are among the most regular and singular hitherto discovered.[1] As was observed above, stone was rarely employed in the construction of walls, and was then rudely heaped together without cement or mortar. Yet in Missouri, and in one or two of the adjoining states, stone erections have been found in which a certain degree of regularity has been detected; and when you consider what a small part of this immense country has been fully explored, it is not improbable that many more may be discovered. I was informed by a gentleman in Tennessee of the existence of a singular and antique stone fort on the summit of a mountain in Franklin county, Alabama, near Little Bear Creek, a tributary of Tennessee river, but have never read any notice of it. He stated that it was much damaged by the earthquakes of 1811-12.

The traces of large towns are frequently to be met with, some of which would really seem, if the published reports may be credited, to have been of vast extent, great regularity of plan, and originally composed of permanent habitations. When at Little Rock, we were strongly urged to visit an unexplored city, said to lie on the banks of Red River to the north-west of Alexandria, which is known in that remote country by the name of the Old Town. This we were seriously

[1] Bock's Gazetteer of Illinois and Missouri.

assured might be traced by embankments and ruins over an area twenty-three miles long by four broad! Our informant stated that he should judge the cemetery to be a mile square! So much appears to be certain, from a general view of the discoveries up to the present time, that a vast population was once harboured throughout the fertile West; that to a certain degree the inhabitants cultivated the ground and lived together in large numbers, surrounding their towns and villages and frequently their cultivated grounds also with defences consisting of embankments and palisades, as the tribes in Florida did at the time of the invasion of Ferdinand de Soto.

I have just alluded to the larger and more extensive works in point of plan, to introduce the subject of the Indian Mounds, which, from their peculiarity of position, and their frequency, and the immense labour and time which must have been consumed in the erection of some of their number, have been the subject of so many discussions. The regularity of plan, and the manifest end to be obtained by the former class of works, set the question at rest as to their being the work of human hands. But not so with the Mounds sprinkled over the country, many of which, to the present hour, are contested to be the production of nature. I have somewhere admitted that my own belief in their artificial construction had been staggered by the observation made during our western tours, upon the singular chain of elevations that might be observed, beginning with those which were evidently artificial,

and ascending to those about whose natural formation, however unaccountable, there existed no shadow of doubt. Dimension is nothing, for you find natural hillocks, which for size you might well judge at first sight to have been raised by the hand of man, and again, mounds incontestibly artificial which emulate hills in height, and in the gigantic solidity of the mass.

Time and observation, however, gives a facility to draw the distinction between the two classes. The artificial Mounds are found of all sizes and figures, circular, square, oblong, and elliptical—from a few yards to ninety feet in perpendicular height. Some flat, others conical at the summit. Sometimes they appear in groups, either arranged after an evidently general plan, or without symmetry either of size or position; at others perfectly isolated. They are far more widely dispersed over the country than the other rude monuments, with whose age they seem to be coeval in erection, from their being frequently combined in the plan of the regular fortifications. We met with them on the shores of Lake Michigan, and on the islands on the coast of Florida, almost invariably on rich plains, or in the bosom of noble forests: here in large numbers of precisely similar form on the Prairies, forming apparently the graves of millions—and there, rising singly like a rude pyramid on the edge of some shadowy creek. It is probable that some were built as tombs, others as watch-towers or for defence, and perhaps the larger class as rude temples. Most of those tumuli which have

been opened have been found to contain human bones, coarse pottery, rude weapons, or ornaments. But none of the larger have hitherto undergone scrutiny.

There is an artificial Mound situated forty miles west of Chicago, which measures four hundred and fifty yards in length, by seventy-five in breadth—and sixty feet in perpendicular height. Its form is elliptical, with a flat top. This, with one on Grave Creek, near Wheeling, in Western Virginia, and that which I shall presently describe, are accounted the three largest hitherto discovered in the United States.

But to return to the neighbourhood of St. Louis. To the north of the town, lies a remarkable group of Mounds; the most remote and the largest of which, of an elliptical form, commands a wide extent of country towards the junction of the Mississippi and Missouri, and seems to have been evidently intended for a look-out.

To any one coming up the river from New Orleans, its size would be a subject of wonder, and yet it dwindles into insignificance in comparison with the Big Mound on the Cahokia, to which I have intended to lead you.

You have hardly crossed the river to the American Bottom, and emerged from the shelter of the belt of forest bordering the shore, before the vicinity and number of the Mounds, rising like gigantic hay-cocks from the level of the prairie, strikes the eye. Seventy may be counted on either side of the Edwardsville road, within seven miles of the city, apparently scattered

over the country without much attention to order or regularity. They are all covered to the summit with coarse prairie-grass or bushes.

After riding for about four miles over the sod of the Prairie, we reached the principal group, consisting of sixteen or eighteen, occupying an extensive area to the south and west of the Cahokia creek, on the edge of which rises the principal Mound. Standing before it, it required all the credulity I was able to muster, to persuade myself that the immense mass before me—with its slopes waving with grass and brushwood, and gullied by the rains—allowing sufficient area for a small farm with the necessary tenements—and with sides clothed by the tall forest—could be the work of human hands.

How many years, how many hands would suffice for the erection of such a mass!—when also, it is evident, that the whole of the materials, and those composing the others in the neighbourhood, were collected from the surface or brought from a distance. I looked to the neighbouring bluffs, upon whose outline lay mounds, which for regularity of form and size, would seem to argue that they were the work of the same hands, but which I knew from their structure, were nature's handiwork, and would have gladly persuaded myself that this was of their class. But it is of no use to doubt the fact. The Big Mound on the Cahokia, large as it is, is the work of man, and of that we became convinced beyond all doubt, by an hour's careful and jealous inspection. Its position with others on a wide

level plain of alluvial formation, its uniformity of soil throughout, wherever exposed—its regularity of figure, which is that of a parallelogram, lying north and south, with a broad apron to the southward, and a second, yet lower, further in advance—and its evident connection with the other mounds in the vicinity, all confirm the fact, though no tradition informs us who was its architect, or for what purpose it was erected.

The circumference of the base is stated to be six hundred yards, and its perpendicular height, after the rains of centuries have wasted it, about ninety feet.

Some of the nearer Mounds are of very considerable dimensions, and on one of them a number of refugee Monks of the order of La Trappe, found a retreat for some years during the troubles in their native land. They cultivated the apron or step of the Big Mound, as their kitchen-garden, and set themselves down in the solitude of the Prairie, to the silent observance of their severe monastic rule, among these everlasting monuments of a departed race. They have, however, long ago quitted their temporary retreat. From them, the principal eminence has since often been termed, the Monks' Mound.

## LETTER XIV.

THE season was now so far advanced upon our arrival at St. Louis, that less determined wanderers than ourselves would have rather bent their projects and their steps southward, than further to the north.

Yet, upon finding so many impediments in the way of our gaining the Upper Lakes on our arrival at Detroit, as related in a former letter, we had conceived the wish to ascend to the Falls of St. Anthony, on the Upper Mississippi, computed to lie about eight hundred miles above St. Louis.

Here, having determined to venture the attempt, we halted a few days, partly to make the necessary arrangements and purchases for our expedition, and partly to await the arrival of a comrade to whom we had given rendezvous.

Mr. M'Euen eventually joined us on the 6th of October, and the next day we set off to the northward. The waters of the Mississippi were very low, and as difficulty was anticipated in an ascent over the De Moyen Rapids to Galena, we resolved to proceed thus far by land, and therefore retraced our steps for three days through Illinois, to Peoria on the Illinois River.

Peoria is situated at the foot of an expansion of the river, forming a lake twenty miles long, by one and a half in breadth. It ranks among the earliest French settlements in the country; but while in every direction large towns of recent foundation spring up, Peoria remains a wretched and ruinous collection of habitations. A spell seems to rest on these early settlements of the French.

From Peoria to Galena the road leads over vast prairies, as yet very rarely broken by cultivation. This line of country was in a great measure the scene of the preceding year's Indian War with the Sauks and Foxes, and most of the white settlers had been compelled to abandon their habitations for a while, or to defend themselves within palisadoed enclosures, while they kept their active and crafty foe at bay with the rifle. Of course the accommodation afforded throughout was of the most homely description. The farm houses generally lay on the edge of some rich piece of forested land, on the margin of one of the numerous creeks or rivers, and were usually built in the southern style, as elsewhere described, namely, two square log-apartments divided by a covered passage, while the kitchen premises lay without. The upper loft was almost always unfinished; and the floors covered with rough planks hewn by the axe. The furniture was necessarily scanty, comprising besides the beds in the corners, a table, a few stools or a bench, a chest or two containing the family clothing, and a shelf with a few papers and books. A few bottles of powerful medi-

cine hung on one nail, and on another the trusty skin-pouch and powder horn, and a charger made of an alligator's tooth. One or two rifles were always to be seen in a dry corner. In these crowded apartments we were frequently obliged to stow ourselves away at night pell-mell with the family, much to the surprise of M'Euen, whose long period of European travel had prevented his visiting the back settlements of his native country at an earlier period, and many a laughable night scene we witnessed. You may imagine a crowded area of twelve or fourteen feet square, furnishing the bed-chamber of as many people. In the corners the travellers were allowed to stow themselves away enveloped in their clothes and blanket-coats on the low plank erections which might pass for bedsteads. The floor at one end would be occupied by the driver, the squatter, and another, side by side under the same rug spread before the fire, and at the other extremity a huge flock sack, laid upon the planks, served as the family bed. The mother and eldest daughter would lie down on it at opposite ends, so that each other's feet and head would be in contact, were it not for the little children, whom, to the number of three or four, we have seen stowed in, as M'Euen, said, 'like mortar between the stones,' to keep all tight. Poor people! many of them had not recovered the consequences of their flight, and the ravage of their dwellings by the Indians, and had further suffered greatly from the unhealthiness of the past season. That extreme liability to fever and ague, which is

the lot of all the settlers in these abundant regions, under circumstances when medical advice is frequently unattainable, is perhaps the greatest trial which the settler of the West has to endure. No part of the rich fertile lands, whether forested, or open prairie, is exempt from the disease, and the settlers on the summits of the high bluffs, which in some parts of the course of the Mississippi rise from its shores, are even more exposed to its ravages than those on a level with the stream. The helplessness of the settlers under these circumstances lays them open to the trickery and cajoling of innumerable quacks, who, under the name of fever and steam-doctors, travel through the country with their vile medicines, and ruin the health of many a poor invalid for life. One of these quacks was reported while we were in the Mining country, to have steamed a patient to death in the short period of fourteen minutes, and had consequently found some difficulty in escaping from the rage of the neighbours. The Regulators might be of use here.

I am convinced, however, that a little more care in the choice of a plot of ground for an habitation, attention to drainage, raising the floor a few feet from the earth, less exposure to the morning and evening dews, and warmer clothing, would be productive of far better health in the settlers.

On the fourth day of our journey north, when we were between Rock River and Apple Creek, we travelled over the scenes of early Indian devasta-

tion and ravage on the outbreak of the late Indian war.

The ordinary route lay lower down the country, nearer the Mississippi, but on account of the swollen state of the numerous streams, we were obliged to follow a trail, keeping the ridge of the elevated country, and traversing a region which we thought unrivalled by any thing we had previously seen for the magnificence of its park scenery. The views both east and west occasionally ranged over a vast extent of country sprinkled with forest trees, now in all the glory of their autumnal foliage.

It was difficult to believe that those cruel scenes of Indian warfare, which we have all shuddered at in childhood, had been but a few months ago acted on the very path which we now trod;—that the war-whoop,—that demoniacal yell, which once heard is never forgotten, had sounded shrilly among those thickets, and that here the tomahawk and scalping-knife had been busy. Yet here were signs enough—here stood the tree where the Indian Agent had fallen under the knives of the Indian scouts—there we passed over the rude and neglected graves, scooped in the tangled forest, of the patrol who had been waylaid and murdered. Here lay, thick and impervious to the eye from without, situated on the crest of the hills, and commanding a view of matchless extent, the Round Grove, where the wily savage had fixed the ambush, that fell with such effect upon the ill-disciplined array which was at first opposed to his progress. Then there was the

tenantless farm, with its tall palisadoes broken and marked with balls; or the more regular stockade, to whose protection the scattered inhabitants had fled in disorder at the rumour of the coming peril.

The greatest difficulty exists in keeping the different Indian tribes in amicable league with the government, from squabbling among themselves and murdering each other—and this will hardly be effected, as long as Indian blood remains what it is. The old, grey-headed warrior sings of his past deeds—shows his scalps—wears his war eagle feathers—and dances his war dance: and the young man is despised by the squaws and by himself till he have earned the title of a 'brave.' No wonder then that every opportunity is taken to quarrel and scalp one another.

Some years ago, the Sauks and Foxes surprised a young Menominie at the mouth of the Ouisconsin, near Prairie de Chien. They scalped him, and paraded his head on a pole. In retaliation, a party of Chiefs of the former tribes, coming up the Mississippi to treat with the Commander at the Prairie, were way-laid by a war-party of the Menominies and cut off. In the summer of 1831, a number of the latter encamped round a large tree on the bank of the same river, a single mile above the Fort of Prairie de Chien. The Sauks and Foxes stole into the vicinity and watched patiently till a night of debauch had disabled the males, and when their arms had been secreted, according to custom, by

their own squaws—and just before dawn, when the sleep of intoxication was the heaviest, they stole on them, and in a few minutes had massacred and scalped twenty-seven men, women, and children, escaping before anything was known at the Fort. The refusal of the tribes to give up these murderers, it is said, brought on the misunderstanding which led to the war of the following spring.

The Sauks and Foxes, like the other Indian tribes, had formerly possessed lands on the eastern bank of the Mississippi, but had ceded them by treaty and had been removed to the West.

In May 1832, with what precise purpose it is difficult to say, the old chief, Black Hawk, and a portion of his tribe, contrary to the provisions of the treaty, crossed the Mississippi, and began to ascend Rock River, which had formerly belonged to them. They were computed at seven hundred warriors. The Indians all along have insisted that their original intent was not hostile; that they had no desire to injure the whites, but were determined, if attacked by them, to fight; and there is a strong presumption that this was the fact, as they had their squaws and children with them. Though pinched by hunger, they passed through the farms without depredation, till the militia having been called together, two of the Indians were killed, and then the tribes raised the war-whoop, and for a while carried all before them. Once begun, the war was waged in true Indian style, and murder and mas-

sacre spread on all sides. The panic throughout the frontier was without bounds. The militia collected together were routed on the very ground we are passing over; and it was not till a body of regular troops was brought forward that a serious check was given to them. It is believed that that check was timely, as it prevented the Winnebagoes and Pottawattomies from joining their red brethren;—indeed, many of the scalps brought into the Indian camp were taken by warriors of the former tribe. When attacked at the Ouisconsin in July, the poor misguided Indians seemed to have dwindled down to three hundred warriors. After a long pursuit through an almost inaccessible part of the country, the regular troops, about four hundred strong, with nine hundred militia, got upon the trail of the principal party at the close of that month, and on the second of August came up with the shattered remnants of their force on the Mississippi, while attempting the passage near the mouth of the Bad Axe River, where an indiscriminate massacre of men, women and children was perpetrated.

We found it a moral impossibility, while on the very scene of these late events, to get two honest men to concur in the same account of any given event during this period of excitement. The feud between the State militia and the military; and the jealousy of the citizen towards the soldier were partly reasons. For the rest, a history,—believe me, a true and unvarnished one, of the war in question, would be a chronicle of shame to many among the former; and as

long as the atrocities which were committed are winked at by the government, a degree of odium must rest with the whole people among whom they are suffered to go unpunished.

The cruelty of many of the militia towards the poor Indian when once in their power, was only to be matched by the fear which they showed at meeting their enemy. Some say that cowardice can hardly be laid to their charge, for any one among them would fight any neighbour to the death who offended him; while whole detachments fled at the sound of a solitary war-whoop;—and yet, there were those among them who could with difficulty be prevented from killing the squaws and children when defenceless, and with whom scalp-taking was a subject of pride.

It is perhaps not easy to imagine the feelings of that man, who, returning to his home from a distance, finds the fire on his hearth quenched by the blood of his unoffending wife and children, and counts on the floor the mangled bodies of every member of his family. No one will wonder that that sight would almost sting human nature to madness, and that, to any but a real Christian, vengeance would almost seem a duty as well as a natural impulse;—and you could almost sympathize with that man as he follows the trail of his cruel enemy, and sates his passion in their destruction. The indiscriminate, unsparing, and ruthless manner in which Indian rage is vented alike on the guilty and the innocent, demands that, from whatever side the first provocation may have come, they must be put down,

at the same time, however, it must be admitted, the first aggression is generally on the side of the white.

On approaching Fever River, and the District of the Lead Mines, the face of the country began to change its character. The soil became poorer and more stony, broken by lime-stone knolls; and from the summit of an elevated ridge, called the Pilot Knob, the eye ranges over a vast plain stretching from the banks of the river just named to the northward, with the Platte Mounds, two most singular natural eminences heaving up from the level far in the distance.

The town of Galena, which lies immediately below, is situated on Fever River, about seven miles from its junction with the Mississippi. It is the main depot for the ore collected in vast quantities in the neighbouring country, and transported thence by steam-boats to St. Louis. The population of this mining district is computed to be upwards of ten thousand.

Thus far we had taken advantage of a light public vehicle, with which we had travelled in comparative ease and security over the sod of the prairies,—always excepting a complete over-turn in the dark, soon after quitting Peoria; but here nothing of the kind was to be had, and as no steam-boat was expected to ascend the river to a higher point at this late season of the year, we had to put up with an open 'mud-waggon,' with spring seats, which we thought ourselves fortunate in being able to hire conjointly with a fourth gentleman who had been our com-

panion from St. Louis. Our next halting place, namely, Prairie de Chien, lay seventy-five miles distant to the north; and having stowed away our chattles, we were happily extricated from the deep mud of Galena by a strain from two strong horses, and begun to jolt forward over the plain towards the Platte Mounds, taking our morning meal at a farm, doubtless, the germ of an incipient city, called by the melodious name of Hardscrabble. An attempt had been made to change it to Boston, but failed, and Hardscrabble it will probably remain. Another place in the immediate neighbourhood is called by the equally agreeable name of Small-Pox.

Lead ore is found every where in the clay and fissures of the lime-stone. It yields about sixty per cent of pure metal. Lying so far from the more regularly settled parts of the Union, this whole country is subject to a peculiar legislation. The surface of the Lead Region is, if I recollect right, divided into lots of a few hundred yards square. Any individual, let him be who he may, may come to the Land Office, and subscribing the regulations, is permitted to notify the lot on which his choice falls, and to go and dig to his heart's content, paying nothing. The digger disposes of the ore to the smelter, who is bound under heavy recognizances, to render a true account to an officer appointed by government, of the quantity of ore which he buys and the metal which he gets from it, of which government claims one tenth.

Our route led us between the Platte Mounds, which

on a nearer approach we found to consist of two regularly moulded hills, connected by a band on which, mid-way, a small conical mound rises. All are evidently formed of lime-stone rock, masses of which start grotesquely from the surface. Many rivers rise in their vicinity. Our route was a solitary one—the houses being few in number and distant from each other; nor were such common-place adventures as being benighted, wet to the skin, and sleeping in the most comfortless quarters, wanting.

Towards the close of the third day after quitting Galena, we reached the Ouisconsin, a large river flowing through a deep wooded glen from the eastward. Summer and winter were contending for mastery in the foliage of the deciduous forest-trees on its steep shore. Its channel forms the direct line of communication by boats, with the waters of Fox River, a river of Green Bay in Lake Michigan—a short portage intervening. It was by the Ouisconsin that Father Marquette and his companion were conducted in 1673, by their Indian guides, into the broad streams of the Mississippi, which they were the first of their nation to behold.

A ferry conveyed us across the river, here flowing in a deep, rocky, and shady valley. Six miles yet remained to Fort Crawford at Prairie de Chien; and you may imagine our pleasure in the hope of soon gaining quarters, where we might rest after a seven days' journey, during which we had hardly taken off our clothes. In the fulness of our contentment, after we

had proceeded a few miles and were about to descend from the bluffs to the level Prairie, having just overtaken the postman trudging along with his mail-bags slung over his shoulders, we politely invited him to take a seat by the driver in the 'mud-waggon,' which he thankfully accepted. Never was well-intentioned politeness worse timed—as, three minutes after, just at dusk, we found all and every thing,—six precious souls, two seats, three carpet-bags, two mail-bags, three boxes,—mats, blanket-coats, guns, rifles and cutlasses, all tumbled out, neck and heels, pell-mell into the long grass of the Prairie.

Of all overturns this was the most ludicrous and complete. Surprise was the first impulse of our minds—wonder the second—congratulation the third, and irresistible mirth the fourth. No one was hurt—no one knew how it happened—nothing was broken—no time was to be lost; so we gathered ourselves up, righted the vehicle, collected the various articles, and, when the last seemed to be replaced, remounted, and drove merrily to the Fort, where we were received by the officers as guests, with that warmth of welcome which makes the traveller feel at once at home.

At our arrival at Prairie de Chien, from the signs of the season, one might have been inclined to augur badly for the prosecution of our scheme of a further ascent of three hundred miles to the Falls.

The appearances of a commencement of the long northern winter thickened over our heads for a day or

two; sleet covered the roofs of the barracks and the sides of the bluffs; and ice began to form on the *bayou* which enters into the Mississippi just below the village. However, trusting in the speedy and propitious commencement of the Indian summer, we proceeded in making the necessary arrangements for ascending the river by canoe.

The Prairie lies between the Mississippi, here flowing in a broad bed by many channels and through a wilderness of islands, and a long, precipitous, but regularly formed line of bluffs, bordering the valley to the east. It forms a beautiful, even, grassy meadow, of six miles in length by one or two broad. It is bounded to the south by the Ouisconsin. Its name is, I believe, derived from an Indian Chief,—nevertheless dogs there be in plenty, 'both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound, and curs of low degree.' The old French Settlement of Prairie de Chien, founded the same year as the city of Philadelphia, and occupying at the present day about as much ground as the Penitentiary of that flourishing capital, lies on the margin of the river, and consists of a few old grey trading and dwelling houses, with nothing either in architecture or position to merit further notice. It seems doomed to remain under the same spell as others of a like origin.

The French as colonists have been distinguished throughout the world for the address with which they win the good will of the Aborigines. Their efforts and their achievements in North America prove this in a most remarkable manner. Yet it may be said that

this has been effected in a great measure by debasing themselves to the level of savage life, rather than raising the Indian to a higher standard.

To the north of the village, an ancient quadrangular block-house, built of squared logs, and as usual so contrived as to present eight faces—the upper part of the square standing across the angles of the lower, marks the position of the old military post, which within these few years has been superseded by a large spacious range of stone barracks, built on a gentle swell on the opposite side of the *bayou*. An Indian mound round which the new buildings were constructed, was removed in levelling the square, and forty eight bodies, some inclosed in wooden or bark coffins, were removed. The lower layer was on a level with the natural soil. Many Indian graves are scattered over the surface of the prairie in its vicinity. Fort Crawford, as the new erection is called, is calculated to afford quarters to an entire regiment, though only a few companies were there at the time of our visit.

On the west, the view is limited by the long line of heights rising directly from the right bank of the Mississippi, and only broken by the glens which give outlet to the tributary streams. That of the Bloody Run opens immediately opposite the village. From any of these heights a most singular and extensive view is gained for ten or twelve miles, of the broad river, crowded by grassy or wooded islands, many containing large ponds frequented at this season by innumerable water fowl—and also of the Prairie

throughout its whole extent, with the village and Fort, the bluffs which bound it, and the fertile farms along their base.

Prairie de Chien is computed to be six hundred miles distant by water from St. Louis, and three hundred from the Falls; while from Fort Howard on Green Bay by the Fox River and the Ouisconsin, it may be one hundred and eighty. But few Indians, and those of the Menominie tribe, were in the vicinity. In the course of the spring, during the period of the floods, a steam-boat ascends the stream as far as the St. Peter's river, to convey government stores to the Two Forts; and the rest of the year, the means of communication are restricted to boats, sledges, and canoes. By employing one of the latter class, we now hoped to secure the means of proceeding; and, with considerable delay, owing to the difficulty in securing the few hands at liberty, as the lateness of the season and the fear of being frozen up on the voyage, together with the conflicting interest of certain competitors, interposed obstacles in our way,—we contrived at last, to get a number of Canadian boatmen and a large roomy birch-bark canoe into our service. To the very last moment however, such was the character of the men we had to deal with, we were never certain of our bargain holding good. Meanwhile our time passed pleasantly enough, in the society of the worthy Colonel commanding the post, and half-a-dozen officers. A barge, with a few officers and men set off up the river towards the Falls on the 21st of October, and twenty-

four hours after we prepared to follow, and were agreeably surprised in being enabled to do so, as that very morning our canoe had been completely split by an accident. However, by the help of pitch, resin, strips of bark, and other aids, old Demaret our captain, to whom the slender, but shapely vessel belonged, repaired the damage :—and two hours before sun-set, you may imagine us fairly packed and afloat; our lading consisting of eight men, one woman and child, to whom we gave passage for some distance, and our three selves—in all twelve adults, besides blankets, buffalo-skins, arms, and provision for twelve days. At the village, whence we made our final start, a scene of hugging and kissing took place between divers of our paddlers and their cousins and friends of both sexes; and *Bon voyage! Bon voyage!* was echoed from the shore, as pushing into the stream, the eight paddles were plunged simultaneously into the water, and we began to stem the current. At the same instant, according to custom, the leader commenced screaming with a singularly tremulous voice, one of the innumerable boat-songs with which the Canadian *voyageurs* of the Upper Lakes and rivers, beguile their long and monotonous labours. The burden was taken up and repeated by his comrades—thus:

DEMARET. SOLO.

Derrière chez nous est un étang:
En roulant ma boule!

CHORUS.

Derrière chez nous est un étang:
En roulant ma boule!

DEMARET. SOLO.

Un canard blanc s'y va baignant
Roulis, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant ma boule roulant,
En roulant ma boule.

CHORUS.

En roulant ma boule roulant,
En roulant ma boule, &c.

Our purpose this evening was merely to get fairly afloat; and accordingly, after having paddled a few miles, we encamped upon an island in the river, a little below the Painted Rocks, with a dry starlight night as a good omen over our heads; lulled by the howling of the Indians encamped in the vicinity, the barking of dogs, and other sounds which betokened that we had not yet passed out of the bounds of the farms on the Prairie. It was computed that unless prevented by unforeseen accidents, we ought to reach the Falls in six days. The whole of this time was however taken up in advancing as far as Lake Pepin, one hundred and seventy miles above the Prairie, and nearly four more were necessary for the attainment of our object. To give you the outline of our excursion at once, I will mention, that we paddled forward by day, and nightly sought some snug corner of the forest, either on the main or in the islands,—pitched our tent, raised our

fire, cooked supper, sang, conversed, and looked at the stars till we were sleepy, and then betook ourselves to our buffalo-robe couch till dawn.

The whole distance to Lake Pepin, the mighty river flows through a deep valley of perhaps two miles average breadth, among innumerable islands, and under steep bluffs which rise frequently on both sides, with precipitous fronts to the height of five hundred feet. Their lower slopes near the river are mostly clothed in oak forest, and many of the summits terminated by a picturesque pile of highly-coloured rock, of eighty feet or upwards perpendicular. Above and beyond this great channel hollowed out in the country for the passage of the 'Father of Waters,' the country on both sides seems to be rolling prairie.

The beauty of the scenery,—though only the last colouring of autumn lingered on the forests and prairies,—quite took us by surprise; and nothing can be more opposite than the impressions suggested by the scenery of the Mississippi above and the Mississippi below its junction with the Missouri—here a scene of beauty and romance, there a terribly monotonous turbid and swollen stream.

Lake Pepin, of which more anon, is in fact nothing but a basin of the river, twenty miles long and three broad. It is entirely without islands, and is hemmed in by bold shores abounding with interesting details.

From the upper end, it took us three days to reach Fort Snelling, at the junction of the St. Peter's river with the Mississippi; the character of the intervening

scenery is interesting, but not so much so as lower down. At the point of junction, however, it is truly romantic. Up to our arrival at the last-mentioned Fort, which lies seven miles below the Falls, the weather favoured us in an unhoped-for degree. During the week that we were the guests of the gentlemen posted there, a few inclement days passed over us, but the weather again held up so as to admit of our return between the 8th of November and the 13th, on which latter day we entered the Prairie de Chien, after an absence of three weeks. But in this interval, much came before us which was highly interesting, and my next shall go a little more into detail.

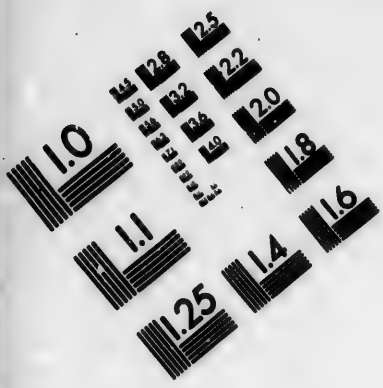
## LETTER XV.

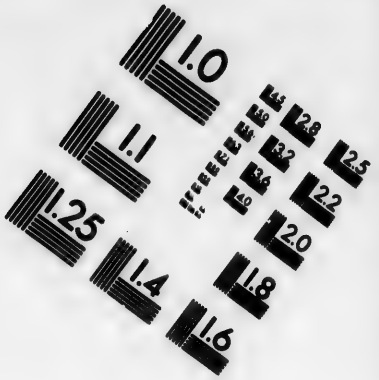
Our pleasure at the resumption of a life of autumnal adventure, similar to last year's though under different circumstances and in another region, was considerable.

I have mentioned, that uncertain as the occurrence of genial weather might now be in this latitude, we had been encouraged to hope that the delicious season, known by the name of the Indian Summer, which ordinarily intervenes between the fall of the leaf and the commencement of the severe winter of the north, might yet come to our aid in the prosecution of our excursion. It is true, the north wind blew while we were at Prairie de Chien, sprinkling the heights with sleet, and the air appeared full of the water-fowl pressing to the south—led by Him who teaches them to spread their wings upon the keen blast, and seek a milder climate before the winter come;—and though the blackbirds might be observed collecting in vast flights, and then, having received the word to go forth, rise at sun-set, and by one common impulse, follow their leaders in one narrow continuous stream over the forests and prairies in the same direction;—and though the gorgeous foliage of the painted forests, with its thousand hues of

green, yellow, orange, red, was shaken to the ground,—still we were not deceived, but before the lapse of many days we saw the sleet disappear—the wind cease to agitate the river and the forest—the wild fowl pause in their passage, and, furling their pinions, alight by myriads among the islands and marshes,—and, as though by enchantment, a season settle down upon the earth, which, for its peculiar beau[illegible]ight vie with the most poetical and delicious i[illegible]rcle of the year. To what shall we compare the Indian Summer? to the last bright and unexpected flare of a dying taper—to the sudden and short-lived return to consciousness and apparent hope in one stretched upon the bed of death, after the standers by have deemed him gone—or to the warm, transient, but rosy glow which will often steal over the snows of the distant Alps, after the sun is far below the Jura, and after they have been seen rearing themselves for a while, cold and ghastly white over the horizon?

During the Indian summer, the air is calm. Glistening strings of gossamer, woven by the aeronaut spider, stream across the landscape—all nearer objects are seen through a dreamy atmosphere filled with a rich golden haze, while the distance melts away in violet and purple. The surface of the river, with its moving flood of silver reflects all objects and every colour with matchless fidelity—the harsher tones of the rocks, of the deep brown forests, and of the yellow prairies appear so softened,—the reflection of their pale tints is so

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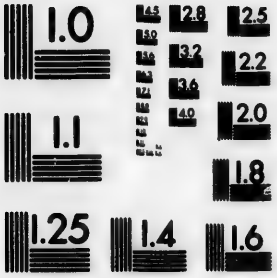


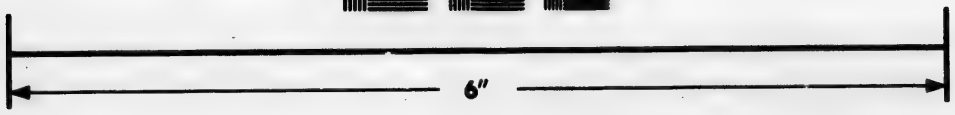

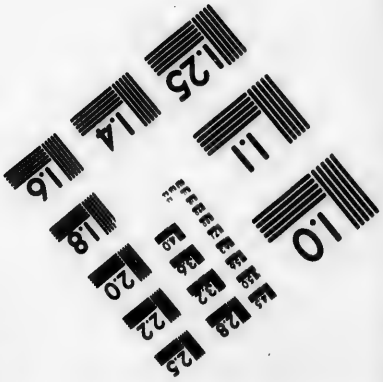


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perfect, and such a similarity of colour and shade pervades the earth, the air and the water, that all three seem blended together. The huge piles of bleached timber which lie stranded in the shallows, or the canoes at a little distance, seem suspended in air. Whenever the silence of the solitude is broken, echoes seemed to start from every side. Every distant sound is musical: and as you glide along you might believe you were in a dream. The series of pictures presented by our even advance upon the surface of the river, seen through this medium, and under these circumstances, have left on my mind an impression of beauty which will never be effaced.

Whether we glided through the islands with their extensive flats covered with poplar and willow—the first in the series of forest trees which will hereafter cover them;—skirted the drowned lands;—paddled along the bright sand-bars, with their huge pile of drift timber;—rustled along the edge of some bright yellow field of reeds and wild rice, startling the wild fowl from their meal;—or stemmed the deep and powerful current near the foot of the bluffs, the scene presented to our passing admiration was always glorious and beautiful.

The steep line of rocky and similarly moulded summits which, commencing with Cap de Tiger, excited our admiration in the earlier part of our course, as they rose,—a line of hills cut in twain, from the right bank high into the mellowed haze, were preeminent for the beauty of their colouring and form, from

the bright vermilion-coloured lichen which painted the bare rock at the summit, to the strips of open, oak-sprinkled prairie at their feet. The action of water upon the façade of these seemingly castellated hills,—groove lying beneath groove, plainly indicated the gradual formation of the broad and majestic channel by which the river had for centuries been seeking to gain the level of the ocean.

What would you have me describe to you? Sun-rise with its pale clear hues,—or sun-set with its deepening glories, as we saw it evening after evening filling the broad valley with gold and purple—both were matchlessly beautiful; but the latter was the scene of the greatest enchantment.

If the days were thus delicious, many of the nights were not the less so, and I have to exercise a species of self control not to attempt the description of each in detail. I might perhaps venture to fill half a dozen lines upon that which we termed the 'Camp of the Peak,' where we lay nestled in a dense forest, overhung by one of the noble summits I have mentioned above; or one of those spent on the islands; or the 'Camp of the Bent Bough,' but will at all events postpone them till I see what is in advance, and meanwhile give you a little idea of the people with whom we were associated.

Our progress for the first few days was far from being what we had expected. The canoe, liable to

injury at all times from its extremely fragile nature, being merely a light frame-work, covered with birch bark, and held together by cross splints, and to be broken and snagged by running foul of objects in the shallows, or to be strained by the great weight which it carried, and still more by any accident in its daily conveyance to and from the shore on the backs of the men,—stood in need of constant repair.

Besides, we soon found that most, if not all our *Crapauds*, as these French Canadians are jocularly called, were in league with the boat to keep us as long on the road as possible. First, because they were rogues all. They had been born without consciences and never had had the chance of acquiring them since. Secondly, because they were paid by the day, and we were bound to feed them as long as they were in our service. Thirdly, because they saw that we were honest gentlemen, travelling for amusement and instruction—novices in the arts of the *voyageurs*, and of very different habits from the hard-grinding traders whom they usually served, who portioned out their food to them by the square inch—keeping ... wages back, if they did not do their duty. You will own that here was a little too much temptation thrown in the way of men who professed no further morality than would be of very easy carriage among the savages by whom they were surrounded, and no religion beyond Indian religion.

Demaret acted as pilot, and plied the stern-paddle, as the boat was his. He had made it with his own

hands, and all his life had been a *voyageur*. His qualifications and the natural turn he had for this kind of life were so marked, that we found his very companions used to twit him with having 'been born with a piece of birch-bark in his hand.' He looked like no class of human beings I ever saw, and his countenance, which was chiefly marked by the width of his mouth, bore signs of both Spanish and Indian blood. When he sang, he sang like a fox with his tail in a trap.

Garde-Pied, an old Canadian, was our bowman. Then mention we Guillaume, fat and handsome—the *farceur* of the party—the best singer, and, I believe in fact the greatest rogue amongst us, and the one who both set the roguery agoing and sustained it. Alexandre, Rousseau, and Henri, were common-place rogues—that is to say, they would be honest, if other people would be honest too. Pascal, a mulatto, held about the same tenets, though, I recollect, he had a fragment of a conscience; and, in mentioning old Julian, a Neapolitan by birth, who had been taken by the British—incorporated with the Anglo-Swiss Regiment de Meuron—seen service in India and subsequently in Canada,—where he had been discharged, and had turned Crapaud in his old age—I may say that he was the best, the most sober and most obliging man in the party, and the only one in whom real confidence could be placed.

For the rest, they were all men who would dance from night to morning at a Gombo-ball—sing profane

or pastoral French songs hour after hour on the water,—drink and smoke,—cheat their creditors,—live for months in the woods,—work like slaves without grumbling, when they could not help it,—swim like otters,—maintain their French gaiety of character on most occasions, but grumble incessantly when they had nothing to grumble about. They would feed like so many hungry wolves as long as there was anything to eat, knowing no medium; and then bear the pinch of hunger with the stoicism of the Indian with whom most of them had associated from infancy.

They measured their way, not by miles, nor leagues, but by pipes; and would say,—such a point is so many pipes distant. They generally sang in their peculiar way for half an hour after a halt, solo and chorus, winding up with an Indian yell, or the exclamation, '*Hop! Hop! Sauvons-nous!*' and would then continue silently paddling with their short quick stroke, all following the time indicated by the bowman, till the pipe was out, or till they were tired; when at a signal, they would throw their paddles across the boat, give them a roll to clear the blade of the water, and then rest for a few minutes.

A compartment in the centre of the canoe in which our buffalo-robes and mats were commodiously arranged, was our ordinary couch. Here we lay in luxurious ease, reading, and chatting hour after hour.

The first certain light which broke in upon us as to the real character of the strange race with whom we had to do,—though the singular conduct which we

had remarked in them at the Prairie below, had given us warning,—was early on the sixth day, when approaching a lonely trading-house, near the remarkable mountain called '*La Montagne qui se trèmpe à l'eau*,' scarce a hundred miles on our way; when their long faces, shrugs, and significant gestures gave token that something was wrong. In effect we found that this devouring squad had,—unaided by us, as we had lived principally on water-fowl,—actually in the course of six days, made away with the whole of the provisions laid in with more than usual liberality for twelve days' consumption! Upwards of a hundred pounds of bacon, besides bread and potatoes and beans in six days! Think of that! We had, to be sure, noticed that they had brought with them a curiously shaped iron pot; originally, perhaps, a foot in depth; but which, having had the original bottom burnt out, had been furnished by some frontier tinker with a fresh one of such form and dimensions as gave the renovated vessel an added profundity of six or eight inches more. We had observed that this marvellous bowl was always piled up to the very edge with provisions: and that frequently when it was simmering and bubbling over the fire in the camp, our rogues would stand round shrouding it from too close observation. If one or another of us approached, one or two of the Crapauds would turn to us with an air of perfect famine and of the greatest tribulation—and ejaculate, '*grande misère!*' or, '*il fait frait icit!*'—giving us to understand, that while we considered

our common position as one full of amusement, they deemed it to be one of uncommon trial.

Moreover, we were sometimes awakened hours after supper, when all had appeared to retire to rest for the night, it might be about one in the morning, by loud talking and joyous sounds; and peeping forth, we might see that these unhappy mortals were as brisk as lions; sitting about the fire; passing the joke from one to another;—by the help of long sharply pointed sticks, fishing up meat from the depths of that fathomless pot; and making a very hearty meal, for which, as to our certain knowledge, a hearty supper preceded it, and a no less hearty breakfast followed it at dawn—we had unfortunately no name in our vocabulary. Still, though it might cross our minds that they were a little lavish of the provisions, yet we never dreamed of a famine before we should reach Fort Snelling. However, there was now no doubt about it, and it was in vain to murmur; and here at the last trading-post we had still to lay in fresh stock.

Their songs were very interesting to us, in spite of the horrible French in which they were couched, and the nonsense they contained; as we detected in them many signs of their origin on the plains and in the vineyards of *La belle France*, though now loaded with allusions to the peculiar scenery, manners, and circumstances of the country to which they had been transplanted. In many there was an air of Arcadian and pastoral simplicity which was almost touching, at the same time that we knew that the singers had no sim-

plicity about them, and that their character was much more that of the wolf than of the sheep. The airs were not unfrequently truly melodious, and all were characteristic, and chimed in well with our position.

I may elsewhere have given you sundry assurances of the *delights* of Indian Encampments in the forests. From the pleasant idea that these may have conveyed I would take nothing. They are many and great; and far advanced as the season was, we were yet alive to them for a month to come, even in weather that might be deemed inclement elsewhere. Lest, however, you should accuse me of a disposition to paint every thing '*couleur de rose*,' and to throw dust both in my own eyes and those of my neighbours—here follows a page of *miseries*. I remember one camp, which we called 'Cross Camp,' from the circumstance of all going wrong. It was, I believe, the second in this excursion. The weather had not yet become fairly settled. We had got entangled among the low islands, and not meeting with a place to our liking, as the evening was closing in raw and gusty, we had been obliged to betake ourselves to a shore covered with trees and jungle, and make our nest just where we should have wished to have avoided doing so.

It was a confined situation, among thickets of towering dry grass and brushwood. The canoe was unloaded; and was hauled ashore; and the Crapauds as usual made preparations for their fire, ten or twenty yards from that of our trio. The difficulty of fixing the tent

which we carried with us, in such a direction that we should be free from smoke, was considerable, as the wind came down on the river in flaws, and no one could decide from what quarter. Time had been lost in seeking a good camping-ground, and the twilight fell on us before all was in order for the night. The tent had been pitched in the midst of opposing opinions:—when suddenly the cry of fire was raised. We saw the wind scattering the embers among the brushwood, and all hands were necessary to put out the flames, which, had they got a-head, would have burnt the canoe in the first place, and singed us out of our hole in the next. By beating them down with our coats and blankets, this was effected; and having broken down the brush on all sides, we returned to our labours near the fires. Every thing was mislaid, having been chucked out of the way of danger in the hurry—the axe was not to be found, and to collect the various articles necessary for our nightly accommodation and entertainment, was a work of time and patience. Of the former, we had plenty; of the latter but little, in the night in question.

Then came a terrific gust from the overhanging bluffs, and we found that the tree under which we had carefully pitched the tent, was rotten at heart, and gave decided tokens of a probable fall. The idea was not a pleasant one. All went wrong. We had not yet decided upon making use of the Crapauds as our cooks.—'Nothing easier,' exclaimed I, 'than to boil the coffee.'—'Nothing easier,' observed Pour-

tales, 'than to make a handsome fry of potatoes, and to roast a couple of wild ducks in the French style, with a savoury waistcoat of lard!' 'Nothing easier than to make a beef-steak!'—said M'Euen! So to work we went, each in his own way, and following his own device, while he snarled at that of his neighbour. 'Nothing easier than to find fault with what one does not understand!' thought each and every one of us.

Well, the coffee was on the fire and 'progressing'—the process necessary for its perfection being after all the most simple of those under trial;—the potatoes were washed, peeled, and sliced;—the beef-steaks, skewered on long sticks, were bent towards the embers;—the mallards were plucked, drawn, and spitted—how, may not be said,—but exposed to the hot smoke and flame their waistcoats were kept in a constant flare and frizzle. Basting was out of the question, except with cold water; and the office of dredging-box was performed by the frequent gust, which covered them and the beef-stakes and the sliced potatoes with snow-white ashes.

Now imagine the consequences of being all cross, and overwhelmed with misfortunes—the miseries of cooking and camping on a windy night—difference of opinion—smoke in the eyes—fire at the finger ends—shakes—overturns—wet logs—mistakes—and bitterness of spirit!

No sooner have you got matters into something like order, but the wind veers a point or two, and

the smoke which had hitherto sailed off sideways from your tent, leaving your night quarters warm and smokeless, as it always ought, is now driven directly against it, and you have no alternative, but either to bear the reverse, or to strike and pitch it anew.

You hang your coat, or blanket, or buffalo robe,—which may have been soaked by being undermost in the leaking canoe,—on a forked stick to dry, placing it to the windward of the fire, to keep it out of the smoke and sparks;—and next time you look at it, you see it singeing among the glowing embers, into which possibly a careless friend, or more probably the wind, has precipitated it. In utter despair you collect a number of very indispensable articles, such as straps and ropes, not to be replaced;—and you go hang them carefully to a distant sapling, far away from the ordinary passage;—when you next look for them you see that some kind friend has by chance cut the tree down in the dark, and consigned it and its charge to the flames. You go valourously forth to cut a tent-pole or another log for the fire,—and, not having the true backwoodsman's fling with the axe, come hopping back in five minutes with a neat chip in your shin.

Jaded and gloomy, while the supper is cooking, you lie down with a book in your hand, say for example, 'Burton on Melancholy,' which by the by, was the only work, besides a Bible, that we had with us. You stretch yourself on your blanket in your corner of the tent, but find that besides lying on an unfortunate

slope which makes your heels rise higher than your head, there is under you a stubborn knot of hard wood, which no coaxing of yours can extract, and which nothing but a complete turn out, and a forcible application of the axe, will rid you of: and so forth! But all these are trifles to the miseries of carrying on a partnership in cooking in a dark windy night.

You advance to shift your burning supper to a safer place,—are maddened by the puff of pungent smoke that fills your eyes—start back,—tread on some long crooked branch, one end of which extends into the darkness and the other props the coffee-pot, when to your extreme surprise and the undisguised wrath of the superintendant of that particular branch of the duty, the vessel makes a jump into the air and overturns its contents into the tasty dish of potatoes frizzling below. Then follows a scene of objurgation, recrimination, and protestation.

But, *n'importe*—the coffee is replaced—the beef-steaks get thoroughly burned on one side;—the ducks are pronounced to be cooked because the waistcoat is reduced to a perfect cinder, and because the birds insist upon taking fire. The 'medicine-chest,' as we called our store box, is brought out, and preparations for a meal seriously attempted. It is soon found that notwithstanding all losses and mischances there are still two things left, appetite and abundance; and though nothing perhaps is done with real gastronomic nicety, yet after a day spent in the open air, every thing has a relish which no sauce could

give. As you have doubtless experienced, nothing predisposes to complacent good humour so much as a satisfied appetite, and by the time supper is ended, and the moon has risen, and the bright embers free from smoke are glowing in the wind,—you are ready to laugh together at every petty vexation. However, we learned wisdom at the 'Cross Camp,' and forthwith hired Rousseau to look to our cooking at his own fire—keeping possession of the coffee-pot alone, and henceforth our '*miseries*' were very sensibly diminished.

*La Montagne qui se trémpe à l'eau*, lies about one hundred miles above Prairie de Chien. It is remarkable as being completely surrounded by the waters of the Mississippi. The Indians have a tradition that on a certain day in the year it always sinks a little into the earth.

We had passed the domains of the Winnebagoes, and were now in the country inhabited by the tribe of the Dacota Indians or Sioux, one of the most numerous of the present day, inhabiting a wide extent of country between the Missouri and Mississippi.

Their villages, some of which are very strikingly situated, that on *Prairie à l' Aíl* for instance,—were all deserted, as the Indians were now absent on their hunting grounds. Many, however, lingered on the river, and we now saw daily some of them encamped on the banks in their commodious conical skin tents;

and the ordinary silence of our encampments was frequently broken by the distant howling of the Indian dogs, or the singing and yelling of the savages.

Lake Pepin lay in our path, soon after the renewal of our stock of provisions as before alluded to; and the passage was looked forward to with curiosity by us, and a species of awe by the Crapauds, as its surface is often agitated by storms, and many are the terrors of a long spit of sand about the centre, which juts far into the lake from the westward under the name of the *Pointe aux Sables*.

We had been detained nearly a whole day by an accident and the illness of Demaret, a few miles below the southern extremity, where the thermometer of Fahrenheit registered fifteen degrees below the freezing point during the night, while the surface of the river was darkened by a strong north wind; however, we moved forward to a point of yellow sand at the entrance towards evening, and, finding that the old saying, 'sun down, wind down,' was likely to be verified, prepared for the passage during the ensuing night. By degrees the miniature billows with their crests of foam diminished in size, and sunk into their bed, and an hour after sunset the whole surface was as tranquil as a sheet of silver. Under such auspicious circumstances, our men were induced to proceed, and our frail canoe glided over the broad surface for some hours without interruption. The ordinary mode of navigation takes you across a bight in the shore, to the foot of the bluffs which bound to the east, and

along them as far as the celebrated *Cap à la Fille*, or Maidens' Rock, when an attempt is generally made to cross the broadest part of the lake, weather the *Pointe aux Sables*, and get round a rocky headland, which forms the division between the upper and lower portions of Lake Pepin, after which five or six miles bring you to the northern inlet.

As we neared the base of the Maiden's Rock, a ruddy light showed us that our acquaintances in the barge, with whom we had come in contact more than once during the past week, and who had passed us at our last halting place, had been induced to lie to for the night in the sheltered cove at its foot. A moment's halt was allowed for an exchange of salutations, but in pursuance of our object, we judged it advisable to attempt the *traversée*, as the wind gave notice of again springing up; and proceeding, we left them to their repose, and directed the bow of the canoe towards the dark Cape on the opposite shore. Meanwhile, the sky clouded up; the moon and stars peeped by fits through the fissures in the fleecy clouds, the waves began to rise, and to heave the brittle vessel under us in an unwonted manner, straining her so as to render constant attention to baling necessary. However, the energies of the Crapauds, though their leader was disabled by the fever and ague, were excited; and with an occasional yell and cry of encouragement, we perceived that we were making advance. Long however, as the wind was

against us, we saw the dreaded *Pointe aux Sables* gleaming to the leeward; and it was not without thankfulness, that, after upwards of an hour's hard struggle and unremitted labour, we weathered the great Cape, and got into calmer water. '*Nous sommes sauvés! Nous sommes sauvés! Maintenant la pipe!*' said our old bowman, as he threw down his paddle behind the bow, and gave the signal for a short repose.

The termination of another hour found us stemming the current of the Mississippi again, as it poured into the Lake amid poplar islands, on one of which we speedily encamped. I have mentioned that from hence three days were occupied in reaching Fort Snelling. The wind turning more to the southward, gave us an opportunity of rigging and hoisting a blanket as a sail, under shadow and favour of which our Crapauds smoked their pipes in luxurious idleness. For all the wonders and remarkable points on the passage,—the entrance of the river St. Croix, La Grange, Pointe des Pins, Bois de Médecine, &c.' I must refer you to Schoolcraft, Carver, and other writers on this distant country. We passed more than one permanent village of the Sioux, now all deserted; the houses were made of rude poles covered with pieces of oak-bark, and swarmed with fleas, numerous as the dust. In their vicinity were seen the dead bodies of their chiefs, wasting in the air, enclosed in rude wooden cases, elevated upon scaffolds raised eight or ten feet above the surface.

Many of the Sioux still lingered on the river, and

would have perhaps given us more of their presence at our encampments than might have been agreeable, had we halted in their immediate vicinity. On one occasion, a large canoe full of Indians came to us just as we had landed, with every disposition to do as they had done before, watch our movements,—and wait till we should ask them to partake of our hospitality; but all of a sudden, by common consent, they stole back to their canoe, and slipped down the stream. They had seen Demaret brought on shore, wrapped up in his blankets, and placed before the fire sick and helpless; and it was probable that the idea of Cholera, from which the Indians on the Mississippi had suffered greatly the preceding year, had occurred to them. A large number were encamped on the opposite side all night, where they whooped and whistled around their tents; but not one could be lured to venture near us. The following day,—it was that of our arrival at the Fort,—we came upon a very large encampment of the same tribe, stretching along the forested shore, just above a range of beautiful white sandstone acclivities. There may have been thirty or forty lodges; among which we landed, partly from curiosity, and partly to barter for Indian pipes and ornaments, of which my comrade was desirous of making a collection.

We found very few males in the lodges, but squaws, children and dogs, in swarms. The latter, a small sharp-nosed, noisy set, proclaimed war with us from our first appearance, and howled and yelped as long as we remained. While Pourtales was ducking and

diving from one skin tent to another, in search of Indian valuables, in exchange for beads, sword-blades, and tobacco, of which his trading articles consisted; and M'Euen was occupied in studying the picturesque groups allured by our visit to the upper extremity of the camp,—it was my lot to be otherwise engaged. An exceedingly ugly old squaw, who had long attempted to gain M'Euen's attention and co-operation in some sly project which seemed incomprehensible to him, seeing me approach, addressed herself to me, and gave me plainly to understand that I was wanted elsewhere. I thought there could be no harm in seeing what the mystery was, and forthwith submitted to her guidance, contrary to the advice of my comrade, who seemed to have conceived an ill impression of the old sybil's design, and favoured me with many well-meant cautions.

Well, she led and I followed among the lodges, till we had gained the lower part of the camp. On the road she entertained me with a variety of gestures, of which, all I could say was, that they may have been very significant to one who had seen them before, but that at that moment they were all very novel and surprising to me. In fact I understood none of them. However, I did what others might have done;—I gesticulated at hap hazard in return, and made many signs of intelligence, which doubtless were quite as great a puzzle to her. She now approached one of the dark-coloured conical tents—pulled aside a skin which concealed the low entrance,—gave a dog, which

came bolting out, a knock on the nose, which sent him away yelping,—and made me a sign which I understood to be an intimation that I should enter. This I did by bending myself double, and staggering into the interior, which might form a circular area of perhaps two yards in diameter. In came the old squaw after me, carefully closing the skin entrance. Stepping over the fire in the middle, and squatting down on my hams, to get out of the smoke which filled the upper part of the wigwam, I was enabled to look around.

On my right sat an old Sioux warrior in his breech-cloth, mocassins, and dingy blanket. He was, like many of his tribe, finely modelled, and with an agreeable cast of face. To the left was seated a young girl, about ten years old, garbed in the dark blue petticoat commonly worn by her sex, with a blanket over her shoulders. Her neighbour was a male, about the same age. Three aged squaws, including my conductress, filled up the remainder of the space round the small heap of red embers, which with their white ashes, occupied the centre. Though all the three females were patterns of ugliness, both in persons and physiognomy, I think that the old squaw who had enticed me hither bore away the palm; and there we sat, crowded together with our noses over the little fire. Sufficient light was afforded from the top of the cone, where an aperture was left to give issue to the smoke, and by divers cracks in the skins, to see this; and moreover that the wigwam contained nothing beyond the most ordinary Indian utensils and furniture. A most

affectionate grunt and shake of the hand passed between the old Sioux, the squaws, and myself, the instant I seated myself; and then as a matter of course, the small red-stone pipe was filled with tobacco and *kinnikkinick*, lighted, and passed round from one to another.

After a brief silence, followed by a few explanatory words, as I supposed, between the elders of the party, the Indian turned to me, made me a speech, accompanied with appropriate gestures. He pointed to the girl and then to the boy, both of whom were evidently in poor health, and I was now not slow in ascertaining the purpose of my being brought here—which was neither more nor less than to act the doctor and to cure his family. This, though I am no physicianer, set me perfectly at ease, as we had medicine in plenty in the canoe, at his service, and that of the strongest and most efficacious kind, if properly administered. After listening with becoming gravity, I grunted in the most approved fashion, to signify my perfect intelligence and readiness to do as he desired, and then proceeded to examine my patients. One thing you may depend upon; I resolved, if I could do them no good, not to do the poor creatures any harm.

During an interval of utter silence I felt the pulses of the two children—opened their mouths and peeped at their tongues, and speedily satisfied myself that they must have the fever and ague, that being the common disease of the season and country. Hereupon, turning to the warrior, I gave a grunt of interrogation, being

one which ascends the scale about half an octave; and followed it by pointing to the children and giving a violent shiver, thereby hazarding my opinion as to the kind of malady by which they were afflicted.

The general satisfaction which this announcement gave, produced a chorus of sounds such as might proceed from the well furnished stye of a Pennsylvanian farmer on the introduction of a plentiful supply of squashes; and, emboldened by my success, I proceeded forthwith, by aid of a calabash of water and an ordinary degree of assurance, to prescribe and administer sundry harmless pills which I fetched from the canoe, at the rate of two to the girl and three to the boy; and after signifying to the old warrior and his squaws that I had done what I could, but that they must look to the Great Spirit for cure, and giving them a few biscuits,—I left them amidst a clamour of sounds which doubtless were meant for blessings and as marks of admiration, though they would hardly have been interpreted as such in a civilised country.

The curiosity of Pourtales and M'Euen to know my adventures, was met by a corresponding air of mystery on my part, such as did credit to my newly acquired Indian title of 'The Great Medicine!'

Our visit terminated, and we proceeded. Towards evening we descried the long looked-for Fort with its towers and imposing extent of wall crowning the high angular bluff at whose base the upper branch of the St. Peters enters the Mississippi; and paddling swiftly up the lower channel, a large triangular island sepe-

rating the two,—we landed and were most hospitably received by the officers on duty. We were forthwith furnished with quarters in the Fort above, while the Crapauds pitched a tent under the shadow of the bluff by the water's edge, got their canoe on shore, and set their enormous pot a boiling forthwith. I believe they never saw the bottom of it, nor suffered it to cool during the whole week of their stay. They did not forget whenever we visited them to talk a great deal about *'misére!'* at the same time that they had nothing to do but what they loved best,—eat and sleep. They are a singular race, half Indian, half French, with a dash of the prairie wolf.

Meanwhile we had been admitted to full participation in the rites of hospitality within the Fort, and were furnished with every needful accommodation. We spread our buffalo skins and blankets in an occupied apartment, and slept in quiet; not forgetting however in the course of the evening to ascend one of the bastions, and listen to the roar of the Great Falls rising on the night air at a distance of seven miles.

## LETTER XVI.

The military post at the junction of the St. Peter's River with the main stream, is the most northerly station maintained by the United States in the valley of the Mississippi. The military Reservation on which it lies, purchased by Government from the Sioux, forms a parallelogram of eighteen miles by seven. The fortification has much more pretension both to regularity of design and picturesque situation than any of its fellows along the frontier,—the outer wall enclosing a lozenge-shaped area of considerable size, surrounded by the barracks, officers' quarters, and other offices. The magazine and round bastion are at one extremity, and the commander's house at the other nearest the angle of the rock overlooking both rivers. Only three companies were stationed here at the time of our visit. A picturesque octagonal tower stands at the termination of the southern line of wall overlooking the sloping ascent from the St. Peter's. The height of the foundation above the rivers may be upwards of one hundred feet. It has an appearance of strength which is hardly confirmed on a nearer survey; and the impression you carry away is, that for the purposes of Indian

warfare it is far too strong and important a work, while its position would not avail it much in an attack from regular troops, as the interior is commanded from a rise on the land immediately behind. The idea is further suggested, that the strong stone wall was rather erected to keep the garrison in, than the enemy out. Though adapted for mounting cannon if needful, the walls were unprovided with those weapons; and the only piece of ordnance that I detected out of the magazine, was an old churn thrust gallantly through one of the embrasures. We were however far from complaining of the extra expense and taste which the worthy officer whose name it bears had expended on the erection of Fort Snelling, as it is in every way an addition to the sublime landscape in which it is situated.

The view from the angle of the wall at the extreme point, is highly romantic. To your left lies the broad deep valley of the Mississippi, with the opposite heights descending precipitously to the water's edge; and to the right and in front, the St. Peter's, a broad stream, worthy from its size, length of course, and the number of tributaries which it receives, to be called the Western Fork of the Great River itself. It is seen flowing through a comparatively open vale, with swelling hills and intermingling forest and prairie, for many miles above the point of junction. As it approaches the Mississippi, the volume of water divides into two branches; that on the right pursues the general course of the river above, and enters the Mississippi, at an angle of perhaps fifty degrees,

directly under the walls of the Fort; while the other, keeping to the base of the high prairie lands which rise above it to a notable summit called the Pilot Knob, enters the Mississippi lower down. The triangular island thus formed between the rivers lies immediately under the Fort. Its level surface is partially cultivated, but towards the lower extremity thickly covered with wood. Beyond their junction, the united streams are seen gliding at the base of high cliffs into the narrowing valley below. Forests, and these of the most picturesque character, interspersed with strips of prairie, clothe a great portion of the distant view.

A little cluster of trading houses is situated on the right branch of the St. Peter's, and here and there on the shores, and on the island, you saw the dark conical tents of the wandering Sioux. A more striking scene we had not met with in the United States, and hardly any that could vie with it for picturesque beauty, even at this unfavourable season. What must it be in spring, when the forests put forth their young leaves, and the prairies are clothed in verdure! From the summit of the Pilot Knob, surmounted by the tomb of an Indian Chief, the view is most extended and interesting; comprising both rivers before and after their junction, the Fort in all its details, and a wide stretch of level country to the north and west beyond the Great Falls. The Falls were of course a main object of our curiosity, but for a few days we were prevented from visiting them by very rough and wet weather. In the

meantime we were daily in the lodges of the Sioux and the Chippeways encamped near the Reservation, or near the trading houses. Pourtales was, as usual, in his element among them, and almost lived in the wigwams—smoking and eating with the inmates; powwowing and grunting with the old chiefs; bartering with the young ones; winning the regards of the young squaws by admiration and beads, and of the older ones by tobacco. Even M'Euen seemed to have caught the 'Indian fever.' Though most of the chiefs of note were absent, one or two old superannuated warriors of the Dacota nation were in the vicinity, and among them Little Crow, who in younger days had owned the British King as his Great Father. He seemed to retain a very lively recollection of the times when he had been leagued with the red-coats; and being in some measure led to conceive that I was here as the unworthy representative of his Majesty, we smoked together in token of mutual respect; after which he made me a long speech, in which he sent his compliments to his Majesty, or something tantamount to it, and forthwith we exchanged gifts. His grand-daughter made me, moreover, a present of one of the red-stone pipes, (argil tinctured by oxide of iron found in one single spot in the whole Indian country—about four days journey) from hence—which I graciously received as a gallant plenipotentiary would do, with a satisfied grunt, and a return of beads, compliments, and tobacco.

Many of the Sioux struck us as being among the

handsomest Indians we had seen. They were distinct in feature as well as in many of their habits from the few Chippeways in the neighbourhood, who, though the tribes might be considered hostile, still met their foes on the Reservation without committing violence,

The Chippeways erected long, low, wigwams of bark, covered with a semi-circular roof; whereas the habitations of the Sioux are conical, and formed of skins, as already described. The Chippeways are celebrated for their language, which is considered the court language of the northern Indians, and for the beauty of their ornamental dresses, in which stained porcupine quills are most cunningly employed as embroidery. They come here to trade and exchange their bundles of skins for powder, shot, and blankets.

To while away the time, arrangements were made as well as circumstances would admit, to get a sufficient number of Indians together to form a ball-play, one of the most celebrated games of the North American Indians, and frequently played with great effect by several hundreds ranged on either side. You may recollect the surprise and massacre of the garrison at Fort Michilimackinac in the course of the last century, by a strong party of Indians, gathered together with the ostensible object of engaging in this game, which admits of the display of great energy both of body and mind.

On the present occasion so few Indians could be brought together, that the scene, though amusing, was

not as exciting as it would otherwise have been. The girls first played in their own clumsy manner, contending with each other with grotesque zeal, in their heavy tight long petticoats. A young squaw, called 'Sounding Blanket,' the comeliest of the bevy, was the winner. Then the men had their turn. The game is precisely that which we call hockey, with the exception, that a stick with a kind of netted scoop at the end is used. With this the ball is taken from the ground, and thrown towards the goal. After the play, they danced for us a number of their dances; and then came the distribution of the present intended for them. The heap of bacon and meal was dealt out by one of the Indians to the girls, who carried it off in their blankets. Then the males set to work to make fair division of the powder and shot, which was portioned forth by the same distributor by handfulls into opposite corners of their blankets; when, after a round of hand-shaking, off they stole to their several wig-wams, with the powder dangling at one side, and the shot at the other.

In mentioning the details of the landscape at St. Peter's, I have omitted one feature in it which is peculiar. The upper stratum of the country, in which these rivers have grooved their deep channels, consists of beds of limestone resting upon thick layers of the purest and whitest sand imaginable and wherever the acclivity is precipitous, and the latter are exposed to the air, they form from their brilliant hue, a remarkable trait of the land scenery.

A few miles below the Fort, a small subterraneous

rivulet comes rippling out of a cavern, called by the Indians the 'House of Stone.' The cave may be traced for a very considerable distance into the bowels of the earth, under the limestone, and altogether within the sand bed, and a more beautiful sight than that presented by the snow-white walls, roof and flooring, with the crystal stream meandering over the floor, I have rarely seen. No mound or tumulus is known to exist in this neighbourhood, but there is a most singular mass of sandstone, lying on the open Prairie about twenty-five miles to the south east of Fort Snelling. It is perfectly isolated, eighty feet high, with a base line of from thirty to forty feet in length. It tapers irregularly, and has an area of about three feet square on the summit as far as can be guessed, as it is inaccessible. It is called the 'Standing Stone' by the Indians, and considered as a 'Great Medicine.'

But the Falls of St. Anthony![1] The first fine day we turned our faces in the direction of the Hahamina! 'the Laughing Water,' as the Indian language, rich in the poetry of nature, styles this remote cataract,—for cataract it is, despite its insignificant height compared with others. Here the Mississippi, after a course of three

[1] The dimensions of the Falls of St. Anthony, having been variously and often incorrectly stated, the writer gives the following, obtained at Fort Snelling from actual survey. From the right bank to the island, 634 feet; the island, 276 feet; the left hand fall, 300 feet; whole breadth of the river, 1210 feet. The perpendicular height varies in different parts, from 30 to 25 feet.

hundred miles, after draining a dreary region, where it would appear that a species of chaos still reigns, and the land and water are not yet fairly separated from each other,—commences the second great division of its remaining course of upwards of two thousand miles to the Ocean.

The surface of the river at the St. Peter's, has been calculated to be elevated 680 feet above the tide water. Above the Falls, the breadth is between five and six hundred yards, and below, it contracts in a narrow gorge to one third that width, till it reaches the Fork, and forms its junction with the St. Peter's. The long line of the Fall, which is in all its parts more or less interrupted by the fragments of the limestone which fall down as the force of the water undermines them by the removal of the soft sand underneath, is further interrupted near the left bank by an island covered with trees. A second island stands in the river, in advance of the right hand division of the Fall, with steep perpendicular sides, and bastion-like angles, resulting from the peculiar geological formation of the district.

Though I admit that the whole had the appearance of an immense wear, and that the open face of the country for many miles round, can hardly lay claim to picturesque beauty, yet the vast size of the body of water thus seen leaping from a higher to a lower region, rendered the scene truly majestic. It is still the mighty Mississippi!

This country is rich in Indian traditions, and the

Falls of St. Anthony are not without theirs. They tell you that here a young Dacota mother, goaded by jealousy,—the husband of her children having taken another wife,—unmoored her canoe above the Great Fall, and seating herself and her children in it,—sang her death song, and went over the foaming acclivity in the face and amid the shrieks of her tribe. And often, the Indian believes, when the nights are calm, and the sky serene,—and the dew-drops are hanging motionless on the sprays of the weeping birch on the island,—and the country far and wide is vibrating to the murmur of the cataract,—that then the misty form of the young mother may be seen moving down the deceitful current above, while her song is heard mingling its sad notes with the lulling sound of 'the Laughing Water!'

But we must turn our faces southward, for the Indian summer is past—the lagging files of the water fowl are scudding before the wind, and another week may curb the mighty Mississippi with a bridle of ice.—Another week in fact did so, but ere that, paddle, current, and sail had carried us far on our way south, as you may now hear.

Our intercourse with the inhabitants of Fort Snelling only strengthened that feeling of good will which will always make me happy to meet an officer of the United States' army.

The signal was given—the Crapauds, who had had all their time to themselves, packed up their big

kettle with many a shrug and exclamation of '*misère*,' grasped their paddles, paid their compliments to their chums ashore, and betook themselves to their songs and their pipes.

In returning, both wind and current favoured us so far, that by the evening of the second day we reached Lake Pepin, across the upper part of which we careered before a strong north wind in a most marvellous fashion, under a broad blanket, double-reefed. A large flight of snow-white swans rose from a shallow cove just as we entered it, and, startled by our approach, hastened with their trumpet voice and broad vans flapping to the southward. We passed the Cape; and then stood over for the *Cap à la fille*, which rose with its neighbour prominently in figure and height from the long line of steep bluffs forming the eastern boundary.

As we passed the *Pointe aux Sables*, we regretted that the approach of twilight forbade a search after the pretty cornelians and geodes with which it abounds. The Loon, too, that ill-throated bird, boding storm and tempest, had given us more than one warning-scream from the inhospitable shore; and there were other signs betokening a gale, which could not be lost sight of. Though the sun had gone down in beauty, painting the rocks and prairies to the eastward in splendid colours, and glowing on the face of the calming waters, we pushed impatiently forward for the cove at the foot of the Maiden's Rock, which was both the nearest and safest haven, and reached it shortly

after twilight. Here we took possession of the camp which our acquaintances had occupied a fortnight before; having unpacked and hauled up the canoe, which, half turned over, and propped up to the leeward with the fire in advance, formed a capital shelter for the Canadians. We pitched our tent and made our own fire a hundred paces deeper in the glen, in a spot where a Chippeway bravado dangled to a bough in the form of a hoop, such as scalps are stretched on, stuck round with feathers, and with a red arrow pointing to the Sioux villages,—and while the wind howled all night in the tops of the trees, and the lake burst in on the adjoining headland, and the clang of the swans and wild geese might be heard during the lull of the tempest winging their way southward,—we lay in the most delicious little sheltered camp ever contrived. Over us to the north, rose the perpendicular and picturesque rock, from whence, according to the tradition, an Indian girl, named Dark Day, Sappho-like, some half a century ago, took that leap which cures love as well as ambition. Poor girl! the steep limestone cliff will be her memorial as long as the world endures.

The following morning brought no cessation of the gale, and as, from our place of retreat we could see that the light fresh waters of Lake Pepin were running and boiling like a miniature sea, so that no frail bark like ours could live,—we unanimously felt disposed to take the rest and leisure thus given, and remain where we were. Nothing could suit the Crapauds better. It was one day more to their pay,—the

provision sack and the whiskey-keg were full,—and a raze day they made of it!

The summit of the perpendicular rock, which terminates the *Cap à la Fille*, rises about five hundred feet over the Lake, and the leap may be nearly one-third of the whole height. As we looked forth from the summit early in the morning, across the troubled surface of the lake, of which it commands a wide view; a dense column of smoke from the opposite side gave us intimation that the Prairies were on fire. The spread of the conflagration on the low grounds directly opposite, which drew our attention at intervals during the day, continued unabated; and as evening approached, other columes of smoke springing up in all directions, both on the summit of the opposite range of mountains and in the vallies at their feet, showed us that the Indians had taken advantage of the driving wind to fire the country for a great many miles inland. The scene which presented itself from the summit of the rock on the south side of our dell, when the sun, which had been hidden all day, just before setting, peered out windy and red, between long bars of cloud in the southwest—and from that time till long after dark, was one of the most sublime and extraordinary you can conceive, and a great contrast to the repose which reigned in the sheltered glen at our feet, where glistened our little tent and fires, and where the men might be seen lying under the shade of the canoe.

On the opposite side of the troubled sheet of water in the middle ground, over which the rock impended,

the range of western bluffs was seen to incline inland, behind the *Pointe aux Sables*, leaving a wide tract of country, partly forest and partly prairie, between their foot and the shore. A singularly conical and prominent hill rose abruptly from the middle of this plain. Around this detached eminence, which, swathed as it was in the smoke of the burning prairies beyond, seemed like a volcano, the fire had been concentrating itself during the earlier hours of the day, now advancing in one direction till checked by a dense tract of forest or a river, and then rushing on in another, and rolling over the summit or the base of the mountains. At sunset, the flame seemed to have gathered full strength, and to have reached a long tract of level grassy prairie nearer the shore, upon which it then swiftly advanced, leaving a black path in its trail. Here we saw a bright red line, a couple of miles in range, advancing majestically over the wide prairie. In one place the progress of the fire, effectually checked by a small river opposite, died away or edged over the country with slower progress. In another, after being seemingly choked, it would burst forth with redoubled fury, sending bright jets of flame far on the wind. There again the light-blue smoke was suddenly changed to dark brown, as the conflagration burst upon a mass of grosser materials for destruction than the grass dry of the prairie. We calculated at this time that the fire spread over a tract of nearly twelve miles in length, while the distant glare upon the clouded horizon showed that it was raging far

inland. The whole evening, the lake, the Maiden's Rock, the clouds, and the recesses of the glen, were illuminated by the flames, while, gaining the rank growth on the border of the lake and the brow of the distant mountains, the country opposite blazed like tinder in the wind; and from the summit of the Maiden's Rock, which we again ascended before we retired to rest—the scene was fearfully grand. It is difficult to calculate the advance of the flames on the dry level prairie, in the van of a strong and steady wind, but we should think it was at least eight miles per hour. The scene, whether I have succeeded in giving you a faint impression of it or no, was an extraordinary one, —such as many may read of but few ever see, and we were in raptures at our good fortune. Our vagabonds were in raptures too! They had privily got hold of the whiskey barrel, and made too free with it. We had descended from our nocturnal climb, and were preparing for our repose, when an unusual hubbub from the other camp drew our attention. They had been quiet as mice all day,—no wonder! Something seemed to call for interference, and on repairing thither we found to our astonishment Demaret raving-drunk and furious—Guillaume stripped and ready to fight to the death—Alexandre tongue-valiant and audacious—old Garde-Pied obstreperous—Henri stupid—Julian as usual, grave and sententious, even when in liquor—and Rousseau and Pascal the only sober men in the group,—whether owing to the strength of their heads, or the strength

of their consciences I will not say. After a wordy squabble, which accorded well with the glare of the fires and the rattling of the dry branches over our head, we succeeded in quelling the fray;—saw them put up their knives, put on their shirts, give up fighting, and promise to go to bed under the canoe like naughty children.

The offending barrel was reconducted to its proper place in our camp, from which it had been smuggled while we were thinking of any thing rather than its contents; and, placed at our feet within the wings of the tent, our arms within reach, we judged that the gust had blown by, and doubted not but they would be sober and penitent by morning. But we had to do with a strange race, governed as much by a sense of necessity and fear, as by love.

A few high words heard from time to time kept us on the *qui vive*, but harmony seemed at length pretty well restored. Then came divers visits, unexpected, but irresistibly ludicrous.

The first who advanced, stumbling over the broken ground among the bushes, was Julian. He stood before our fire with a grave white face, and alluding to the fray, enlarged upon his own love of peace and order;—spoke of his age, and consequent desire to keep out of disorder, closing with the assurance, that, as to his comrades, he feared that they had all taken more whiskey than was good for them.

A few minutes after came Guillaume, bottle in hand; and with infinite politeness of manner stammer-

ing—*excusez ! voulez vous nous accorder encore un petit brin de vishey*,'—think of that ! as serious as a judge ! Receiving a stern negative, he retired.

Then came Demaret, staggering and stuttering as if he had a piece of bark in his mouth; and well he might, for he was in that particular stage of drunkenness when a man, do what he will, cannot close his jaws. He modestly repeated the request just recorded, adding that *les jeunes gens* were particularly desirous to have a little more to drink. Meeting with the same steady refusal, he began to threaten how they might take the canoe and leave us to shift for ourselves; but was forthwith sent about his business.

Lastly came Rousseau, with whom, a sober man, having also more cause to feel under obligation to us than the rest, we could arrange not to set off too early with our tipsy crew, whatever the weather might be; but to remain here till we saw whether they were to be trusted to do their duty.

This settled, we betook ourselves to rest: the wind continued to howl dolefully among the branches and rocks over us, for some hours; shaking the dry leaves about our tent in fearful wise. The spirit of Dark Day might have been abroad. However, towards morning, it abated a little, and came round in our favour; so that at day-break, finding the Crapauds were sober and ashamed of themselves, we launched the canoe, quitted our blackened camp,—for the whole of the grass had been fired over night—and were carried swiftly, under our little blanket sail, out of the

Lake into the Mississippi. Before dark, we had made a good advance of seventy miles from the Maiden's Rock.

The close of another short day, during the course of which we glided on with the combined force of paddle and current through the most picturesque division of the whole river, saw us encamping in the forest, near the recent battle ground at the mouth of the Bad Axe River, within thirty miles of Prairie de Chien. We had landed here in ascending, and seen the bones of the poor misguided Indians, who, driven to extremity, perishing with famine, encumbered with their wives and children, hotly pursued by both the regular troops and the militia—here tried to cover the retreat of their families over the deep, broad, island-chequered bosom of the Mississippi. The Warrior, an armed steam-boat, which had been sent up the river for the purpose, opposed the passage, and some hundred men, women, and children were shot down—some on the bank—some in the marshes—others in the act of swimming: and we saw proof enough that neither age nor sex had been spared.

The sympathy I feel for the poor benighted Indian, the child of impulse and passion—cozened, mystified, driven to the wall, and degraded far below his natural degradation, by his communion with those who call themselves Christians, and pride themselves upon superiority of gifts and advantages, rises above the horror excited by the details of their savage cruelty, when their wrath is once excited; and makes me

inclined to consider them as the aggrieved party. The Winnebagoes, true to the character of treachery they had long borne, turned their knives and tomahawks against their former allies, as soon as they saw that the fortune of the unequal war against them, and ranged themselves on the side of the whites. After the Battle of the Bad Axe, they traced the old chief Black Hawk to his retreat, and gave him and his sons up to the Government. It is hardly necessary to repeat that the prisoners were kindly treated; the same policy which led the Government to confine the chief for a while, led it afterwards to bring him to the great cities of the West—give him his liberty, with his companions—and send him back to his humbled tribe loaded with presents.

The beauty of the river scenery, upon which I remarked as we ascended, had in the interval been, in a great measure, totally despoiled. The golden haze of the Indian summer had been scattered —the surface of the river was dark,—the sky dull, the trees robbed of their last leaf,—and the prairies on all sides, above and below, were all blackened or burning. As you glanced up the side valleys, through which the broad tributaries pour into the main river from the east and the west, the summits of the hills were half obscured by the wreaths of smoke rising from the lower grounds. Still the beauty and form of the long line of towering bluffs, which, seen in profile, often presented themselves in

the form of the most graceful cones; and the brilliance of the hues of the lichen which clung to the rock, and on which no season produced a change, with much of the detail of the scenery, again excited our admiration.

Our encampment in the forests, near the Bad Axe, on the night between the 12th and 13th of November, was rendered remarkable by one circumstance.

The night was calm; the wind, which had been northerly the foregoing day, chopped about early in the morning to the south, and blew with some force with a clear sky. Early, it might be between two and three o'clock, the whole heavens became gradually covered with falling stars, increasing in number till the sky had the appearance of being filled with luminous flakes of snow. This meteoric rain continued to pour down till the light of the coming day rendered it invisible. Millions must have shone and disappeared during the course of these three or four hours. They appeared to proceed from a point in the heavens, about fourteen degrees to the south-east of the zenith, and thence fell in curved lines to every point of the compass. Whether they remained visible down to the horizon or not, we do not know. There were some in the shower of larger size than the others, but for the greater part, they appeared as stars of the first or second magnitude. Their course in falling was interrupted, like the luminous flight of the fire fly. This celestial appearance bore precisely the character of the phenomenon recorded, as having

been witnessed on the 12th Nov. 1799, by Humbolt and his companion at Cumana, in South America, where the heavens appeared filled with these '*bolides*' for four entire hours in the early part of the morning; and they were subsequently discovered to have been visible simultaneously in Labrador, Greenland, and Germany,—over a space equal to 921,000 square leagues. Like that, the extent over the earth's surface, on which the meteoric shower which I am more particularly describing was observed, was extraordinarily great. At the same hour that it was visible in our camp, it was seen in equal splendour throughout the whole of the valley of the Mississippi, in all the Atlantic cities, in Canada, and in the middle of the Atlantic; how far further I am not yet able to discover.

We were fortunate, you may suppose, in enjoying for hours such a splendid and uncommon phenomenon, streaming over the river, and forests, and bluffs. Fortunate—yes, truly! what will you say, when I own that though all I have related is strictly true, not one of us saw it—having been permitted to remain prosaically sleeping within the shelter of our tent till all was over. Our Crapauds, it is true, were up and awake, and could not but notice the extraordinary appearance of the heavens, but before them hung their fathomless kettle filled to the brim; and they sat watching it simmering on the blazing logs with a philosophical insensibility to every thing else, which was extremely characteristic, though

to us perfectly unaccountable. What was it to them if the stars fell from heaven, or the skies 'drizzled blood?'—that there was that passing over their heads which would make the very wolves of the forest howl as their eyes glared upwards, or urge the Indian to kneel and pray to the Great Spirit—as long as their beloved camp-kettle was unmoved, and the whiskey-keg lay undisturbed in its bed in the tangled grass, what was that to them?

As we descended the river, we found the attention of all excited by the phenomenon, and we alone, reposing in the open air, in the best possible position for observation, were not witnesses of it!

Early on the evening of this day, we returned, blithely singing our *Chanson de retour*, down the river, to the little village of Prairie de Chien, where a knot of wives, daughters, and children, awaited the return of our men; and after a few moments spent by them in the ordinary compliments, kissing, and embraces, we were conducted to the landing of the Fort, and there welcomed as old friends.

## LETTER XVII.

THE period of their engagement now being at a close, our crew waited on us the following morning at the Fort, to pay their compliments and receive such monies as were still due to them. This done, they departed with vows of eternal attachment to our persons, and many assurances that for their part they had never made such an agreeable voyage in their lives—SAUF LA MISERE!

Some of them, including the fat wag, Guillaume, were straightway seized upon by the nimble claws of the sheriff's officer, and clapped into prison by their creditors, to make them disgorge and pay their debts, now that they had the means. One more on the alert, nimbly ran away with what he had secured; and the others went and danced and fiddled all night long at a Gombo-ball in the village. The only one of their number whose appearance and demeanour was that of an honest man, was Julian, and he maintained our good opinion to the last, in spite of his white face under the Maiden's Rock.

Agreeable as we found our position in the society

and at the mess of the officers at Fort Crawford, there were urgent reasons why we should continue our flight to the southward. Even our hosts could not but advise us to contrive the means of escape, unless we made up our minds to accept their offer of winter-quarters. There were however, as usual, difficulties in the way. To return by land to St. Louis was neither according to our wish, nor advisable; nor indeed did it appear practicable. If we were to continue upon the water, we had no alternative but to re-engage old Demaret and his canoe, and get together another crew of rogues and cormorants. We found that these disreputable acquaintances of ours had been chuckling among themselves in the idea of our being in a trap; and, calculating upon our being ultimately reduced to make use of their paddles, they rose in their demands to a most exorbitant price. Much would have more—and knowing as we did that we had already spoiled the market for their future employers, we could not make up our minds to fall precipitately into the snare.

First, they averred that there was the *time*, then the *labour*, then the increase of *misère* from the advance of the season, the probability of *frost*, the possibility of *snow*, the certainty of outrageous *appetites*;—and lastly, even if we succeeded in reaching St. Louis unimpeded by the ice, there was the certain prospect of being prevented from returning to their homes. These were certainly serious considerations. Just in this moment, most unexpectedly and fortunately for us, a number of barges were seen emerging from the deep glen of

the Ouisconsin, and turning up the Mississippi towards the Fort. They were found to contain a body of recruits for the frontier posts of St. Peter's and the Prairie, and for a regiment of dragoons forming near St. Louis. They had made their way thus far from the Atlantic States, by way of Detroit, Lake Huron, Green Bay, Fox River, and over the portage into the Ouisconsin. The two barges containing the recruits bound to St. Louis were in command of a young officer, who promptly made us an offer to join company; and the following day, the 17th of November, you may imagine us seated round a pan of charcoal in the stern of one of the boats, and pushing away from the hospitable shore of Prairie de Chien, where we left as warm-hearted a set of fine young fellows, and as staunch and brave an old Colonel as you would wish to see. The thermometer was far below the freezing point, and much as our new associates were in need of repose, they had not dared to indulge in it. I may here mention that our departure was in fact a most fortunate escape, as we heard the following summer, when we had the pleasure to meet one of our frontier friends in Philadelphia. The very night after we quitted the Prairie, the Mississippi began to close, and remained strongly frozen for four entire months;—the thermometer at the Fort ranging to 25° below zero of Fahrenheit; and at St. Peter's, the mercury continued frozen for three days consecutively.

It may also be mentioned, that the morning after we were off, certain of our trusty Crapauds came in per-

fect ignorance of our having escaped their net, to see how we might be inclined to fall into their terms, now that the ice in the river showed that not an instant was to be lost; and the scene of grimace and despair, when they found that we were already probably fifty miles on our course, was said to have been singularly entertaining.

We had fortunately however got the start of the winter, dropped down the current propelled by six oars in each barge; and, when the wind served, by the yet more powerful aid of square sails; and though we had to break our way out of the gathering ice for the two first mornings, yet soon after passing the Mining District, we had no longer to complain of extreme cold.

I shall not go largely into the details of our descent of six hundred miles to St. Louis, which it took us nine days to effect. Though highly entertaining to us, it would be monotonous in description. The shores of the Mississippi and the character of the channel continued to be interesting, without having an equal claim to be considered as romantic, as the upper portion of the river. Towns there were none, and the settlements were few and distant from each other, till we got within a hundred miles or so of the Missouri.

Our encampments,—for we still spread our beds every night in the forests,—continued to be the scenes of much amusement and enjoyment.

The recruits for the service of the newly-raised

regiment of dragoons organizing for the future service of the frontier, in place of the Rangers, our quondam swopping acquaintances of last autumn, were distinguished from the rag-tag-and-bob-tail herd drafted into the ranks of the regular army, by being for the most part picked, athletic young men of decent character and breeding. They were all Americans, whereas the ordinary recruits consist either of the scum of the population of the older States, or of the worthless German, English, or Irish emigrants.

This is one of the disadvantages under which the military officer of the United States has to labour. The dislike to personal subordination in which the youth of the country are nurtured from childhood, and the possibility of every man who has character making his way in a more creditable manner, prevent the ranks being filled with better subjects; and degraded indeed is the class of men whom the young officer must toil to bring into sober subordination. Desertion, which is stated to prevail to the annual extent of one half of the whole army—always keeps up the call for new recruits, and the recommencement of his labours. Added to this and the frequently complete utter state of exile from good society consequent upon the service, at an age when that is absolutely necessary for the formation of the character of the young and ardent,—the post of an officer on the frontiers is by no means either an enviable, or in the idea of many of his fellow-citizens, an honourable one. The jealousy and suspicion with which even

this skeleton of a regular army is regarded by the American people, renders his position difficult in many ways. West Point Academy, from the pupils of which they must draw the few scientific officers they possess, is looked upon with mistrust, as nursing a young brood of aristocrats,—and the arrangements of the war-office attached to the general Government, wherever they come in collision with the civil arrangements of the individual States, is regarded with equal dislike. The officer on the frontiers is now called to defend the Indian against the citizen, and then to protect the citizen against the Indian; and in enforcing the orders of the executive against the encroachments and nefarious dealings of the loose inhabitant of the boundary, he is sure to win the hatred of the latter, who, as a citizen, will always meet with a sympathy, which, however just the cause, will rarely be accorded to the officer. The consequence is, that he is frequently involved personally in the most vexatious suits with the State Jurisdictions, by the execution of orders from his superior; and strange to say, though a refusal on the part of an officer to act, would of course subject him to military pains and penalties—the general Government does not appear either ready or able to protect him from civil pains and penalties inflicted by the State, because in obeying orders received, her laws may have been infringed.

The Navy is the nation's pet. However jealous of the most distant appearance of despotic rule ashore—

no one has hitherto interfered with the regulations of that service, though necessarily despotic and beyond all control. Yet with the Army it is otherwise; and if in the exercise of a just authority and discipline, without which government is null and void, an irreclaimable fellow gets his deserts—it is much if the appeal he may make to his fellow-citizens of the Union, does not raise a sympathetic yell of indignation from Maine to Florida. If there is any truth in the insight we have had into the nature of the present military service of the United States, we might well deem the officers to be just so many clever, gentlemanly men lost to society.

The embryo dragoons were about thirty in number, and, with ourselves, occupied seven tents, which were pitched the instant the place of rest was determined upon. There was a far greater degree of discipline maintained by the spirited young Lieutenant who had them in charge, than we had seen among the Rangers, and all being carried on with method, half-a-dozen axes soon felled the necessary trees—the camp fires were built—the tents raised; and, before an hour had gone by, the cooks announced supper. The art of building a real backwoodman's winter fire, is, like most other accomplishments, not learnt without experience. The practised hunter or soldier know exactly what trees are fitted for his purpose—which are the best calculated to burn freely, and to produce a fine clear hard charcoal; and he will never throw away

the labour of his axe, as you or I might do, upon one that is not exactly fitted for his purpose.

The Frenchman goes hopping about among the dry branches on the ground, gathers a handful or two, blows up a little miserable fire which just suffices to cook his supper, and will send him shuffling forth to fetch more wood every half-hour: but not so the back-woodsman—he looks to the wind, and fixes upon the exact spot and 'lay' of his future camp. He takes his axe, glances knowingly up at the tall trees, and sets confidently to work. The power of the American axe, and the skill with which it is wielded, may well excite the admiration of a European. The weapon itself is no more to be compared to the vile chopper commonly seen in the hands of one of our woodmen, than a gimblet can be compared with a centre-bit. It is formed upon a different principle—the handle is set far forward, and it acts upon the tree, more from the wedge-like form, its own weight, and the skilful swing which gives it impetus, than from any great exertion of strength on the part of the woodman. In fact, sleight more than strength is employed in its use. The rapidity with which the huge trees of the forest fall before a single pair of well-swung axes is really marvellous; and the axe may rank with maize and steam as one of the three things which have conquered the Western World. But to our camp-fire: suppose the tree so felled as to fall in a line with the wind, cleared of the branches and the top, this will be called the back-log. The woodman then prepares

two shorter lengths, from the same or another tree, of perhaps three feet in length, which he places at right angles, in advance of the main log, about two yards apart. They serve for dogs or hand-irons, and upon these in front another huge log of some close-grained wood is in due time placed parallel and nearly in contact with the back-log; the narrow gap between being filled with lighter wood. This is called the fore-stick. A camp-fire so constructed will last through a long winter's night, with an occasional addition of a few sticks, of which a heap is always collected and at hand, to be thrown every few hours into the gap, which, fanned by the air passing in under the fore-stick, becomes heaped with glowing charcoal. The heat of a fire so constructed is very great, as we know well, for sometimes we were almost roasted in our tents. The latter are generally pitched in front, a few feet from the fore-stick, and if the wind remain steady, the smoke will all night long be driven off in such a direction as to leave you in good humour.

The night scene was sometimes most singlarly picturesque, as we lay in the thick forest on the shore, or in the islands, with the blazing fires and white tents —the groups—and the trees glowing like vermillion in the darkness. There was one where we built the fires amid a group of gigantic sycamores, lying prostrate from the effects of some terrific hurricane, round which the men looked like pigmies, which certainly surpassed any night scene ever painted.

The men were a merry set, looking forward to the future possession of their horses, arms, and regimentals with considerable self-complacency; and many a song then echoed through the hoar forests for the first time; some of the most approved, such as '*The hunters of Kentucky*' or '*O 'tis my delight in a stormy night in the season of the year*,' became from their frequent repetition almost a nuisance. For my own part, I can truly say, that, whether it is that there is any gypsy blood in our veins or not, concerning which tradition and genealogy are silent—late and leafless as the year was, I enjoyed these nights in the forests to the very last.

During the day, our gradual progress was far from being unaccompanied by interest; the scenery of the Mississippi—constant speculation with regard to our course,—for not one of the whole party had ever descended the river—and the number of diverging channels,—the islands, sand-banks, and other details, kept us more or less on the alert.

Then came the close of day—the choice of a camp—our quiet and cheerful mess with the two officers, and sweet repose during the long hours of darkness. It is true, we had no more the song of the birds, or the hum of nocturnal insects; and nature seemed dead around us. But it was delicious to steal out in the night for a moment, and stand over the sleeping camp—and see the stars shining brightly on the sleepless river. And especially before dawn, when the waning of the night was shown by the altered position of the great constellations from the SE. to the SW. and the stars

of Orion's Belt declined till they became parallel with the horizon,—the scene presented to our waking eyes was still impressively beautiful. There was the first dawn—the pale colouring of the sky, and the fleecy clouds which dappled but did not obscure the heavens, —the brightening surface of the mighty river, and the uprising of the sun. How singularly indifferent we get to some of the greatest beauties of God's creation!

Day went after day, and night after night,—one vast reach of the river was passed after another, and innumerable islands, and clearsand-bars, many of which were whitened with swans. We counted one hundred and seven in a single flight. The mouth of one wide tributary after another was descried and passed. The River was full, and we passed down the lesser Rapids without observing them. The second line of Rapids lie above Rock River, where at Fort Armstrong, we spent a most agreeable day, at the warm instance of the hospitable Colonel and his lady, and gleaned again fresh proofs of the unfeigned kindness and gentle bearing of the United States' officers, wherever you meet with them.

The position of this little Fort is remarkable, occupying the rocky extremity of an island three miles long, and of half that width. It forms a square, with blockhouses at the angles, two of which, impending over the limestone precipice, are picturesque objects. On the western bank of the Mississippi, extending to the southward, the Sauks and Foxes have their Reservation. A few settlements appeared scattered in this neighbourhood on the eastern shores, but still for some

time in proceeding—indeed till we passed the De Moyen Rapids, down which we were hurried at the rate of many miles an hour—we seemed to be in the wilderness.

At the termination of the fourth day after we quitted Rock Island, many reasons impelled us to wish that we might reach St. Louis on the following; and, as the night was calm, and a bright round moon favoured us, it was arranged that we should float all night. This we did, and on landing for breakfast at early dawn, we discovered, to our great astonishment, that we had made a nocturnal advance of nearly fifty miles, and were already far below the mouth of the Illinois River and the town of Alton,—in fact within twenty miles of our port. There was yet one spectacle intervening, towards which we had looked forward with no inconsiderable interest, and that was the junction of the Mississippi with its vast tributary the Missouri; and we had hardly proceeded a couple of miles before the low shores receding to the westward warned us of the vicinity of the latter river. The Mississippi, as though in pride to welcome its competitor, spread his clear waters over a vast extent of surface. By degrees the cotton-wood plantations which bordered the western shore, were observed to be receding far into the perspective,—the even current of the parent stream became checked,—its surface agitated;—then the boat glided suddenly from the clear water into a turbid yellow stream in which the mud could be seen boiling from below, and we were in the Missouri. The first

irruption of the turbid current of this great river upon the Mississippi,, carries it completely across the vast bed of the other. The Missouri then in a manner which was perfectly unaccountable to us, but perhaps caused by the far greater density of its water, disappears for nearly ten miles. The surface of the river showed little or no token of the adulteration of the current, and it was not till we got below the islands, and within a few miles of St. Louis, that we observed the two rivers, distinguishable from their difference of colour, flowing for a while distinctly side by side, till in fine, mingling their waters, they form one immense torrent. Well might the Indians tell Father Marquette, that there was a 'maritou', or spirit below the Missouri, which would let few pass with life.

Thus two months had seen us achieve what we had planned, with satisfaction to ourselves, and we gave thanks to God, whose providence had been our safeguard and our stay.

## LETTER XVIII.

TEN days were suffered to elapse after our return to St. Louis, before we pursued our voyage down the Mississippi. In my notice of the preceding year, I gave you a hint of there being a certain degree of danger attendant upon the steam-boat navigation on the rivers of the West, and of the causes thereof; and you will easily comprehend that in making choice of a boat for our descent of upwards of a thousand miles, we acted with as much circumspection as lay in our power. The arrival of the Missourian, which had been long expected, gave us the opportunity of taking our berths on board a boat which was distinguished for its good character and good government beyond most of its competitors, and about the close of the first week in December, we left St. Louis. The state of the stream was favourable to its navigation. One wide reach of the Great River was passed after another—towns and villages appeared and disappeared on the shores—we marked the junction of each great tributary in succession—we renewed our acquaintance with the characteristic phenomena of the Great River, its majestic bends and forests of cotton-

wood, sand-bars, islands, turbid and boiling waters, their snags and sawyers;—one day followed another, and each evening we might recount a great and uniform advance. The climate became more genial, and we seemed at length to overtake the laggard autumn.

The second day had seen us at the mouth of the Ohio; the morning of the seventh,—a thousand miles from our starting point, under the high bluffs, on which lie the rude remains of Fort St. Rosalie, and abreast of the city of Natchez. Thus far had our voyage been effected in perfect safety; and in bidding our fellow-passengers farewell, as the boat touched the pier for a few minutes to set us on shore in pursuance of our project to make a halt of a few days in the neighbourhood of this city, we had no reason to doubt the safe progress of the Missourian on her passage of three hundred miles to her destination at New Orleans. But we were not yet aware how much cause we had to bless the protecting hand of a merciful God, which had been so frequently and so signally our defence from harm; and you may judge of our surprise and sorrow, when, a few hours after we landed, we learned from a steam-boat which touched at Natchez in ascending, that hardly an hour after we had quitted the Missourian, she had been blown up a few miles below, by the collapse of her boilers, and that several lives were lost, besides many wounded. In brief, on our arrival at New Orleans, some days after, we found that seven of our

fellow-passengers were dead, and six badly wounded; and the distress endured by the survivors during the remainder of the voyage, in the midst of the shattered boat, with the dead and dying around them, is not easy to conceive. In addition to this, an accidental fire broke out on board of her a few days after her arrival in port, and she was burnt to the water's edge.

I do not think that in the details I might give you of our stay at Natchez, and in its vicinity, I should add to your information. The description of cotton growing, and of the maintenance of a slave plantation, is familiar to all the world.

Suppose us therefore safely arrived at New Orleans before the close of the year.

In this remarkable city we were detained a month; I say detained, because our curiosity was soon sated with its motley scenes, and we were anxious once more to reach a piece of dry solid ground. Well may New Orleans be called the 'Wet Grave.' With a thermometer between 70° and 80°, and a constant drizzle, the surrounding country was a sheet of water; the streets were full of mud oozing up from the pavement, and it was a penance to be within its thick and unwholesome atmosphere. The last hours of December, an impenetrable mist rested on the city, through which frequent flashes of lightning glimmered portentously; — then came a terrific storm ushering in the New Year, but with no abatement of the heat, till the ensuing night, when the thermometer fell below the freezing point.

Three days after the country was covered with snow, and many miserable wretches were found dead in the streets, and under the porticoes. It continued freezing for four days, when the atmosphere again regained the former degree of heat. Such a chaos of mud can hardly be conceived.

What would you have me describe?—the ancient part of the city, its narrow streets, French and Spanish-built houses, with their showy coloured stuccoes, and iron balconies,—or the numerous Faubourgs, with their spacious pavements and tall ranges of handsome buildings? Would you look upon the square of the Cathedral, whitewashed and weather-stained without, and dusty within; the public edifices; the immense buildings erected by private companies for the pressing and warehousing of the produce of the cotton plantations? Or would you peep in upon the varieties of the human race which crowd every avenue, and swarm along the levees? Were I to make choice of a spot, from the scenes passing upon or within sight of which you would glean the most vivid idea of the characteristic features of this strange city, I should lead you to the levee in front of the square of the Cathedral, and bid you post yourself for an hour in the vicinity of the markets.

New Orleans is erected upon the outer circumference of a grand bend of the river, and the port appears to be almost land-locked. The lower end of the square is open to the levee and the river, whose margin appears lined for upwards of two miles with ships and

boats of every size as close as they can float. Highest up the stream lie the flats, arks, and barges, and below them the tier of steam-boats, fifty of which may be seen lying here at one time. Then come the brigs ranged in rows, with their bows against the breast of the levee; these are succeeded by the three-masters, lying in tiers of two or three deep, with their broad-side to the shore, and the scene presented by the whole margin of the river as you look down upon it from the levee, or from the roof of Bishop's Hotel in a sunny morning after a night of storm, when the sails of the whole are exposed to the air, and their signals or national flags abroad, is one of the most singularly beautiful you can conceive.

I have particularized the extended embankment or levee which protects the city from the rise of the waters of the Mississippi, as the loading and unloading of the numerous vessels, the continued passage of the people upon the elevated causeway which it furnishes, and the contiguity of the two markets with the Square, render its vicinity by far the most lively in the city.

The new market is built on the platform—while the old, with singularly-disposed columns, near the Tower of the Water-works, lies further down and beneath its level. Here, amidst a *melée* of all classes and costumes—French, Spaniards, Americans, Creoles, Quadroons, Mulattoes, Mexicans, Negroes,—you may note a double row of petty merchants, disposed along the more open part of the levee, while

paving stones, masses of marble and granite coping stones, piles of timber and bricks, log-wood, coffee, sugar, corn and wheat, beef and pork, and mountains of cotton fill up the intervals. Here you see fruit stalls loaded with the produce of the tropics,—bananas, plantains, cocoa and peccan nuts, oranges and pines; there, piles of butcher's meat and venison,—fish laid out upon clean fresh palmetto leaves,—eggs wrapped up in Spanish moss,—or lines of seed-sellers with their neat little packets arranged before them on a yellow mat. The Babel of languages is highly diverting, as well as the odd mixture of names appended over the neighbouring shops. At every step you meet with something to catch the attention of a curious or idle man.

Here you note a cluster of mulatto women, sitting with kerchiefed heads and comfortable rabbit skin shawls folded round their persons, before the mats which display their various articles of traffic to the passenger—there a group of insurgent market-women tossing their empty baskets at one another, or pale-faced quadroon girls half veiled, followed by their duennas. On one side advances a negro, feathered from head to foot by the live turkies hung upon his person; on the other, a string of mules, or a mulatto driving his dray in the primeval position of a Greek charioteer. Then comes a party of half-a-dozen coloured people, clothed in the brightest hues imaginable, seated with knees and chins in contact, in a car drawn by a single old horse boring its way through the press, or a grey-haired

negro going home with his christmas dinner, consisting of a fat hen and a string of onions, and grinning with delight from ear to ear. Nor will you fail to mark with astonishment the hubbub of voices and tongues broken in upon by that most indescribable of all joyous sounds, the negro's laugh.

In the midst of this crowd there was one little cluster of human beings, posted a little apart from the main thoroughfare, which for several days drew my attention and caught my sympathies more than any other. It was a solitary Indian family of the Chocktaw tribe, consisting of a mother and several female children, together with a youth on the verge of manhood. They had come down the river in a small canoe which lay moored in among the shipping, with a petty cargo of coarse basket-work which they were attempting to dispose of. The mother sat on a mat surrounded by her little store and occupied with the cares of her restless progeny; while her son, clad in blanket and bright scarlet leggings, lounged against a neighbouring pillar with the graceful posture but vacant eye of his race. Every thing about all their little contrivances spoke to my memory of the Forest and Prairie, of the pleasant lives we had led there, of friends we had there communed with, but should probably never see again; and more than all, of the desolate fortunes of their race—now strangers in their own land—and craving food from the hands of the alien!

But, my dear F, the limit which I had set to myself for this series of letters to you has come. The winter is over, the Spring is here, and I have to a certain degree fulfilled my pledge and my promise—would that it had been better done!

The second week in January, 1834, I accompanied my trusty comrade, Count Pourtales, and Mr. M'Euen, who still faithfully kept us company, on board the Golette Halcyon, bound from New Orleans to the port of Tampico in Mexico. At sun-set we were taken in tow by the high-pressure steam tow-boat Porpoise, together with a ship bound for Europe, and yet another vessel of like burden with ourselves; and, in the gripe of our powerful neighbour, like a covey of partridges in the talons of an eagle, we were borne swiftly down the river, and before morning found ourselves anchoring off the Balize light-house, with disagreeable stormy weather. Twenty-four hours then hardly sufficed to get the little crowded vessel into sailing trim, such was the disorderly and hampered state of her decks; and when in fine on the morning of Jan. 15th, we crossed the Bar, and lost sight of the low mud-shoals of the river, we little thought what trials were in store for us ere we should again set foot on dry land. 'The Halcyon!'—never was there such a complete misnomer. The epithet of 'the Raven,' would have better suited our vessel than that which she bore.

But what our fortunes were it is not my purpose to relate at this time. Long after we had lost sight of

the low coast, the turbid waters heaving around us, told that we were still within the domain and the influence of the Mississippi. At length we shot over a line, clearly defined and distinct,—passed from a yellow wave into one of a sea-green hue—bade adieu to the mighty 'Father of Waters,' and, heading a point or two nearer the wind, held our course towards the western extremity of the Gulf.

THE END.